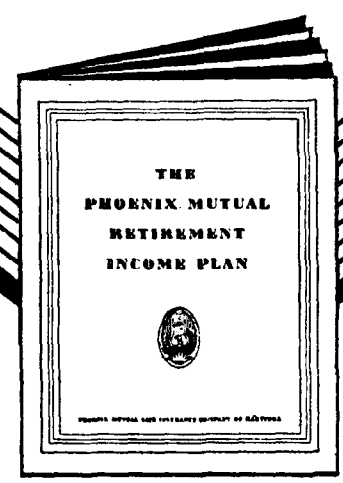
How a Man of 40 can Retire in 15 Years



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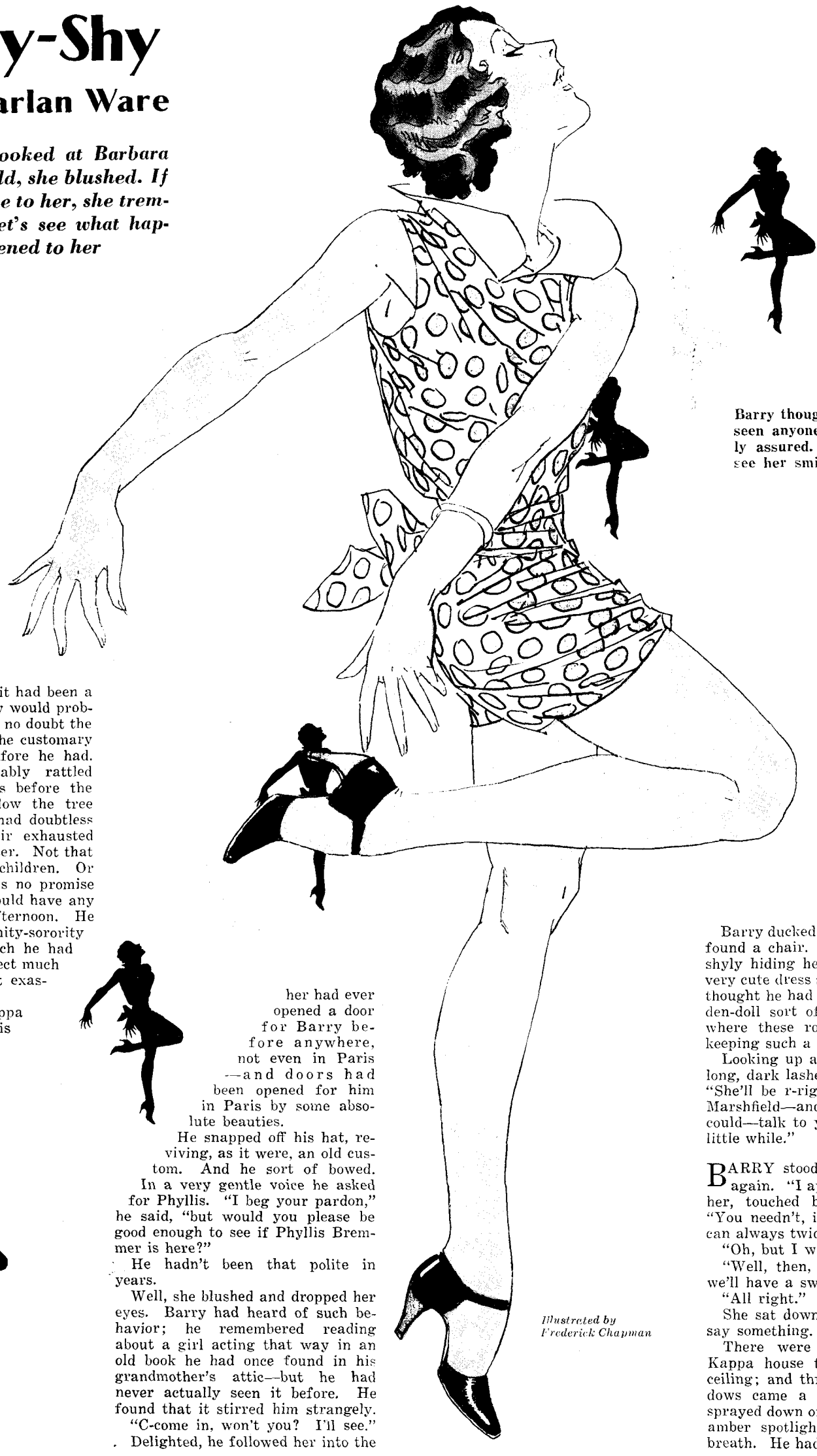
Boy-Shy

By Harlan Ware

If you looked at Barbara Marshfield, she blushed. If you spoke to her, she trembled. Let's see what happened to her



Barry thought he had never seen anyone so unpleasantly assured. He dared not see her smile of confidence

UNTIL that moment it had been a normal day. Barry would probably have said that no doubt the sun had risen, in the customary manner, several hours before he had. Milk wagons unquestionably rattled along the curbless streets before the sunlight had reached below the tree tops; and small children had doubtless pattered in to wake their exhausted parents with happy laughter. Not that Barry knew much about children. Or wanted to. But there was no promise in the morning that he would have any such experience in the afternoon. He was rehearsing the fraternity-sorority spring musical show, which he had written, and he didn't expect much from that Wednesday but exasperation and fatigue.

He stopped in at the Kappa house to call for Phyllis Bremmer, who had written some music for the show, and this little thing, this lovely, demure, retiring little creature, opened the door for him. No one remotely like her had ever opened a door for Barry before anywhere, not even in Paris—and doors had been opened for him in Paris by some absolute beauties.

He snapped off his hat, reviving, as it were, an old custom. And he sort of bowed. In a very gentle voice he asked for Phyllis. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but would you please be good enough to see if Phyllis Bremmer is here?"

He hadn't been that polite in years.

Well, she blushed and dropped her eyes. Barry had heard of such behavior; he remembered reading about a girl acting that way in an old book he had once found in his grandmother's attic—but he had never actually seen it before. He found that it stirred him strangely.

"C-come in, won't you? I'll see."

Delighted, he followed her into the cool, dark hall. To the left of him was the living-room and to the right a stairway.

"Shall I go in here?" Barry asked.

"Y-yes, please. If you will. I'll call Miss Bremmer."

She ran upstairs. Barry stood in the hallway and he heard Phyllis' metallic-edged voice blurt out:

"I'll be down. Go tell him I'll be down in a few minutes. And don't, for heaven's sake, leave this one sitting there all alone with nothing to do. Talk to him."

"I c-can't—"

"Talk to him, freshman!"

Barry ducked into the living-room and found a chair. Presently she came in, shyly hiding her hands in back of the very cute dress she was wearing. Barry thought he had never seen such a Dresden-doll sort of a girl. He wondered where these rowdy Kappas had been keeping such a violet.

Looking up at him from beneath her long, dark lashes, she managed to say: "She'll be r-right down. I'm Barbara Marshfield—and she said I should—could—talk to you for a while. For a little while."

BARRY stood up and sort of bowed again. "I appreciate it," he assured her, touched by her abject shyness. "You needn't, if you don't want to. I can always twiddle my thumbs."

"Oh, but I want to—"

"Well, then, you just sit down and we'll have a swell talk."

"All right."

She sat down and waited for him to say something.

There were high windows in the Kappa house that ran from floor to ceiling; and through one of these windows came a shaft of sunlight that sprayed down on her golden hair like an amber spotlight. Barry drew a deep breath. He had never seen such a com-

Illustrated by Frederick Chapman

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bination before: blue eyes that were so dark as to be almost black, dark lashes, olive skin as smooth as ivory, and a mouth that made him dampen his lips. She was a jewel of a girl, a cameo set in old silver, a diamond in platinum, a poem of a girl, a love sonnet. Barry told her his name, repeating it so that she wouldn't forget it.

"Just call me Barry," he added generously.

She said she couldn't call him Barry. She didn't know any boys by their first names. She had never called anybody but girls by their first names. If he didn't mind, she'd just call him Mister McDonald. And then she blushed again.

BARRY sat there with his mouth open, watching her blush. He had never seen a sunrise but he was sure that no sunrise could compare to that slow blush beneath her olive skin.

"How long have you been here?" he asked her bluntly.

"I only came a few weeks ago. I've always been in g-girls' schools. But my uncle—he's the one who sends me to school because my family hasn't any money, except to run the farm with—he said I should go to a coeducational institution because, he said, I don't know what it's all about."

"You don't?" Barry laughed nervously. "What am I saying? Of course you don't! There isn't any hurry, either. You take your time, Miss Marshfield. You'll find out soon enough. How do you like it here?"

"It's very nice here."

"Isn't it, though! Especially in the spring. Do you know many people?"

"I don't know anybody. Q-quite a few people—boys, I mean—have been calling me up, but I don't place them. They say they're in my classes. Everybody's awfully friendly, but I haven't much time. I work pretty hard at my—my music, mostly."

"Your what?" Barry sat upright.

He frightened her. It was almost *ten seconds before she resumed:*

"Music—"

"You play a musical instrument?"

She nodded unhappily.

"Not—I've been disappointed so many times, Miss Marshfield—not a cornet?"

Faintly she smiled: "P-piano."

"That's nice. You don't by any remote chance—you don't sing, do you?"

"I'm studying singing—"

"You're studying singing! You're actually studying singing. This must be my lucky day!"

Folding her hands primly in her lap, she let that one go by.

"I could use a girl just like you in the musical show if you can sing. You know, the fraternity-sorority spring show. I wrote it. I'm staging it, too. Dances and everything." He looked at her hopefully.

"I—I don't know anything about it."

"Well, let me tell you about it!" He sat far forward on the edge of his seat and prepared to tell her about it, and at that moment some heavyweight clattered downstairs. He was afraid it was Phyllis, but it wasn't. Another girl went on through the hall and out the door. "I wrote last year's show, too. They're regular musical shows with original music and everything. Phyllis wrote the theme song and she's coming over to hear it today. We have a chorus of twenty boys and twenty girls, and eleven principals. And we've just found out that the leading woman can't tell a blue note from a round white one."

"Bad ear," said Miss Marshfield *professionally.*

"Very bad," said Barry. "Bad eyebrows, too. Bad chin, and mousy-looking hair, as I'm just beginning to realize. Do you suppose you could just sing a couple of bars for me—or one bar—or hum something? Sound C," he concluded. For a moment he thought she was going to run out, crying; but after visibly controlling her features she got up and walked over to the piano.

"I'll p-play something."

"Yes, *and sing it, too. Please sing* it. Anything. Something simple."

Her fingers danced over the keys and she played a song from a well-known show of two years before. The name of the song, as Barry now remembered, was Sing Something Simple. Obediently she sang it.

It was the clearest, smallest, neatest voice he had ever heard. It was a miniature of a voice, a Lilliputian voice. The diminutive tones were pure and lovely, and well-trained; it was exactly the sort of a voice that should come from the throat of a Dresden doll.

She was still singing when Phyllis came in. Phyllis was a large girl who wore 7B shoes. The look she gave Barbara had punishment in it. Barbara stopped singing.

"She's marvelous," Barry exclaimed. "I want her in the show, Phyllis."

"*Now, isn't that a nice compliment,* Barbara?" Phyllis covertly pinched Barry's arm. "He's always so extravagant and generous. Good-by. Say good-by to Mr. McDonald."

WHILE Barbara was saying good-by Phyllis guided him into the hall and out the front door.

"You look stunned," she said. "Had bad news from home? So many people have been getting bad news from home."

Barry halted on the sidewalk and looked back at the house. "She's the most amazing—"

Phyllis was resigned. "I see. I'll have to tell you about her. Every man who catches sight of her goes right off the deep end—and then we have to tell him about her. She's almost a psychopathic case. Libido like a corkscrew. The most astonishing exhibit of shyness I've ever seen. She's not so bad with women, but she's never been around men. When the ice man comes, she runs and hides."

"The world would be a happier place," said Barry, "if more women were like that."

"Cheap joke," commented Phyllis,

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She went into a dance that was as graceful as something done by a première danseuse

striding along the pavement like Lampido in Lysistrata. "I'm serious. We're doing what we can with her. I've had three years of psychology and I'm trying it out. I'm getting her ready for her first date so that the man she goes with won't think she's a half-wit. Wouldn't want any man to think the Kappas pledged a half-wit."

"You're starting late, then," grumbled Barry. "Who's the man going to be?"

"Haven't decided. Got a cigarette?" Phyllis was the only girl in school who dared to smoke on the streets of the village. She lighted a kitchen match with her thumb nail. "You'll volunteer, I suppose?"

"Sure I'll volunteer. I don't mind telling you that's the loveliest small girl I've ever seen. The nicest-looking girl in her particular class and weight I've ever come across. You know the way I feel about her? I want to protect her. Give her my seat in street cars. Carry her compact in my pocket. Carry her tray in cafeterias, take her coat off, put it on, buckle her galoshes—that's the way I feel about her." His tone was bantering but there was fire in his eyes. "Of course I'll volunteer."

"I suppose you'd put her in the show, too? You mean that?"

"You bet I mean it!"

"You'd be fool enough to give her the lead?"

"Certainly."

Phyllis pursed her lips.

"Suppose I bring her over tomorrow afternoon?"

"Suppose I kiss you on the forehead!"

"Thanks just the same." Phyllis flicked her cigarette into a gutter. "I just want you to remember one thing."

"What's that?"

"I warned you, boy; I warned you."

Barry inquired around the campus and found, to his astonishment, that he was evidently the last male in school to discover the Kappa's mid-semester pledge. In the rush of work that went with producing and staging the spring show he hadn't kept up with current events. He found a Delt who had been writing warm letters to her and a Beta who phoned her three nights a week on the theory that if she once grew accustomed to his voice she might reply some morning when he gave her a cheery greeting before class. Her music instructor said her voice was phenomenal. A cream puff of a voice, he said.

The gymnasium instructor declared that in a swimming suit she was probably what God had in mind when he made Eve, but wasn't able to bring it about for a couple of thousand years. "She dances too, you know," she concluded, rolling her eyes ecstatically. The mental giants who guided the questing young minds through French A and History A-1 were unanimous in saying that her oral work was disgraceful and her written work outstanding.

WITH all this information at his finger tips Barry stopped at the Theta house and made a Theta cry.

"I've given you plenty of warning," he said sternly to pleasant-looking Marjory Kennedy, "and if you don't step out this afternoon and show some vitality I'll have to give you a job understudying."

"It's that old politics again," sobbed Marjory.

"I'm sorry," said Barry, unmoved. "This is a cold world."

Barry liked working with college choruses—he liked their eagerness and the unselfconscious earnestness of all those trim young girls. His rehearsals were businesslike and everyone was on time.

When Barbara walked into the ballroom of the Harbour Shore Hotel at three o'clock that afternoon, leaning on the arm of Phyllis Bremmer, the cast was assembled. The original score of Don't Be Gentle was getting a workout on two pianos, one at either end of the room, and shirt-sleeved chorus men and the romper-clad chorus girls were making a crazy bedlam of sound. The red-eyed Theta, who was sitting off by herself, away from the mirrors, was the first to discover Barbara. She stood up on a chair.

One by one they all saw her. The piano at the north end went on banging because its player had his back to the door, but the one at the south broke down into a blur of notes and stopped. Barry rushed to her.

"If you're going to try her out," said Phyllis, speaking as one does of a horse, "you'd better do it before she faints. I've had one heck of a time with her. Gimme a cigarette."

"Ah-h, you mustn't be frightened." Barry's voice was rich with sympathy. "This isn't anything."

With the stricken, helpless eyes of a captured doe and the helplessness of one who has for too long waged an unequal battle, she sought his face. "I—I don't want to be in the old show. I just want to stay home."

Her coat fell open, revealing a pair of polka-dot rompers and her legs. Her ankles. Her knees. The cute belt about her middle. Barry thought he could probably touch thumbs and finger tips about her middle. In the worst way, he wanted to try.

"Buck up and you'll find this fun," he said fervently. He held up his hand and Roge Maxwell, the leading man, and a foraging party of male principals stopped in their tracks. "I want everybody to get off the floor and sit down," Barry trumpeted. "Miss Marshfield is going to try out."

THERE was a general retreat. . . . The only sound in the room was the convulsive inhaling of the Theta, who was no longer standing on a chair.

"Play for her, Phyllis. What would you like to sing, Miss Marshfield?"

Phyllis spoke up in her husky voice: "Ah, I made her learn Don't Be Gentle."

"She knows it already? That Kennedy girl doesn't know the verse yet. Take off your coat, my dear." He turned her around and held her coat while she slipped out of it. "Now, I'll help you over to the piano."

Looking down at her knees, as he was unable to refrain from doing, he noticed that the beautiful things were quivering all over. His heart went out to her and he whispered cheerily in the neighborhood of her ear, "I'll be right beside you." He thought for a moment that she was going to flutter over against the piano but she pulled herself together and lifted her chin. "That-a-girl," breathed Barry.

Amid a thick, whisper-fringed silence, Phyllis slipped into the chorus of Don't Be Gentle and played it through once. Then, as she vamped, she nodded for Barbara to begin. Barbara's lovely lips parted but no sound came out. Wildly her eyes searched for Barry. He nodded eagerly. She tried again. A thin sound came up, not a note, and yet a sort of a note—like the unhappy cry of a wounded bird heard distantly in the forest. Some crude fellow snickered and Barry gave him a murderous glance.

Then, suddenly—immediately after Phyllis banged the top of the piano with the open palm of her hand—yesterday's sweet, Lilliputian voice came rising out of the straining throat and the tiny, true, clear sound floated down the room and brought a hush. Standing beside the piano with her hands limp at her sides and her blond head back she sang the chorus of Phyllis' song:

"Don't be gentle,
I want you to be rough;
Oh, don't be gentle,
I want you to be tough;
Oh, be my man.
Don't be sweet,
I want you to be nasty;
Pull my hair,
Let's do a wild adagio,
Kiss my bare
And lacerated shoulder.
Be a man,
If you can,
But don't be gentle."

THERE was a burst of applause; it ran around the room like the swinging spitfire of a machine gun and grew into a barrage; but, as if by order, it stopped. She sobbed, brought her forearm up over her eyes and half-ran, half-staggered toward the ladies' room. They heard her steps on the tile floor as she ran frantically down the hall. Barry pointed to the girl nearest the door.

"Hey, there! Ruth Stevenson. Go see what you can do about that!"

Phyllis fished out one of her Cuban cigarettes.

"It'll kill 'em," she said, "when that flower pleads to be treated rough."

Barry gazed thoughtfully toward the doorway. "Do you think she'll drop dead when the curtain goes up?"

"She'll be cured by that time. This is what the kid needs. I'd better go and bring her around." A wide smile crossed her face as she rose from the piano. "I gave her the works this morning. Evidently at home her family was afraid she'd get conceited about her looks. As I get it, they rode her pretty hard. Sensitive youngster—you see what resulted. And men! They scare the life out of her. I don't think she was ever close enough to one to see his whiskers till she came here." She gathered her bag and coat. "I'll bring her in, but don't pay any attention to her. Go to work on the chorus." Phyllis moved off.

Barry took the center of the room, raised his right arm and snapped his fingers. "All right, pianos. Verse and chorus."

And he led his chorus into the fast routine that accompanied the hit (they hoped) song, I've Money Enough to Park. He thought, as the metal-tipped shoes tapped out the two-four rhythm of his own song, that he could imagine no neater chorus than this one with Barbara Marshfield, perfection-in-miniature, taking the spotlight out in front.

From the corner of his eye, five minutes later, he saw her emerge from the hallway with Ruth Stevenson and Phyllis Bremmer on either side. The blemishes of tears had vanished; and in the brief glance that he caught of her Barry sensed that she was less shy. But he kept his face severely averted and concentrated on the dancing.

When the number was over he strolled casually across to Barbara.

"I'll give you a chance at the part, if you want it," he said, almost harshly.

She didn't answer at once. Finally she raised her head and met his glance.

"I do want t-to try!"

Barry had a roommate who had graduated the year before, but, being a perpetual collegian, had returned to coach baseball. He had been away for several days on a jaunt into the north

(Continued on page 28)

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Animal Trainers Never Quit

By Clyde Beatty with Edward Anthony

Clyde Beatty, with chair and whip, putting a big lion through his early stages of training

Even narrow escapes from death, which are completely misunderstood by the audience, fail to dampen the ardor of a real animal trainer

IN a fight between a full-grown lion and a full-grown tiger I'd bet on the tiger—this despite the fact that the lion has certain physical advantages. His mane, for instance, protects his throat. The tiger has no such protection. The average lion is also a little bigger and heavier than the average tiger. But I should rely upon the striped cat's superior speed and unexampled ferocity—a savagery which in a fight borders on the diabolical.

In a two-sided free-for-all—a given number of tigers against an equal number of lions—I also believe the tigers would have the edge. In such a mythical combat, the superior speed of the tigers might well prove the deciding factor leading to victory.

All of which is an answer to the question that people have asked me most frequently since I first embarked upon my career as a trainer of wild animals: "Can a lion lick a tiger in a fight?" or vice versa.

I'm afraid that popular query (like a few others which circus fans ask me) will never be completely and categorically answered. Since lions and tigers come from different parts of the world, there is no chance of deciding the question in the natural habitat of either beast. And the scraps that take place in captivity do not furnish an accurate gauge. For they are usually characterized by circumstances that give one side or the other the advantage—this advantage generally being on the side of the lions, owing to their incurable tendency to "gang up" against any foe.

I have had a good many opportunities to observe this "ganging" characteristic of lions. For instance, I was about to start putting my lions and tigers through their paces at a recent performance. I was working forty cats at the time—twenty-four lions and sixteen tigers. Roger, a big tiger, had taken his accustomed perch on the highest pedestal in the arena, eleven feet above the floor level. Prince, one of the heftiest lions in the show and a bad actor, suddenly decided to make trouble. Without warning he took a tremendous leap and, just managing to sink in his claws, dragged the tiger down from his roost.

The two animals had hardly hit the floor when Cæsar, Prince's brother, ran over to join the scrap and assure a lion victory. Roger fought himself clear of his two assailants and backed up against the iron bars of the big cage. It was a clever move, for it meant that he would not have to worry about an attack from behind.

Bad Lions Hang Together

Then followed a sort of animal boxing match. Roaring their murderous intent, the lions closed in on the tiger but were temporarily frustrated in their attempts to inflict real damage. Roger gave them a boxing lesson, slashing away so effectively with his paws that it was impossible for either Prince or Cæsar to get set for one of those deadly bites at the throat that are always the main objective in such a combat.

A few seconds later Brutus, another lion, decided to get into the scrap. Now the struggle was more one-sided than ever. Three lions against one tiger!

Having sustained tiger casualties many times as a result of the ganging up of lions, I knew I had a serious situation on my hands. But nothing can be done in the early moments of such a battle. The combatants lose their heads and go temporarily mad. So I waited, watching not only the fighters, but also the other animals. All of them were nervously alert with a realization of what was going on, but unable to decide whether to join the scrimmage. Meanwhile the vast audience was getting a thrill, but most of them naturally thought it was all part of the act.

Roger seemed undaunted by the arrival of his third adversary. He was lashing out in all directions so fast that it was difficult for the eye to follow the lightning-fast movements of his paws. And thus he managed to keep his attackers away until I succeeded in getting the lions to fight me instead of him. This I did by poking them with a heavy stick—my pokes repeated in rapid-fire fashion until the lions could no longer ignore me. Then, when they came at me, I "blanked" them with my gun, a harmless proceeding that always gets results. The purpose of the blank cartridge, of course, is to startle the beasts and get their minds on something else. Only in rare cases, where a desperate situation is involved, is it necessary to "blank" an animal smack in the face. I usually point the gun over the animal's head or to one side.

Soon the three lions were perfectly willing to call it a day. Their fight with Roger had not been very successful. So when I came along with my stick and gave them an excuse to quit they seemed glad enough to take advantage of it. Their subsequent efforts to fight me were not very whole-hearted or convincing.

I could give many other instances of a single tiger fighting off a group of

(Continued on page 32)

Few animals are more dangerous than the swift-moving polar bear

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An Unfriendly Tip

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By John B. Kennedy

TRENT hated the town, hated the people in it, hated the paper he worked for. He was clever enough to hold down a bigger job. He had—in a bigger town—until his employers conceived misgivings and let him out with that suspicious speed which, while it doesn't brand a man a crook, none the less degrades him.

Only a newspaper in a smaller city would have hired a man of ambiguous repute as its managing editor. Now he had found a way to obtain the money he needed to get out of that town.

Trent had wondered just when he would spring his stroke. The case was complete. But he wanted to get his man quite alone. The telephone rang. That was his man, and he was quite alone.

Telling his stenographer he'd be back before midnight to okay the first edition's front page, Trent stalked with his usual deliberateness through the city room, getting smiles to his face and scowls at his back from the men in the copy-desk slot.

Facing Judge Lang in the marooned quiet of the judge's library, Trent blessed the misted aisles of trees that sequestered this old house from neighbors. Aloneness emboldened him. Judge Lang was a power with ten years on the superior court bench behind him. Not an easy man to tackle.

It required about twenty-five minutes for Trent to tell his story—a direct, lucid story. He finished and lit a fresh cigar while the judge pondered, his brows shading eyes that were sharp points in a stoic face.

"This townsman of ours is of the utmost respectability, eh?" the judge asked slowly.

Trent nodded.

"And when he goes down to New York he's always watched, eh?"

Again Trent nodded.

"And they know—these men you speak of—that he spends a great deal of his time in the city with this young woman he apparently—provides for?"

"Yes," said Trent, bluntly.

"Well," said the judge, moving nothing but thin lips, "what do you propose to do about this story, Trent?"

"I propose to print it."

"I see," said Judge Lang, eyes flashing anger. "There's truth in that saying about birds of a feather flocking together."

"Meaning?"

"That you're joining these informants of yours in blackmail?"

Trent leaned forward, gaze steady. "Yes," he said.

The judge stirred.

"I suppose," he said, "you want me to act as intermediary to collect whatever sum you name for this man to pay to suppress the story."

"No," said Trent, coldly. "I want *you* to pay the money. You know as well as I do that you're the man."

The judge sat still—to Trent's surprise. His eyes were contemptuous.

"How much money had you in mind?" he asked, indifference in his voice.

"One hundred thousand dollars," said Trent.

Judge Lang subdued a sneer.

"Tell me, Trent," he said, "why you, managing editor of one of our leading papers, risk your job, your future and your liberty by becoming party to a blackmail scheme?"

"I CAN see, Judge," said Trent smiling, "that you don't know much about newspaper men in general or my paper in particular. If all the managing editors who save fifty thousand dollars by the time they're sixty were laid end to end they wouldn't clutter up your collar. And I didn't think I had to tell you that the Leader is secretly on the market. Some chain or other will take it over. Their men will come in; I'll go out. Now you understand why that story will be printed if you don't pay."

"I see," said the judge, tone tinged with irony. "And if it's stopped in the Leader, what's to prevent the same racket being worked by your colleague of the Chronicle?"

"That's simple," said Trent. "I'll join you in jailing these boys if they attempt to tap you twice."

"Oh," said the judge, "you'd go back on your friends?"

"I'd protect you by sticking to my deal," said Trent.

Judge Lang frowned. Trent sat back, admiring his victim's sense. Headlights stenciled their way up the drive. The judge arose.

"This is Mrs. Lang," he said, disturbed.

"I'll be honored to meet her," said Trent, also rising.

"You!" The judge bit the word. He dropped his voice. "I'll consider everything and let you know."

"There isn't too much time, Judge."

"I'll see you on Sunday."

"Very well, Judge. And let's be frank. If you make any move with the district attorney's office, I'll know about it, and the story pops if I don't get a cent."

An outer door opened. The judge remained, standing, in the library. A butler bowed Trent out, and the white-haired woman who passed him smiled but said nothing. She was accustomed to unintroduced visitors.

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

At ten o'clock Sunday night Trent sat alone in his office, a sheaf of copy before him. Judge Lang had telephoned that he would be down at ten. The judge came, his face empty of any sign—surrender or defiance. Trent closed the door and the judge had hardly seated himself when he said: "May I see that story?"

Trent passed it on to him and smoked in silence while the judge went calmly through page after page. When he had finished he passed back the sheets. His eyes were hard when they met Trent's.

"You may print that story," he said.

Trent couldn't control a start.

"With a few corrections," said the judge. "You say that I married Elinor Graham, daughter of our former townsman and leading merchant. That's correct. He was an extremely religious man. You don't say that."

"It isn't necessary in this story," said Trent, puzzled.

"It's necessary in mine," said the judge. "Old man Graham strongly objected to divorce. You must put in this story of yours that I was previously married and divorced."

"He spends a great deal of his time in the city with this young woman?"

"You deceived him, eh?" snapped Trent. "Another angle on the story—"

"Yes," said the judge. "I deceived my wife also. But she knows all about it now. Most of us make mistakes, Trent. You've made a bad one. That young woman in New York—of course—you've guessed it. She happens to be my daughter by my first marriage."

"Well," Trent smiled grimly. "The gag's up. That kills the story."

"Not at all," said the judge.

"I won't run it now."

"Yes you will," said the judge. "You see, Trent," he stood up, an authoritative figure, "you gave me a tip. A hundred thousand dollars was better invested as a first payment on this paper than as hush money to you. I own the Leader now, if not for long. You'll correct that story, run it exactly as I tell you to, then get out of this town before I put you in jail."

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"Farm leaders think currency inflation will save the farmer; but it is more likely to ruin all of us completely"

Polishing up the Cross of Gold

Why not print more money? Everyone wants it and there seems not to be enough to go around. Start the presses! That demand is growing more insistent in this country. Here Mr. Flynn gets down to dollars and cents and shows you just what sort of a kick you would get from inflation

By John T. Flynn

OUT on the prairies they are polishing up the old "Cross of Gold." There is just nothing in the world that can get us as a people "all het up" like a good, old-fashioned ruckus about the money question. In every depression there comes a moment, after all the political jalap has been swallowed and all the pills and powders have been tried without effect, when some farmer looks up from behind the mess of mortgages on his farm and announces that "it's time to start printin' some money." Why not? Nobody has enough money. It must be because there's not enough going around.

Where does the money come from? From Uncle Sam. Where does Uncle Sam get it? He prints it in the Bureau of Printing and Engraving in Washington. Well, if there's not enough, why doesn't he print some more? It's as simple as A B C. Just turn out a few more bales of fives, tens and twenties and pass them around; put them in the banks; start things going.

No visitor with one eye and ear open can go to Washington without realizing that we have definitely arrived at that stage of this particular depression. Down there in committee-rooms, in congressmen's offices, in the corridors, you can hear the old phrases and shibboleths. At one committee meeting I heard inside of an hour all the famous old denunciations and expletives with which the villain Gold has been denounced for decades—"that Frankenstein monster," "Shylock," "pound of flesh," "the creditor East and the debtor West."

One had but to shut his eyes and listen to be swept back to the hectic days of 'Ninety-six, when the Boy Orator of the Platte worked strong men into tears as he pictured labor and the farmer crucified upon a cross of gold; and even farther back to the high-fevered days of the old Greenbackers, when John B. Weaver and General Ben Butler lifted their voices against the Golden Calf of Wall Street and demanded a fresh flood of fiat money.

A Farmer's Tale

Listen to Mr. Dan Fisher, dirt farmer and dirt-farm banker from New Parish, Indiana. Banker Fisher has been to Washington to tell the Banking and Currency Committee about the need for putting out some new money. You may not agree with what Mr. Fisher proposes but you will have to agree that he has a good case for action of some kind.

"Out our way," he said, "we have been listening for a long time to what a wonderful thing the American dollar is and what it will buy all over the world. But out in New Parish we've just about come to the conclusion that the American dollar has got to be too high-and-mighty and needs taking down a bit. In our country our farmers are loaded with debts—mortgages they contracted back in 1918 and 1919. I've been looking over the prices in those days. Wheat was $3.30 a bushel. Rye was $1.90 a bushel. The old dollar wasn't so strong then. The wheat that was $3.30 then is 47 cents now in our county. The rye that was $1.90 then is 30 cents now. Then oats brought $1.00 and now they bring 18 cents. Corn that was $1.60 we have to sell for 30 cents. We could get 23 cents a pound for our hogs then and we are lucky to get 4 cents now.

"What does all this mean? It means that 80 per cent of the farmer's income at its peak has been taken away from him. But the farmer's mortgage still remains. He pays, nominally, from 5 to 7 per cent on it. But, as a matter of fact, he must pay from 25 to 35 per cent; because all he has to pay with are his products and he has got to sell five times as much produce now to pay that interest as he did at the peak.

"Measure it in wheat. If he borrowed $5,000 back there in the peak days he borrowed the equivalent of 1,515 bushels of wheat. But on that same mortgage he now owes 10,640 bushels of wheat. He borrowed dollars that had very little purchasing power. He must pay in dollars that have very high purchasing power.

"What is the result? There is no chance for the farmer ever to pay his debts. In my district we are operating on a restricted basis. That is, we do not permit anybody to draw out one cent from his savings account. And as for checking accounts, we have closed down on them, too, and we allow a man to draw out one per cent a week. How long can we go on like that? How much can we farmers spend on that basis? How can we get out of it? We have got to have a rise in the price of our products. And the only way to do that is to issue more currency."

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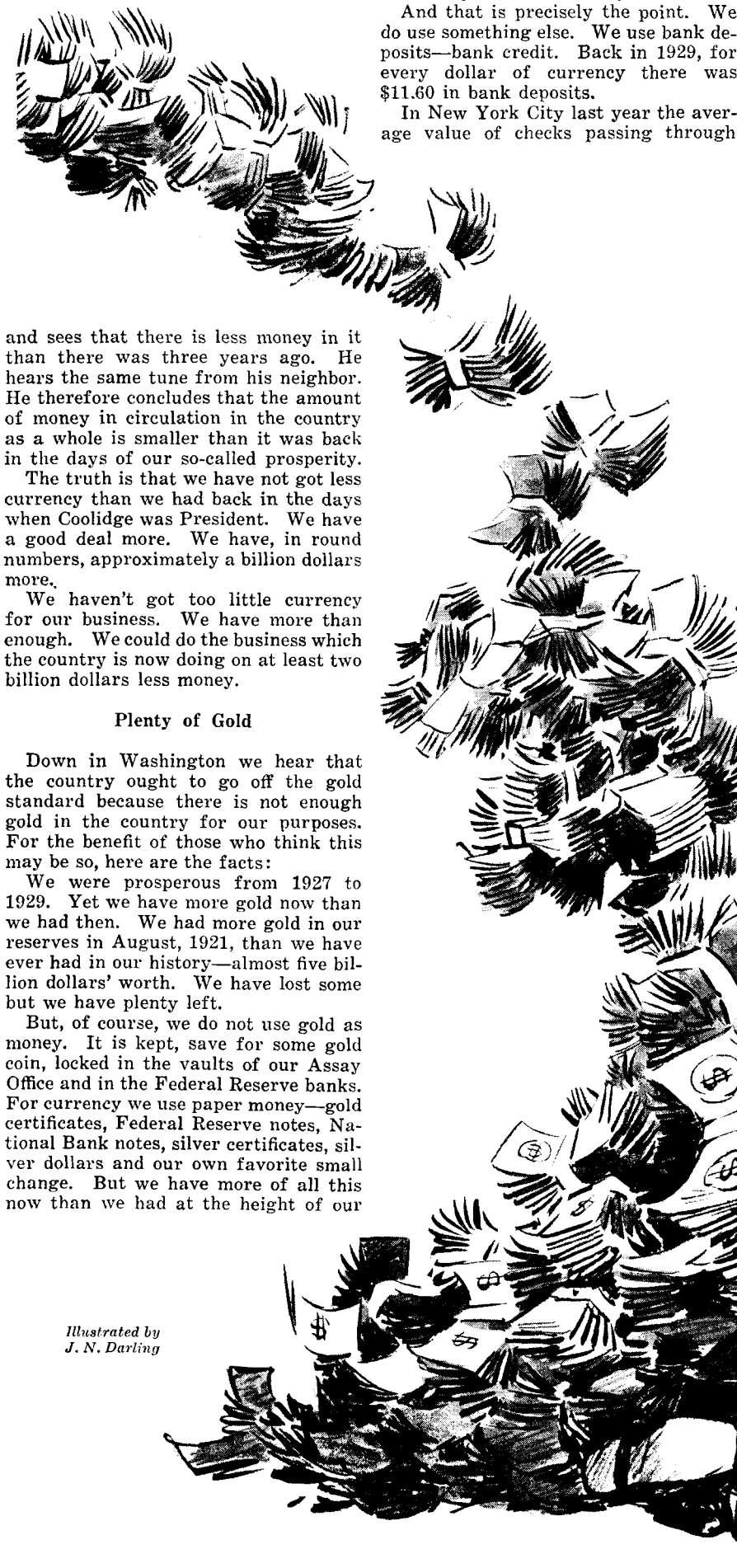
Now Mr. Dan Fisher is sound enough to a degree. That is, the farmer has suffered from a terrible deflation of the prices of his products. It's not as bad as Mr. Fisher points out, because all the money was not borrowed at the peak and no one can defend $3.30 wheat. But it's bad enough.

I have quoted this small-town Middle-Western banker to express a perfect reflection of the farmer's point of view which is driving the country into the demand for inflation, for issuance of greenbacks, for the remonetization of silver, for abandonment of the gold standard, for anything, in short, that seems to promise a rise in prices and some measure of relief.

Every man looks at his own wallet



and sees that there is less money in it than there was three years ago. He hears the same tune from his neighbor. He therefore concludes that the amount of money in circulation in the country as a whole is smaller than it was back in the days of our so-called prosperity.

The truth is that we have not got less currency than we had back in the days when Coolidge was President. We have a good deal more. We have, in round numbers, approximately a billion dollars more.

We haven't got too little currency for our business. We have more than enough. We could do the business which the country is now doing on at least two billion dollars less money.

Plenty of Gold

Down in Washington we hear that the country ought to go off the gold standard because there is not enough gold in the country for our purposes. For the benefit of those who think this may be so, here are the facts:

We were prosperous from 1927 to 1929. Yet we have more gold now than we had then. We had more gold in our reserves in August, 1921, than we have ever had in our history—almost five billion dollars' worth. We have lost some but we have plenty left.

But, of course, we do not use gold as money. It is kept, save for some gold coin, locked in the vaults of our Assay Office and in the Federal Reserve banks. For currency we use paper money—gold certificates, Federal Reserve notes, National Bank notes, silver certificates, silver dollars and our own favorite small change. But we have more of all this now than we had at the height of our boom. Our circulating money reached its highest point in 1920-1921. That was in our last major depression. It has never been so high since, until now.

Perhaps it's difficult for the average man to believe this. If you are the average man your share of our currency—if it were all divided up—would be $45. If it had been divided up back in 1929 your share would have been only $38.60. Even after you make a good allowance for hoarding, there are still enough funds in actual use to assure you as much as back in 1929.

That doesn't seem like very much money for each of us. And since there is only that much, it is evident that we must do our business with something else. We must be using something else for money besides currency.

And that is precisely the point. We do use something else. We use bank deposits—bank credit. Back in 1929, for every dollar of currency there was $11.60 in bank deposits.

In New York City last year the average value of checks passing through the banks in a day was a little less than a billion dollars. But at the end of each day, when all the checks found their way to the clearing house, so that the balances of the banks could be struck, the average amount of cash required to settle those balances was about $125,000,000. In other words, about 87½ per cent of the business was done with bank money and about 12½ per cent with currency. All these figures are subject to some modifications. But they give roughly a picture of the manner in which we do business—not with metallic and paper money but with bank money.

We Need Bank Money

And it is precisely at this point that the trouble is to be found. We are short of money, but the money we are short of is the very money which we use so much—bank money—and not currency or gold. What we must find some way of doing is to expand our bank money, our bank credit.

The facts here are quite clear. At the height of our ill-fated boom in 1929 we had fifty-five billion dollars of deposits in our banks. Since that time we have lost twelve billion dollars of deposits. In other words, twelve billion dollars of bank money has simply vanished. This is an appalling sum. It is nearly three times as much as all the currency we used in 1929. What has become of it? Why did it vanish? And where has it gone? And how can we get it back?

First of all, what became of our bank money—our bank deposits? Suppose you put $5,000 in your bank and leave it there. The bank is now in a position to make a loan with part of that money. Along comes Mr. X and borrows $3,000 from your bank. He borrows $3,000 out of the fund you deposited. But he does not take it out of the bank. It is credited to his account. He now has $3,000 deposited to his account. There is now $8,000 in deposits—your $5,000 and his $3,000—all based on your $5,000 deposit of cash. By making the loan the bank actually created $3,000 of additional deposits — additional bank credit or bank money. Now by calling the loan the bank can wipe out that $3,000 of deposits. That is plain. And that is what has been happening. Banks have been calling loans by the thousands every month for these several years. By doing that they have been wiping out deposits. As a result of that our bank deposits are down twelve billions of dollars. Our currency, our gold, is not reduced. We have ample gold and currency for all our needs. What we have not got is enough bank money. What we need to do, therefore, is not to inflate the currency, but to inflate or, better, to expand our bank credits, our bank money.

Now how can we do that? It is perfectly clear that the only way is to induce men with good credit to borrow money and to induce banks to lend it to them. But how can we do that? This brings us to the fixed conviction in the minds of some men that the way to do that is to get the prices of commodities to rise. How will this do the trick? Congressman T. Alan Goldsborough, a leader in the movement, explains the idea:

Forcing Prices Up

"The Federal Reserve Board has the right to issue additional currency as needed. We direct the Federal Reserve Board to issue additional currency now. It announces to the public that it has $10,000,000 in fresh currency; that it intends to force this currency into trade by buying government securities and paying for them with the new currency. It announces further, under authorization from Congress, that it intends to keep on putting out additional currency until prices begin to rise and keep on rising until they reach the 1926 level. Now what will happen? Every retailer will start putting in his orders to get his goods before prices go up. Every wholesaler will begin buying from the factories to get in before prices go up. Business will start moving. Factories will start manufacturing. Men will go back to work."

Whatever you may think of this idea, remember that the Goldsborough bill passed the House of Representatives by an overwhelming non-partisan vote.

Whatever may happen to it at the next session of Congress, the principle behind it is the rallying point for all believers in currency inflation.

But you, Mr. Salesman, Mr. Clerk, Mr. Merchant, Mr. Employee, Mr. Farmer—what will this do to you?

Well, the farm leaders, at least, think it will save the farmers, though I think it will probably ruin them completely. When I was in Washington the farm leaders were there demanding some kind of currency inflation for the farmers. Edward O'Neal, Vice President of the American Farm Bureau Federation, said:

"The farmers of this country are supposed to owe twelve billion dollars. As a matter of fact, they did owe twelve billions when they took

(Continued on page 47)

Illustrated by J. N. Darling

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Young Girl Laughing

The harrowing story of Ferdy Fell, who hit the Trail of Fame in Hollywood

By Frank Condon

PEOPLE are wondering what has become of Ferdinand Fell, the artist, generally called Ferdy, as he is no longer to be seen strolling the boulevards of Hollywood. To be sure, no great army of people are wondering, for Ferdinand is hardly a world figure. He makes paintings with a brush and tubes of color and tries to sell them to an unappreciative public and he wears a steel shield, like a policeman's badge, where his necktie ought to be.

Ferdy is a young man and his face is boyish and thin, a trifle red when he argues. There is always an eager look in his eyes, as if he is about to behold something marvelous in life, something wonderful and beautiful and good and exalting. In the earlier days of the world, Ferdy would have been a monk. He used to walk up and down the boulevards, pausing before the five-and-ten-cent stores to gaze rapturously at bars of pink soap made into a castle. He spent only one night in jail. For some reason, they lugged him downtown to the large metropolitan jail and stuck him away in a cell with a palsied Negro, who moaned and had recurrent fits all night. It was thought the police would remove him to the Hollywood jail, but probably the Arab Theater is in the downtown district, and Ferdy was arrested in the Arab Theater, after scaring at least one woman into conniption fits.

When I say Ferdinand Fell is young, I do not mean sophomoric or in the pimpled stage of stringy adolescence. He is somewhere towards forty, but he looks juvenile. His eyes are younger than the rest of his face, and when the policemen captured him he fought like an enraged puma, and they had to squash him down on his stomach in the side aisle and sit on him, while the organ roared I'll Be Glad When You're Dead and people stood on the seats.

It was perhaps nine o'clock when the disturbance began and the first lady shrieked and collapsed. Even before eight o'clock, there was a crowd, estimated by the manager, Mr. John Perkins, at four thousand free souls, milling and howling in the street before the doors of the Arab Theater.

IT WAS opening night—one of those Hollywood openings—first showing of the loudly heralded new talking picture, The Little Model, directed by Alphonse Duval. Soldierly police pushed through the mob on spotless brown horses. Searchlights of enormous power straggled to and fro on the roof of the sky, and the peasants of California leaned over the ropes and gazed at their gods with the humble adoration that has made the picture business what it is today. Cheered and applauded by the populace, the haughty kings and queens of Celluloidia stepped from their palanquins and filed majestically into the foyer, pausing beneath a silken canopy to murmur a kindly word into the microphone.

At eight-thirty the lobby was packed from wall to wall and those who had come to witness the first showing of The Little Model moved slowly into the theater and took their seats, standing erect for a moment so that everyone might see them. In the exact center of the outer lobby there stood an oil painting. It was in a golden frame on a gilded easel, and it was surrounded and brightened by six electric bulbs. Starring forth was the likeness of a beautiful young woman, her face aglow with merriment, and in her hand a letter, a love letter apparently. The title of the painting was The Little Model, and the motion picture opening here was based upon this work of art.

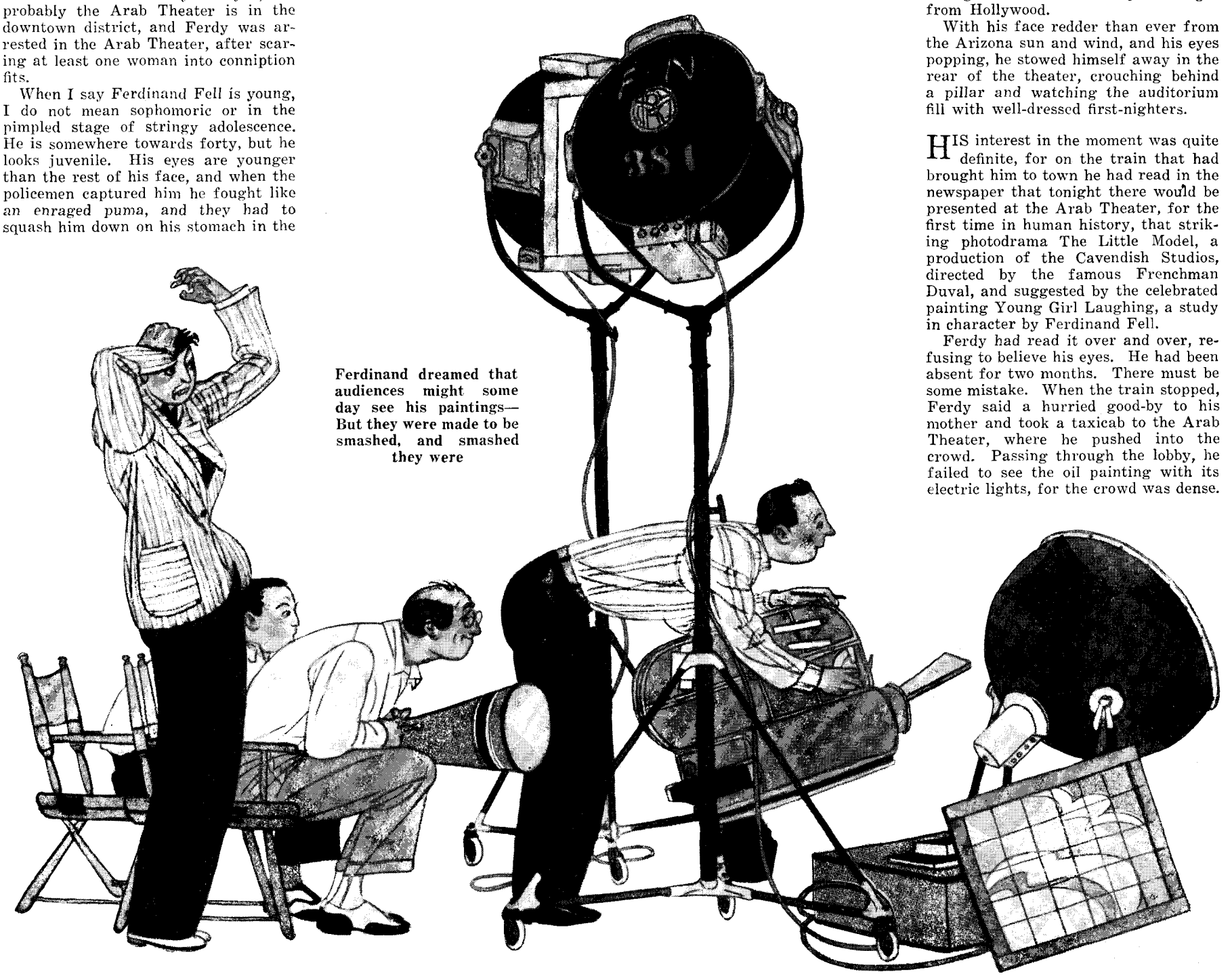
Into the midst of the slowly moving crowd there hurried a young man, not in evening clothes, and therefore conspicuous in the genteel throng. It was Ferdy Fell, idealist, dreamer and vegetarian. He had just arrived in town, fresh from a ranch in Arizona, where he had been recovering from a nervous breakdown and only an hour before had he learned that there was to be a grand opening at the Arab Theater.

He had come straight from the Arizona train, and nobody noticed him. Scarcely anybody knew him. He was not invited to step up and say a jolly word into the microphone. When he attempted to purchase a seat that he might see the talking picture, the ticket man merely smiled at his innocence, for the seats were five dollars each, and the house had been sold out for days to the mighty and the near-mighty. Ferdinand edged slowly over to a doorway and crept into the theater without a ticket, hiding himself behind a royal dowager from Hollywood.

With his face redder than ever from the Arizona sun and wind, and his eyes popping, he stowed himself away in the rear of the theater, crouching behind a pillar and watching the auditorium fill with well-dressed first-nighters.

HIS interest in the moment was quite definite, for on the train that had brought him to town he had read in the newspaper that tonight there would be presented at the Arab Theater, for the first time in human history, that striking photodrama The Little Model, a production of the Cavendish Studios, directed by the famous Frenchman Duval, and suggested by the celebrated painting Young Girl Laughing, a study in character by Ferdinand Fell.

Ferdy had read it over and over, refusing to believe his eyes. He had been absent for two months. There must be some mistake. When the train stopped, Ferdy said a hurried good-by to his mother and took a taxicab to the Arab Theater, where he pushed into the crowd. Passing through the lobby, he failed to see the oil painting with its electric lights, for the crowd was dense.



Ferdinand dreamed that audiences might some day see his paintings—But they were made to be smashed, and smashed they were

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There was a prologue, entirely wasted upon the anxious watcher, and in due time The Little Model began to unfold its story, warmed by the friendly applause of a crowd that was happy to admire. It commenced with a full-screen picture, an oil painting, a likeness of the young woman in the theater lobby, and Ferdinand seized the back of a seat and held on tightly, his fingers burying themselves in the plush. The opening titles came next, printed over the painting. Ferdinand's countenance slowly lost its color, and he began to tremble, unobserved, in the shadows.

POLITE applause greeted the names of the actors and actresses, who were sitting in the audience, and who themselves applauded heartily. Ferdinand held tight to his seat-back, like a man going round a sharp curve. Again and again the face of the lady flashed across the screen and the story began. The cast was distinguished, led by Lily Landing, whose mother once ran a two-chair barber shop in Saginaw, Michigan.

Lily was the little model of the tale. She graced the first scenes and made love to the artist, and there also was the portrait in oil, standing against the wall, waiting for the rich purchaser to come and take it away forever.

Lily, of course, had posed for the painting, and she looked faintly like the girl on the easel. A close-up of the painting. A close-up of Lily. A close-up of the artist. Ferdinand Fell stared dumbly out from his shadows. He reached into his pocket very slowly, and drew forth a knife, a long-bladed, slender weapon, the sort of knife used at times by Arizona ranchers to transform pigs into bacon. . . . Now the audience was beginning to enjoy The Little Model and there were murmurs of admiration. Ferdinand opened his knife, but nobody was looking at him.

He trotted rapidly down the side aisle, leaped up the steps to the stage and, before anyone could reach him or imagine what he was doing, he began slashing away at the screen. His face was drawn and pale with rage, but he worked silently. His body cast fantastic shadows on the screen.

THOSE in the first rows, their shirt bosoms gleaming, their diamonds glittering, saw the long, flashing knife, and, for no reason at all, a woman began screaming. There is a woman in every theater ready to scream. Voices were suddenly raised above the chatter of the talking picture, and ushers charged down the aisle, clambered to the stage and approached Ferdinand, but, looking at his zipping knife, they paused in uncertainty.

The picture ran along steadily. The lower section of the screen within reach of the artist's blade was a welter of shreds, some of them hanging limp, others fluttering, making grotesque and formless the film images thrown upon them.

Two police officers suddenly joined the ushers on the stage, popping up from nowhere, and without a sound they fell upon the frantic artist, knocked his knife spinning with a police club and dragged him, kicking, from the stage. Men and women left their seats and stood in the aisles, and timid souls in the rear hurried out of the theater, fearing a riot.

The canned music of the score continued its cheerful undertones and the characters spoke from behind the tattered screen, which contained gaping holes, tribute to Ferdinand's blade. There was no longer the illusion of a story unfolding, for there was the loud-speaker, still sputtering dialogue, while the characters walked in and out of holes on the screen. Mr. John Perkins swore tremendous oaths and demanded horrible punishment for the incomprehensible vandalism of a new kind of fiend.

The police sat upon Ferdy in the aisle and then dragged him, unresisting, toward the outer lobby, with the audience following. The gala opening was over. A première was destroyed, wiped out utterly, and the movies lost their night of triumph. The audience gathered into clusters and jabbered. The theater organ continued to play cheerful ditties, ones the organist always thought he would like to use if the place ever caught fire.

Passing through the marble lobby, sandwiched between sturdy limbs of the law, the gaunt, white-faced artist looked up and beheld the brightly lighted oil painting in its golden setting. The cops could easily have stopped him had they suspected his intent, but they looked for no further outrage, so Ferdy suddenly lunged as the trio passed. They had tight hold on his arms, but his legs were free, and he shot them into the air, clinging to the two officers, and with a mighty kick he sent both feet through the framed portrait, tearing a triangular hole from top to bottom. The astounded officers hauled him away, and the theater-goers gasped over this fresh mayhem of art.

"Why, the little rascal!" cried the right-hand policeman, using instead of "rascal" a well-known street word. "He's as crazy as a bag of fleas."

With some of the audience in the lobby and some on the sidewalk, and others still chattering inside the theater, Ferdinand Fell was officially removed in a black police van and taken to the downtown jail.

AS I stated, he was in a cell only one night. On the following morning, mysterious forces leaped into action and the silent artist was hurried from the jail in a large limousine and driven to the railway station, where a brawny male nurse walked him into a Pullman, pushed him into a seat and sat down beside him. The train started for Arizona, from whence Ferdy had returned. There was never any charge preferred against him for malicious destruction of property. The incident was ended instantly and mysteriously.

The morning paper, in handling news of the atrocity, said:

"The man is Ferdinand Fell, an artist of some ability, who has worked at odd jobs for several years in the movie studios, and more recently for Mark Cavendish, who produced The Little Model, shown last night for the first time. Fell's conduct is difficult to understand, as he is the artist who painted the picture Young Girl Laughing upon which The Little Model is based. Asked last night concerning the artist's peculiar act, studio officials stated no reason could be given."

No reason!

Certainly not, at least no sane, sensible reason.

(Continued on page 36)

The police dragged him, unresisting, toward the outer lobby. The gala opening was over

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

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Don't tell my Wife

The wild adventure of a little strategist named Pottle, who had to cope with a Napoleonic spouse

By Richard Connell

In the sultry, dusty privacy of the attic Mr. Pottle began to shadow-

"AMBROSE!"

Mrs. Pottle spoke sharply.

"What say, dear?"

Mr. Pottle's vague voice sifted through the six-star sporting final.

"Put down that paper and listen to me."

"I'm reading something," protested Mr. Pottle, but mildly. "Looks like trouble in the Balkans."

Mrs. Pottle plucked the paper from his hands. "Never mind the Balkans. I've something important to tell you—"

"What?" asked Mr. Pottle.

"I've been insulted," stated Mrs. Pottle. She was a large, solid woman and, at the moment, an irate one.

"Dear me," said Mr. Pottle, concerned but not acutely horrified. "Who has gone and insulted you now, honey?"

He stole covert glances at the seized paper.

"Ambrose," cried his wife, in a tone half-snort, half-sniffle, "what kind of man are you, anyhow? Your own wife, that you're supposed to cherish and protect, has been treated like dirt, and you show about as much interest as if I told you I'd found a bat in the attic—"

"Did you?" asked Mr. Pottle.

"I did not."

"If you do," advised Mr. Pottle, "don't get scared. Bats are harmless, unless they get in your hair. That," he added judicially, "could be unpleasant."

But she was not to be swerved from the subject.

"A man grossly insulted me," she said.

"Perhaps he didn't mean to," Mr. Pottle suggested.

"Oh, yes, he did," she said. "I guess I know a deliberate insult when I get one."

"I suppose you must," said Mr. Pottle, a thought sadly. "Well, tell me about it."

"THIS morning I went into the post office to buy a stamp. A man was waiting at the window with a parcel-post package. I was in a dreadful hurry because I was late for my bridge lesson, so I just went up to the window and said, 'Stamp, please.' This loafer said, 'Excuse me, madam, but I'm ahead of you.' He had a mean, insinuating sort of voice. I looked him up and down and said, 'If you were a gentleman, you'd be civil to a lady.' He gave me a vulgar look and said, 'Lady? Humph!' Just like that. You should have heard the way he said 'Humph!' It made my blood boil. I said, 'You'll hear from my husband about this, you creature.' I was so mad I went out without my stamp."

"Stranger in Granville, probably," said Mr. Pottle. "Just forget it and go water your zinnias."

"I will not forget it, and I will not water any zinnias," stormed Mrs. Pottle. "Have you no pride? Is your wife to be insulted in public places?"

"Small man?" inquired Mr. Pottle, hopefully. He weighed one hundred and thirty pounds in his winter flannels.

"He was a biggish, uncouth man," said Mrs. Pottle. "I know his name. It's Gaffney—Michael Gaffney. I saw it on the package he was sending."

"Don't know him," said Mr. Pottle.

"But you're going to," said Mrs. Pottle.

"Aw, now, Blossom," said her husband, "you know how I hate rows."

"When I married you," said Mrs. Pottle, in accents frosted with contempt, "I was under the impression I had married a man. I'd hate to find out, after sixteen years, that I was wed to a mouse."

"Did you say Gaffney?"

"Yes, Gaffney."

"Irish?"

"He had freckled knuckles and acted as if he owned the post office," said Mrs. Pottle.

"I," said Mr. Pottle, "am a peace-loving, law-abiding fellow, trying to make a living in the barbers' supply game. I do not believe in troubling trouble unless trouble troubles me."

"You don't care if I'm insulted?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then why don't you make that loafer apologize?"

BY DINT of experience, Mr. Pottle knew that he was in for a protracted diet of tears and taunts unless he did as she wished, so he said, "I'll settle this Gaffney's hash for him."

"When?" demanded Mrs. Pottle.

"Oh, tomorrow," said Mr. Pottle, attempting to retrieve his paper. But Mrs. Pottle maintained her grip on it.

"You'll do it right now, this very night," she said.

"But I don't know where he lives," he temporized.

"I do. Colonial Park."

"That's miles from here," said Mr. Pottle. "He might not be home."

"We have a telephone," pointed out Mrs. Pottle. "Call him up and make him apologize. I looked up his number."

"Aw, now, Blossom!"

Mrs. Pottle began to weep noisily.

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Pottle, resignedly. As he went to the phone he took on a stern, pugnacious mien befitting the avenger of a lady's honor.

"Mr. Gaffney, please," he said into the phone. Normally his voice was falsetto, and tended to break into a squeak when he was excited; now he sought to impart to it a sinister growl.

"Gaffney speaking," said the voice at the other end. It was a subway basso in need of sandpapering.

"Look here, Gaffney," said Mr. Pottle in his best synthetic snarl, "my name is Pottle. Today you insulted my wife. You've got to apologize, see?"

"What is it you're selling?" asked Gaffney.

"Nothing," barked Mr. Pottle, and began again. "My name is Pottle. *Pottle.*"

"Don't want any bottles," said Mr. Gaffney. "I've got a good bootlegger already."

"You insulted my wife," said Mr. Pottle, in his ominous croak.

"Can't get a word you say," said Mr. Gaffney. "You'd better try rock and rye for that cold."

Mr. Pottle was forced to adopt a clearer if less fearsome tone.

"You insulted a lady in the post office today," he said, trebly but distinctly. "I demand an apology. That was my wife."

"Sorry," said Mr. Gaffney. "For you, I mean. Don't see why I should apologize. She shoved ahead of me—"

"You will apologize," said Mr. Pottle, warming to his work, "or else—"

"Or else what?"

Mr. Pottle, who had not thought that far ahead, considered a moment, then said, "Or else I'll give you a sound thrashing."

"You talk big over the phone," observed Mr. Gaffney.

SPURRED on by approving sounds from his wife, Mr. Pottle countered with, "Yes, and I act big, too."

"Just name a time and place," said Mr. Gaffney.

"I'll be right over," said Mr. Pottle, and regretted the words the instant they left his tongue.

"Sorry, but I can't lick you tonight," said the deep and dangerous voice of Gaffney. "I'm busy."

"Good," came involuntarily from Mr. Pottle.

"What?"

"Good thing for you," said Mr. Pottle. "I think it only fair to warn you that I am an athlete."

He had won second place in an egg-and-spoon race at a barbers' picnic six years before; but since then he had rested on his laurels, and had indulged in no exercise more violent than playing pinochle and changing typewriter ribbons.

"Oh, are you?" said Mr. Gaffney. "Do you know what I do to athletes?"

"No. What?" said Mr. Pottle with unfeigned interest.

"I pickle 'em and eat 'em," said Mr. Gaffney.

This intelligence did not comfort Mr. Pottle; but Blossom was at his elbow, so he put on a bold front and said, "Well, if Jack Dempsey couldn't beat me in four rounds, I doubt if a flannel-mouth like you could."

This was sheer inspiration.

"Did you fight Dempsey?"

It seemed to Mr. Pottle that Mr. Gaffney was impressed.

"Several times," said Mr. Pottle promptly. "You are perhaps not aware of the fact that in the ring I was known as the Clawing Catamount of the Ozarks. Now will you apologize?"

Mr. Gaffney thought it over.

"No," he announced. "Never."

"That means fight in my country," said Mr. Pottle.

There was another pause. The tide of hope rose in Mr. Pottle's thirty-four-inch breast; but it ebbed abruptly when he heard Mr. Gaffney say, "That suits me. Do you know that pine grove across the road from the ninth hole of the country club golf course?"

"I do," said Mr. Pottle, wishing he didn't.

"Meet me there tomorrow evening at six sharp," said Mr. Gaffney.

"But how will I know you?" asked Mr. Pottle, and a tremble crept into his voice.

"I'll introduce myself by giving you a sock on the nose," promised Mr. Gaffney. "Will you be there?"

Mr. Pottle stroked tenderly his sizable nose, then rallied what remained of his martial spirit, and said as gruffly

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Illustrated by Floyd Davis

box, scowling and grunting

and carelessly as he could, "I'll be there. Six sharp."

"Be sure your life insurance is paid up," said Mr. Gaffney and crashed down the receiver.

Mr. Pottle turned to his wife.

"We meet tomorrow," he said, carried away by the drama of the situation, "on the field of honor."

"Now, Ambrose, you mustn't get hurt," said Mrs. Pottle.

"It is too late to think of that now," said Mr. Pottle. "The die is cast."

"I'm so proud of my man," said Mrs. Pottle. "But you mustn't injure him seriously. Just pummel him till he apologizes."

"That," said Mr. Pottle, "is my plan."

HAVING burned all bridges behind him, Ambrose Pottle stalked up to his attic and unearthed a pair of cob-webbed dumb-bells, relics of an earlier, more ambitious era, and these he raised and lowered perhaps thirty times, and then he began to ache. In the sultry, dusty privacy of the attic he began to shadow-box, scowling and grunting as he danced about and felled an imaginary foe of gigantic stature with devastating left hooks and crushing right crosses. He began to pant, after a minute or so. He stopped his training and went to bed. Presently nightmares came, peopled with huge, hairy demons of Celtic aspect with fists like nail kegs.

He woke next morning, not much refreshed. He cursed the innocent chirping birds and lowered at the sunbeams. But, at breakfast, for Blossom's benefit, he assumed a confident, almost devil-may-care air.

"I may be a bit late for dinner," he said, "and, say, Blossom, you might have a chunk of raw steak handy in the ice-box."

"Raw steak? What for?"

"They say it's good for black eyes," said Mr. Pottle, and hurried off to catch the 8:16 to the city.

Even the news from the Balkans failed to hold his interest. A specter, grim and harrowing, haunted him, a Hibernian wraith, the awful Gaffney. At first Mr. Pottle had consoled himself by picturing Mr. Gaffney as an ordinary business man, only a little bigger than Mr. Pottle himself; but with the passing minutes Gaffney grew.

BY THE time the train had shot past Oakhurst Manor, the Gaffney of Mr. Pottle's fevered imaginings had assumed the proportions of a haystack, the consistency of pig iron, and had become a ruthless ogre with a killer's leer. The click of the train wheels began to drum out a dirge—"The body of a small, unidentified man was found this morning near the country club. He had been battered to bits, battered to bits, battered to bits—"

On his way to his office Mr. Pottle stopped at a bookstore and bought the only volume they had that sounded as if it might help him. It was called Jiujitsu in 40 Lessons and contained pictures of minute but sinewy Orientals playing tiddlywinks with bulky Caucasians. Neglecting his work, Mr. Pottle studied this treatise, but gleaned small hope from it. It presupposed the ownership of a kimono and unusual muscular dexterity, and Mr. Pottle possessed neither. He cast out hints to the president of his company that it would be a sound idea to dispatch him, Pottle, that very day on a business trip to Texas or Oregon; but these seeds of escape fell on barren ground. That morning Mr. Pottle was uncommonly kind and patient with all his associates; he wanted them to have pleasant memories of him.

At noon he went out, though totally devoid of appetite, to the regular mid-week luncheon of the large business club to which he belonged. He wore a button inviting the world to "Call Me Ambrose"; and many members did, and jovially; but this heartened him not at all.

"I wonder," he wondered, "who will be elected in my place."

He pecked moodily at the blue plate —half spring chick. with f. f. pots. and c. on the c.—and toyed with the idea of fleeing forthwith to Wyoming, changing his name to Basil Harcourt and becoming a sheepherder. Later he could blame amnesia or aphasia or whatever it was. His gloomy reverie was pricked by the voice of the speaker of the day, a Mr. Bowker, introduced as a big brief-case manufacturer from Toledo, who looked like an efficient owl and spoke like popping corn.

"MEN," popped Mr. Bowker, "the way to get ahead is to go ahead. The high-grade, A-No.-1, able and alert modern executive is not held back by details tugging at his shirt tails. No, siree. He does not clutter up his think-tank with piddling, picayune matters. He leaves little things to little men. Do you cut your own hair? Of course not. You go to a barber for that li'l' ole hair-cut. Do you dictate letters to yourself? No, sir. You hire a stenog, a pretty blonde for choice (laughter). Why, only the other day one of the biggest men in the wholesale leather game said to me, 'Ken, do you know how I made my million?' I chirped, 'No, Fred, but I'd darn' well like to.' 'Ken,' he said, 'I've always kept my mind free for big things by hiring competent men to handle the dinky stuff.' See my point, men?"

These words spattered against the eardrums of Mr. Pottle and penetrated his unhappy trance, and there occurred

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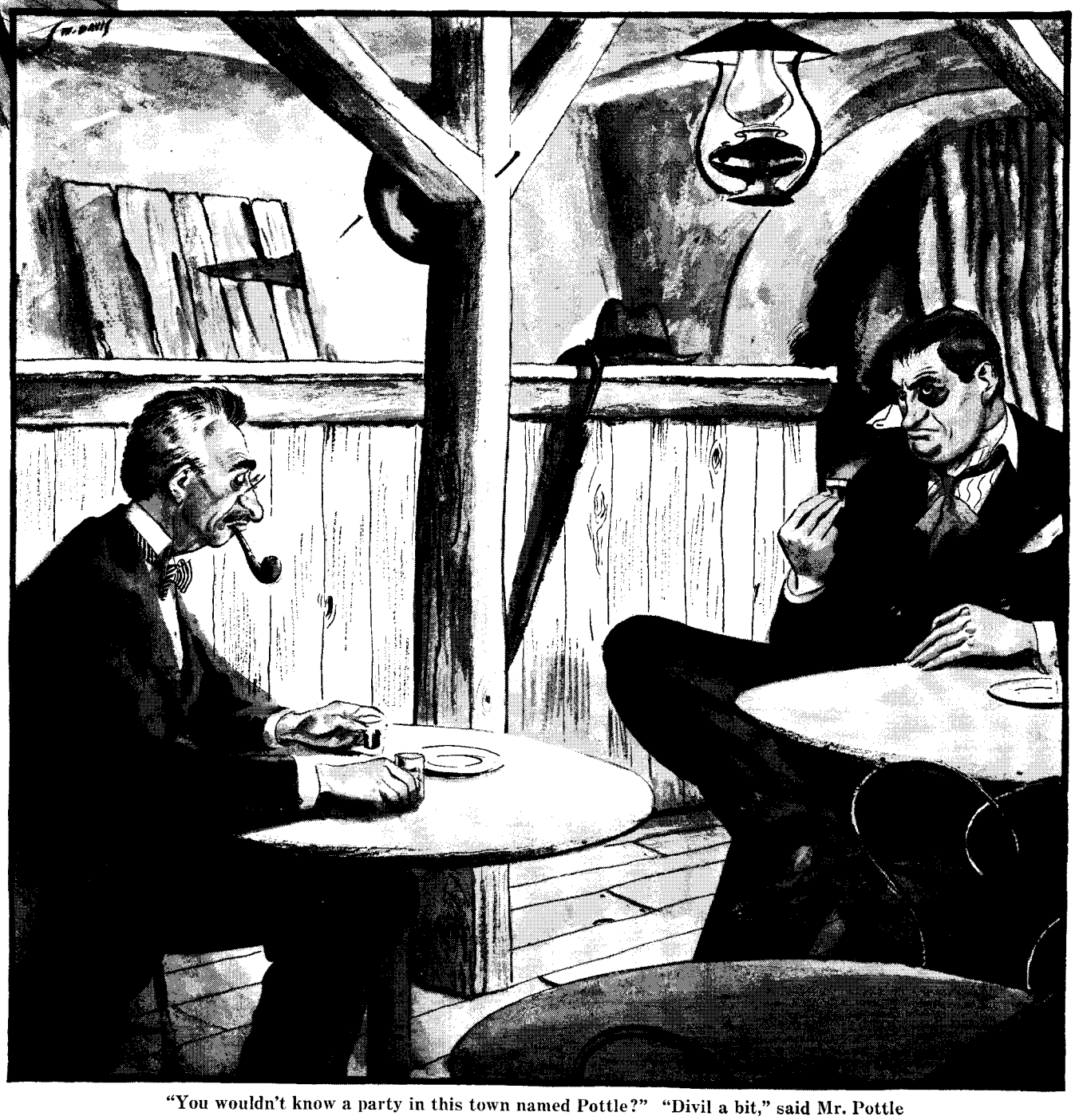

"You wouldn't know a party in this town named Pottle?" "Divil a bit," said Mr. Pottle

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Somebody ought to Tell them

Clumsy people needn't be, for clumsiness can be cured. Here Mrs. Moore prescribes for it tricks that have been tested and found graceful by stars of stage and screen

By Ruth Chandler Moore

DID you ever think how graceful the pretty girl on the divan was—and change your mind when you saw her start to get up? Or stand in awe of a dignified lady—until you saw her lean over to put on her rubbers? Or palpitate in the presence of the football hero—until he careened into you and you wished he were back in the great open spaces where he belonged?

Well, maybe you aren't always as graceful as Garbo herself, but if so don't say you can't help it and let it go at that. Clumsiness is curable, like any other fault. We generally put it down to bad luck, but it's more likely to be due to bad habits, and lots of gracefulness isn't a gift but the result of training. They say Mary Garden practiced six months to perfect her famous walk from divan to table in the dramatic third act of Tosca. That's extreme, for she was an actress working out a scene of her career, but even everyday people in the everyday business of living have their audiences, and awkwardness is worth a little earnest thought, for it spoils good impressions, good figures, good looks, good clothes and sometimes even good opportunities.

So here are a few simple posture tricks to start you off on the right track. Not stilted poses and la-de-da gestures—any kind of clumsiness is better than that—but just some tips on the best way to use your hands and feet and backbone.

M. G. M.

Famous Players

Norma Shearer and Marlene Dietrich, studies in gracefulness

Every actress knows these tricks, sometimes by instinct and sometimes by training. If Marlene Dietrich, for example, didn't know exactly how to use those beautiful legs of hers, they'd never have become so famous. If she stood on the borders of her feet, her ankles would look heavy no matter how few inches around them; and the perfect way she arches her foot has a good deal to do with the slender delicacy you admire when she steps down the stairs. So flatter your own faithful underpinnings by a little circumspection in the way you use them.

For instance, when you cross your knees—don't. Cross your upper legs, instead, well above the knee so that your top leg drops easily down in the same general direction as the supporting one. This gives you a good slanted line from chair to floor instead of exhibiting a wild criss-cross of shoes and stockings. It also keeps your under knee from pushing your calf forward to double the apparent width of your leg. In crossing ankles, also remember not to push this loose calf flesh into prominence by too much pressure. Ankles should be crossed low and lightly.

Chins In

And whether you are crossing ankles or knees, be sure to let the hanging foot dangle easily downward. An upthrust toe denotes nervousness and tension and it's ugly into the bargain, for it bulges your thick ankle bone into view and shows the person opposite you the sole of your shoe instead of your curved instep, which is the prettiest part of any foot. If your foot is just naturally taut, shake it free from the socket by main force, if you have to, by waggling your ankle hard with both hands!

But it isn't always feet that lead you astray. Elbows spoil the picture just as frequently. Did you ever see Katharine Cornell pour tea? It's a perfect poem of elbows—elbows so limber and fluid that they don't seem to be there at all. The secret of this is not to stick them out like a pair of misplaced flippers, for it's hard, jerky little flippers that gouge and bump and knock the vases off end tables. Try to keep your elbows at a loose curve, instead of sharpening them to a point, and notice the difference in your form as you shake a friend's hand or take his arm; as you wield your knife and fork, lift your cup, or handle your lighted cigarette.

And speaking of elbows, when you put them on the table—oh, we all do it sometimes, in spite of the etiquette books, in confidential moods between rubbers of bridge or at a restaurant table-for-two after the dessert has been cleared away—be sure to keep them well together and close to the edge of the table, arms parallel and upright. This keeps your face at a dignified level with your vis-à-vis, head up and shoulders dropped. It's the sprawled elbows, hunched back and outthrust chin that make unattractive table scenery.

In fact this outthrust chin is unattractive anywhere, so beware of it, especially when you are very intent on something or somebody directly in front of you! It's a common feminine fault to let your

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Billy Carr finishing the brilliant relay at Los Angeles. Will any woman ever match this smoothness?

Stella Walsh, the Polish flyer—demonstrating that male athletes do not entirely monopolize grace

For Men Only?

Should women be debarred from participation in the Olympic games? Some people think so. Women, they say, don't show to advantage on the track or in the field. Maybe not. And maybe, too, these critics overlooked Babe Didrikson. But Mr. Rice didn't. She belongs to the future—women's future in sports

By Grantland Rice

THE female of the species may or may not be deadlier than the male, but on the athletic field she isn't as graceful.

During a post-mortem debate after the recent Olympic games a yowl rose to California's cloudless skies. There was much complaining because most of the girl athletes lacked the grace and smoothness and rhythm of the masculine entries, although the average woman is supposed to be more graceful than the average man.

The Olympic games were supposed to be the big test in this respect, because they brought together all the women stars of the world—runners and jumpers and javelin throwers, discus throwers and hurdlers from as far away as South Africa, Australia and Japan.

On the one side women spectators had watched the remarkable rhythm of such athletes as Billy Carr, Ralph Hill, Eddie Tolan and Tom Hampson. On the other side they had seen women sprinters and hurdlers who lacked this grace and smoothness.

"This is proof enough," one well-known writer remarked, "that women do not belong in this type of sport or competition. Let them play golf or tennis, swim or dive, but keep them away from the athletic field. They don't belong in this department and never will. Women could never learn to throw properly and I don't believe they will ever learn to run and jump gracefully."

I'm not so sure about that. Anyone who saw the whip-lash javelin throw which the famous Babe Didrikson made in her first attempt must disagree.

But when it comes to a general average of grace and art there is no question but that women athletes are well below the male average.

There is a reason for this. As a normal proposition, the better one gets, the more accompanying grace there is to look at. A great runner is usually a smooth runner. Billy Carr, who broke the 400-meter record with something to spare, is a star example. The fastest quarter-miler in the world looks like a perfect piece of well-oiled machinery with every part correctly tuned and adjusted. It is for this reason that he can pick up that stretch sprint without any shoulder or body action thrown in. The extra speed is there without any show of extra effort. Bobby Jones in the same way can add thirty yards to his average drive without any show of added force.

There are almost no women who can do this. But when you get down to the last summing-up, there are few men who can do it—only the champions as a rule. And there are not many champions.

One point overlooked by those who believe women should be left out of Olympic games is this—women are improving rapidly, both in regard to athletic ability and athletic grace and style.

Certainly for sheer grace there were few men at Los Angeles who had any large edge on Babe Didrikson, the Dallas girl who broke four world's records in four starts. It was a treat to watch her stroll into the high jump the moment some official set up the cross-bar. She had less wasted effort than any athlete I have ever seen in action.

Good and Getting Better

One point to remember, before any move is made to chase women from Olympic track and field sports, is this—that the women were allowed just six events in which they might compete—the javelin, the discus, the 80-meter hurdle race, the 100-meter race, the high jump and the relays. They broke a woman's world's record in all six chances.

Stella Walsh, the Polish flyer, who won the 100-meter race, lacked the smooth-spinning power of a Tolan, a Metcalf or a Simpson. Any one of these could have beaten her 10 or 12 yards at 100 meters. But at least Miss Walsh had brought the old record from above 12 seconds to something well under. She had shown that a woman runner could travel two or three yards faster than the best girl runner of two years ago.

In considering this improvement, just figure how far the men have advanced since the first Olympic revival of 1896. In those earlier days they were pole-vaulting around 11 feet or less. Miller won at Los Angeles well above 14 feet. They were putting the shot under 40 feet. Sexton tossed the iron ball 52 feet. They were running the 400 above 50 seconds. Carr ran it in 46.2. These are just a few examples of the big advance men have made in about three decades.

I put this argument up to a group of women who were all against female participation in an Olympic show. They still stuck to the point that women were not as graceful as men in track and field sports, and never would be.

When you dig down under the surface, how many men are graceful at any game, including golf and tennis? Most of the stars are. Practically all of them. But the number of stars is extremely small.

I don't believe any woman athlete will ever come along who can run as fast, jump as high or throw as far as the best of the men. For this reason they won't be as graceful. But who would have said that any woman would come along who could do what Babe Didrikson has done in over twenty-five varieties of sport? Who would have said that any woman could throw a baseball over 300 feet? There wasn't a man in the recent games from the two thousand picked athletes of the world who could show the same average, playing on even terms, that the Texas Tornado could show in twenty or thirty sports. As an all-round athlete, taking in twenty or more competitions, she would have mopped up.

One debater advanced the argument that women should stick to such games as tennis and golf. It is just as hard to be graceful in tennis and golf as it is in running or jumping. I'll let you look at the average male golfer or the average male tennis player and if you can locate enough grace to plug the eye of a needle you either have a great pair of eyes or a marvelous imagination.

When Babe Didrikson stepped up and lashed away at a golf ball, Olin Dutra, one of the best of all the pros, was in a daze. He knew she had played little golf. He knew she hadn't swung at a golf ball in some months. "What astonished me," Dutra said, "was this girl's power. I don't think I ever saw as much power packed away in any man weighing under 130 pounds. If a few more women can get this punch, they will be on even terms with the men."

It is lack of power which has taken something away from women's grace in most games. They feel the need of that extra effort and at this point form begins to crumble. Yet I believe Babe Didrikson has power enough to concentrate on any one of several sports and make any male hustle to win, while holding her own in the way of grace and style.

Record-Breaking Beauties

Women have been in sport only a brief moment compared to men. They have known only a few years of real competition in various games where the men have had the heritage of the centuries to work with. In spite of the many complaints about the awkwardness and out-of-place aspect of women in track and field sports, they have come a long way in a few years and I believe their improvement in every detail is one of the outstanding features of 1932.

At this point someone said: "Well, suppose they do get to be as strong, as fast, as good as men in sport? What good will that do? How much will that help their looks?"

Here is one answer: How much has it hurt the looks of Helen Wills, Glenna Collett, Eleanor Holm, Josephine McKim, Georgia Coleman, Virginia Van Wie, Jane Fauntz and a flock of others I might mention? Babe Didrikson, the greatest of all the all-round athletes, man or woman, weighs just 126 pounds. She is on the slender side at her height of 5 feet 6 inches. So a woman doesn't have to look like a weight lifter or a piano mover to star in sport.

Most of those who enter are extremely healthy specimens and they seem to get a great kick out of the competition, whatever it is. This should be most of the answer.

You can't ask much more. Give them two or three more Babe Didriksons and most of the male athletes will be looking in the general direction of an exit.

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Wife for Sale

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far:

POVERTY-STRICKEN, the little Oliver family—the widowed Mrs. Oliver, her son Keith, and her two unmarried daughters, Evelyn and Norah—is threatened with starvation. Something must be done—but what? Norah has an inspiration. She acts on it. She *advertises for a husband.*

Within a few days, the girl finds herself confronted with a remarkable situation. She has a husband, Barry Dunsmuir, an explorer. Dunsmuir (immediately following the marriage, a secret one) has sailed for the South Polar regions. She—with her mother and Eve—is ensconced at his charming old farm in New Jersey, "Foxaway," where she is known as his secretary-housekeeper! . . . Then, weeks later, tragic news comes: Barry's ship has foundered; Norah is, apparently, a widow!

Almost immediately two callers arrive: Hazel Dunsmuir, Barry's cousin (to whom Barry has willed Foxaway—so she says) and Lucille Swann, who calmly announces that she was engaged to the explorer, that she is his heir! . . . Acting on the advice of wise old Judge Bailey, Norah does not reveal her secret. Not certain that her husband is dead, she merely awaits developments. They come quickly. Another caller arrives: David Howard. Once she had loved him. She still does—or *thinks* she does. And *presently* (when it seems certain that Dunsmuir is dead) she promises to marry him.

Strange surprises follow. Eve, she learns, is infatuated with David; and she, Norah, gradually awakens to the realization that the man she really cares for is not David Howard but Barry Dunsmuir! . . . Far from avaricious, she is indifferent to the news (confirmed by Judge Bailey) that Dunsmuir's will leaves nothing to her. But Foxaway she adores; the thought of leaving it in the near future appalls her. . . .

Judge Bailey arrives with unexpected tidings. Dunsmuir had made a second will; Norah—his "beloved wife"—is to receive almost his entire estate, including Foxaway. Now, at last, she tells David the whole story. And as he listens, dumfounded, someone approaches, walking. Norah glances at the newcomer. Then, staring in amazement—"Barry!" she exclaims. *"Barry Dunsmuir!"*

IX

FOR a long minute they all stood looking at one another. Eve and Keith and their mother were merely wide-eyed, speechless, but Norah had turned very white, and David's face was red with a resentful flush.

"Barry!" Norah stammered finally. She went toward him, took his hand, turned toward the others. "He's back," she said. "I'm—I'm so glad you're back! We thought—"

"You thought I was dead!" Barry supplied, as she hesitated. "I nearly was. Norah, you didn't think you'd see me again, did you? You felt badly, I know."

Norah spoke steadily, with simple dignity.

"I was afraid you had suffered horribly—been in the water for days, or were hungry," she said. "That made me feel badly."

The expression on Barry's face changed, sobered. He spoke in a lower tone, his keen eyes fixed on Norah.

"I did suffer horribly, as you say. Let's—shall we?—sit down."

But first he went to take Mrs. Oliver's frail hand.

"You've had a dreadful experience, I'm afraid, Mr. Dunsmuir," Norah's mother said, almost timidly. For there was a dark look on his thin, keen face.

"I'll tell you about it some day," Barry said, sitting down near her chair.

HE LOOKED about appreciatively at the world of sunshine, of shadow on trembling new green, of scents and sweetness and farm sounds.

"How lovely the old place is!" he said slowly, under his breath. He glanced about the circle that was smitten to silence, and smiled his odd smile. "I've seen this often enough, in the past year!" he added. "Every leaf of it, every shingle."

Norah found her voice:

"Where do you come from, now? Are you hungry? Would you let me—"

"I had a breakfast of ham and eggs and grapefruit and waffles in a Pullman train, three hours ago!" Barry interrupted.

"You don't know how strange this is!" she said. "The papers—do they know you're back?"

"The papers never know anything, Norah. No," he added, in a bitter undertone, as if he were speaking to himself, "the papers don't know it. What is there for them to know? I don't amount to anything—and Sassoon's dead!"

"You've survived some experiences," Keith observed respectfully, and Norah saw Barry's keen, quick, appreciative glance move to her brother.

"Some experiences you don't want to survive!" he said briefly. Immediately he looked at Norah. "Well, you look blooming, you're as brown as an Indian!" he observed.

HER color came up as she laughed defensively.

"Oh, I'm a—I'm a country woman, now!"

"Like the place, eh?" he asked shrewdly.

"Love it," Norah answered bravely.

"We—you must excuse our not in the least—expecting you, Mr. Dunsmuir," Mrs. Oliver faltered. "We only knew—the family only knew of your—your marriage to our Norah, here, a few weeks ago. Just this morning Judge Bailey was here, reading your—this sounds so dreadful!" Norah's mother interrupted herself to stammer apologetically, "—your will—that you wrote at Hobart, more than a year ago, and your cousin, Miss Dunsmuir, was terribly upset to find out that you had been married—"

Barry, his color better, and his laugh almost as in the old days, put in briskly:

"No! Not this morning? Hazel and Judge Bailey? Why didn't I get here an hour earlier! And they read the will, did they, Norah? And you found out that I'd left you everything, eh?"

For some reason, as he smiled triumphantly at her, Norah found her eyes full of tears. She looked away into space.

"It's all been—so surprising," Mrs. Oliver explained again hesitatingly, her own eyes watering in sympathy with Norah's emotion. "She felt so badly about leaving the farm—and then David—David," Norah's mother, who was incapable of deception or even of diplomacy of the mildest sort, proceeded candidly, "had never even heard of Norah's marriage! And he expected—they were going to tell his family—"

"Mother!" Norah interpolated, laughing, her cheeks aflame, and her eyes suddenly dried. "It is a little late for that!"

Mrs. Oliver, appearing to realize suddenly the relationship in which Norah stood to Barry, caught her breath, exclaiming, "Oh, my gracious!" and was silent.

"You see," Norah said to Barry simply, "we thought, of course, when Doctor Sassoon was found, and when months and months went by—"

"Why shouldn't you?" Barry asked sensibly, as she hesitated.

"We thought you were—lost, down there somewhere. The second relief expedition came back, and they found the last lifeboat, off Elephant Island. And there was no news."

"According to the courts of New York City, you're dead all right, Mr. Dunsmuir!" Keith told him, with a laugh. Norah was pleased to see Barry laugh back, quite spontaneously.

"I suppose so. Well, but here I am, alive," Barry responded, alertly. "And we have to go on from here, don't we, Norah? Where do we start?"

"I thought we ought to start with food," Norah answered, with a smile. "Somehow, with antarctic explorers, food seems to be the great thing!"

"You're quite right," he said approvingly. "When you've gone back over your own trail, Mrs. Oliver, to find the place where dogs were killed, and dug up their old blood, from the snow—"

"Oh, don't!" Mrs. Oliver said faintly, closing her eyes.

"Then it takes you months—*years*—to catch up on your food," Barry said. "You'll have a hard time keeping me fed, Norah."

She met the teasing challenge bravely.

"We'll do it."

"BUT—I was going to ask you something," Keith began, and Norah saw, with surprise, and a confused sense of something like pride, that her young brother was immensely impressed with the older man. "I was going to ask you something," Keith repeated, "but perhaps you don't want to talk about it all, yet."

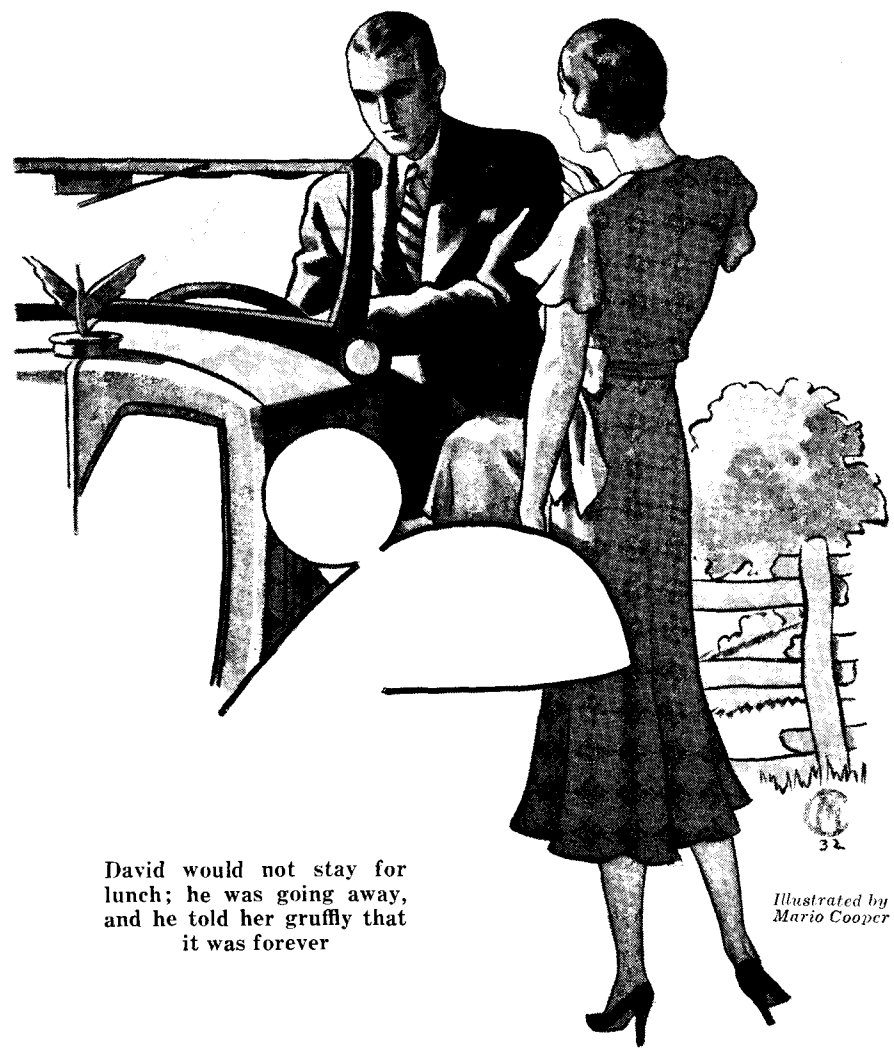
"Why shouldn't I?" Barry asked. Pouncing again, even now, Norah thought. "What were you going to ask?"

"Why, where you've been, all this time, what you've been doing," Keith recommenced.

"It was all simple enough," Barry answered, the shadow Norah had seen lighten darkening again on his sensitive, thin face. "On the fourth night of the storm our ship went down—we struck a gale in the Forties, and after three days of it the Ladysmith went dead—no more life in her. The pumps were filled with oil and lint, and we had to draw the fires, because she'd shipped so much water in the engine-room. The chief—" His voice changed when he said the word, and he looked away for a second, losing the thread of his talk. "The chief was everywhere," he presently went on, as if half to himself. "He made us some coffee on a primus, when the decks listed so that you had to hook your arm through the deck-rail to hang on at all. We lost two of our boats, he filled the others himself, stood there shouting at the men, name after name—he knew 'em all! Then we cut the dogs loose—I saw Kane's dog jump into one of the boats—the seas were running like mountains. Then he and I took the raft—we had to tie ourselves on. Afterward—the next day, I guess—when things were quieter, we picked up four men on the old painting planks. And a while later we dragged the raft onto a berg; she was moving northeast, against the big barrier, but she wouldn't touch. We had—there were six of us and two dogs—we had the boat raft, and her equipment, and guns. We were thirty-three days on the ice—we got one seal, and we ate the dogs—"

"Oh, no!" Norah gasped, her eyes fixed upon him, her lips parted.

"OH, YES, Norah! We kept trying to get across the ice-foot to the mainland—we couldn't. One night the chief said we must get the raft down, there was a lead there. We packed what we had on the raft, and when the ice began to crack, we got ready to launch her. The



David would not stay for lunch; he was going away, and he told her gruffly that it was forever

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

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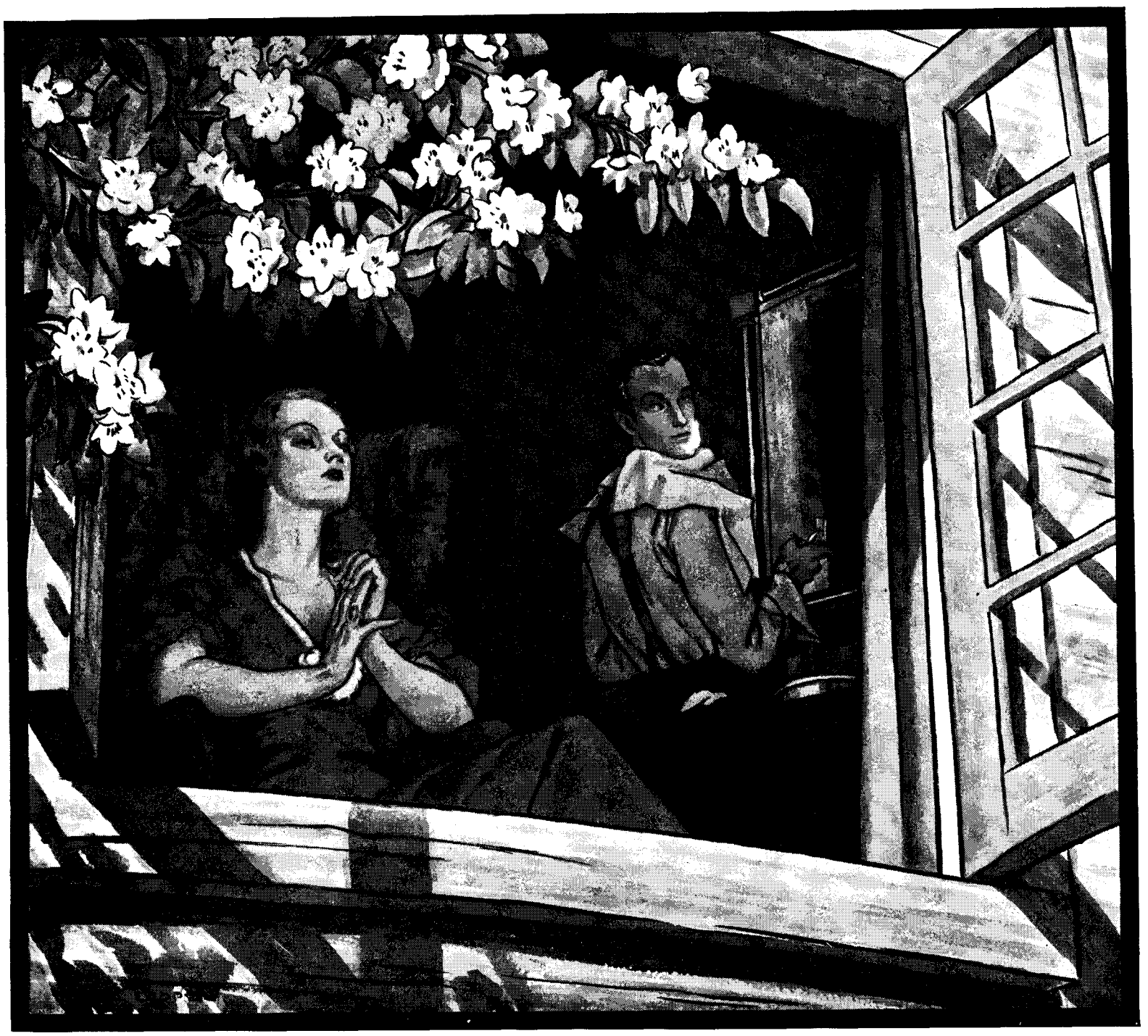

"It's one thing to make a bargain, and another to fulfill it, isn't it?" he asked

wind came up—it was black dark, and the ice was churning under us; big pieces were splitting off our berg, and killers were sailing up and down. I was kneeling on the raft, trying to tie some ropes, everything rocking and roaring, and pitchy dark, when the edge of the berg went down; she was split in the middle, and I on the raft, and the others on the other side. The waters went over me, I hung onto a rope, and she righted herself, and went on in the pack. A boat would have been kindling wood in five minutes; the raft was rubber and barrels, roped, and she got through.

"This went on for nights—days. After a while the moon came out, and I was out of the pack, drifting on a blu ocean—no signs of the others anywhere Everything had been washed overboard, I had nothing, I didn't know anything, and I was dead tired. I must have gone to sleep. After a while I waked up on a little whaler; hardly more than a big rowboat she was. Three Danes were on board—brothers; they didn't care much about me, nor ask me any questions. They thought I was lost from an exploring party of Englishmen that went in there a year ago; I didn't enlighten them."

"You didn't tell them!" Eve ejaculated.

Barry looked at her thoughtfully; he gave no other sign of having heard her.

"We were a couple of months at their base, and then they moved up to South Georgia," he finished, "and after a while a whaler brought me home."

"The newspapers never got it—you didn't want them to?" Keith asked. Again Barry did not answer. He seemed not to have heard Keith.

"And Doctor Sassoon was lost," Norah said in a low, troubled voice. Her eyes and Barry's met; seemed to hang together, and she saw again his gentler expression.

"He made a magnificent fight for it," Barry said.

There was a slight pause, which Eve broke.

"But I can't believe it, your coming back!"

"All I wanted was to get here," Barry observed after a while. He looked up at the house. "It's a lovely old place, Foxaway, isn't it?" he said to Norah. But his tone was dull, lifeless.

SHE hardly knew what she answered, or if she answered him at all. Presently she went to the kitchen to consult with the awed and excited Pauline about lunch—the cold corned beef, the asparagus, the cherry pie. When she came out to the side lawn under the elms again, David met her. His face looked drawn.

"Norah, I'm moving along!" he began. Norah, close beside him, looking up at him intently, could make no answer. Her eyes were troubled and anxious.

"How'd you ever happen to marry him, Norah? He isn't a bit like what I thought he was; he isn't your kind. And he's old," said the twenty-five-year-old David wretchedly, "he must be near forty, or fifty!"

"He's ten years older than I am. He's thirty-five."

"Well—" David conceded, indifferently. Suddenly he burst out, "Norah, you can't go through with it!"

Her color rose; Norah narrowed her eyes and looked away.

"What can I do?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Norah, you never loved him?"

"I hardly knew him—how could I?"

"But what *possessed* you!" David exclaimed despairingly. And again Norah could only answer, "I don't know."

"Shall you just—stay on here, with him?" the boy presently demanded.

"I suppose so."

"Norah, how can you! It's terrible!" David muttered.

"I'm so sorry. I'm terribly sorry!" Norah could only repeat stupidly. Her head felt confused. "I don't know what he—wants," she confessed childishly. "I—you can see, he's all broken up; he's tired—inside, I mean, his heart and his mind!"

"Wasn't he always like this?" David demanded suspiciously.

"Well—he was always—" She could find no better term than her old one for him. "He was always pouncing," she said.

"He couldn't possibly expect you to just—stay along here," David said, in strong distaste. "It's—there's no sense to it. He must know—he must see—"

HIS voice broke; he stooped toward her, half-encircled her with his arm.

"Norah, I'm so terribly fond of you!" he said.

"Oh, I know—" she murmured vaguely, remotely. David and his young love-making already seemed like things belonging to another life. "You see," Norah added, with a little hesitation, "this changes everything. He's unhappy—he's always been unhappy, even when he was quite little. His mother died, and he missed her so! And I can't—I can't just walk out on him!"

"I don't think he especially wants you to stay here!" David said. The girl's sensitive face flushed.

"That's his manner, that teasing, provoking sort of way he has—he doesn't mean anything by it," she explained. "He stood by me when I was down and out," Norah went on, after a pause, "and I can't throw him down now that he is. He *is* down and out, I can see it. And coming here, and finding us all so happy—rejoicing over Foxaway, not

(Continued on page 43)

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Creature of God

Some day Chico's passion for beauty will get him into serious trouble. We predict it. But what a pity!

By Walter Davenport

Illustrated by James E. Allen

"Listen," said Aguilera. "I am a busy man. I will tell you all you ought to know. I do not want your flowers"

SO PACKED with peace was the heart of Chico that when it was time to close the market he found himself rejoicing that he had not sold so much as one rose all day. Gently he spoke to his flowers, shuffling the length of his stand, pausing frequently to brood over the loveliest of them. Some he touched reverently as if to reassure them that he, Chico, was glad they had not gone. Here he lifted a leaf, smiling at his delicacy. And now he playfully ran his finger down a rose petal.

"I might have taken a centavo for you, Lupita, and your little sister there—this spinster sister of yours who is too modest to be blood red." Thus he addressed a radiant lady rose that queened it over the others in her earthen water jar. He had names for the largest and most flamboyant of them. The lesser ones he called their children or, perhaps, their little sisters. "You, Lupita, are very haughty, like the mistress of Tobol Campuzano, and as sweet to smell as one passes. Yet, for a centavo I might have tossed you and perhaps two of your sisters and the white nun there, Teresa, to the fat, sweating gringo woman who wanted to know whether you were sprayed for lice. You heard me answer her. I told her she was a cow whom a weed would satisfy. She did not understand that. And have you lice, you beauty? Tell me, creature of God."

He flicked the gorgeous red bloom and a small oval bug, tiny red freckles on its salmon shell, stumbled out of the rose's petals. Chico laughed. What a joke! He laid a thin, flexible finger in its path, the impudent creature mounting it, making no attempt to escape even when he transferred it delicately to the palm of his hand.

"So that is how it is," he roared. "It is you, lecherous one. You know this beautiful woman well, don't you; even better than I who reared and dressed her. What a day you have had, asleep in the Lupita's arms, feasting on this Lupita's lips, cool while I sit here roasting alone—you, the louse that the gringo woman feared."

Laughing uproariously, he called the bug lewd names and reminded it that it must pray forth its thanks to the good God for its rare privileges. Then gently he laid the small crawler back upon the rose's uplifted face and bade it a gay *adios* as it vanished amongst the petals.

"Sleep well," he cried. And then as an afterthought: "Thou too art a creature of God."

Chico lighted a cigarette, flung several obscene insults at the woman in the fruit stall next door because she mimicked him, and unrolled his serape, which he had laid aside in the day's heat. Out of it he took a bottle of pulque, from which he was drinking when a voice stopped him:

"God provides well, Chico!"

"WELL enough," replied Chico, turning on his visitor slowly. It was Fuerte Aguilera of Morelos, who had been so many things that Chico no longer kept track of them. It was enough for Chico that Aguilera occasionally had work for him. Aguilera paid promptly and well enough and there was never any unpleasantness afterward. Sometimes Chico doubted that this immunity would continue. In politics things changed rapidly in Mexico. Pretenders appeared in the daytime and vanished in the night. Today's peon soldier became tomorrow's general and the next day's corpse. Only Aguilera seemed to continue; and Aguilera had never aspired to political office or a general's saddle. Aguilera was an agent, a commissioner. A very mysterious fellow.

"I have fifty pesos here for you," said Aguilera insinuatingly. He looked a trifle bored. It was an old story: "Fifty pesos for so small a piece of work. The price is a tribute to your deftness. Such ridiculously easy work is worth no more than twenty."

"So simple," jeered Chico, "that you might do it yourself and pocket the whole five hundred pesos instead of hiring a braver man for fifty."

"But not so simple as you," objected Aguilera. "I am brave enough. You would not understand where courage ceased and stupidity began. And let me hear no more of the five hundred pesos. It is nothing like that."

"You are a liar, Aguilera," said Chico dispassionately. "However, we shall not argue. Fifty pesos." He held out his hand.

"No one else is paid in advance like you," grumbled Aguilera. "But you are such an artist. It is too bad that such deftness, such artistry, such dexterity, such sureness, were given to a rose merchant." He was slowly tugging his hand out of his buttoned coat. Chico's eyes were narrow and suddenly wicked, his face emotionless and darker than usual. His hand was still outstretched, palm up.

"Fifty pesos," he repeated.

AGUILERA'S hand came free with a jerk. A tight wallet, held shut by a broad rubber band, fell to the pavement with a swift, metallic smack. Chico grinned as Aguilera swiftly covered it with his foot. In Aguilera's hand was a smaller purse.

"You haven't hands, Aguilera," sneered Chico. "You have hoofs. It is no wonder that you must hire skill."

As Aguilera squatted, his eyes hard upon Chico, to retrieve his heavy wallet so clumsily dropped, Chico turned toward his roses. Holding a heavy-headed beauty aloft with his thumb and forefinger, he addressed her:

"Shall I present you, Manuelita, to my employer, the ox Aguilera? Would you not weep for happiness in that hoof of a hand? Would you not care to cling

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Utopia in Uruguay

By Edward Tomlinson

The tiniest country in South America is also the most enterprising. Uruguay plans eventually to own and operate every business and industry within its borders. And the Uruguayans are so busy knitting this cloak of nationalism they simply have no time for revolutions

PROBABLY it wouldn't be as easy to converse with Saint Peter on an ouija board as to make a local telephone call in Montevideo. But it couldn't be as exasperating, judging from the frenzied performance I witnessed the other day in the office of Dr. Cesar Medina.

His effort to make a business appointment with another Uruguayan gentleman two blocks away sounded like a Spanish version of "Cohen at the Telephone." In fact, more so. Dr. Medina pounded the desk with his heavy fist, stamped his feet and shouted frantically into the quaint transmitter—one of those gooseneck contraptions of early European vintage.

"Señor," he gasped, when the ordeal was finally over, "it is indeed—how you say—the bunk! Why I can radiotelephone to Paris or New York with greater dispatch than I can speak with my own house here in the city."

Knowing that the telephone system of Uruguay's capital dangles on the wires of a giant North American corporation, I made ready for the customary strafing of the Yankees—those designing "devils of America del Norte, who corral our resources, reap riches for themselves, giving us nothing in return." Uruguay would be just the place to hear anew such anti-gringo sentiments.

"The entire system," Dr. Medina continued, with biting sarcasm, "is as out of date as Señor Ford's first motor cars. The switchboards should have been placed in a museum of telephonic curios years ago."

Assuming the air of a generous guest, I remarked that it was most unfortunate the company did not see fit to make needed improvements so as to modernize the service.

"But no, señor. Such improvements cannot be expected under the circumstances. In fact," he assured me, "the owners are not encouraged to make them."

Just why such an otherwise progressive metropolis as Montevideo should tolerate an antiquated telephone service was a bit puzzling. Its great boulevards and gay seaside promenades are so perfectly illuminated that night never comes to them. Its fashionable homes, governmental palaces and public institutions are equipped with every ultra-modern device and "doodad." There could be but one answer.

"So Uruguay intends to curb the economic penetration of the United States?" I blurted out.

"Ah, no, señor. I must surprise you," he went on, calm settling over him. "You see it is not that we love North America less, but Uruguay more. It is a definite intention upon the part of the government to nationalize the telephone service some day. So you could not expect the company to spend millions for improvements in the face of this impending possibility."

One Up on Soviet Russia

Later I was to learn that nationalization of various enterprises was by no means a new doctrine in this bantam republic. Way back when "Bulldog" Bob LaFollette was dynamiting the air of Wisconsin with his "advanced ideas" of state control, or regulation of everything from peanut stands to packing plants, and Lenin was composing revolutionary theses in a Swiss garret, the government of Uruguay was already operating public utilities, organizing others and making plans eventually to nationalize portions, if not all, of every kind of business and industry in the nation.

If you are looking for a country where private enterprise, in the form of combines, trusts and corporations, has been escorted to the spot, and may at any time be put on it, you do not have to travel all the way to Russia. A glimpse into the business and commercial ramifications of the Uruguayan governmental household makes the doings of Comrade Stalin appear much less revolutionary. Wherever you go in Uruguay you bump into its varied and feverish activities.

When you visit Montevideo either on business or as a tourist you will probably enjoy, at no modest cost, the accommodation and hospitality furnished

(Continued on page 39)

It might be any fashionable cosmopolitan bathing beach in the world, but it's in Montevideo, Uruguay

R. I. Nesmith & Associates

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The Frightened Lady

By Edgar Wallace

"It was nothing . . . just a scratch," Mrs. Tilling said

The Story Thus Far:

THE murder of Lady Lebanon's chauffeur, Studd, brings Chief Inspector Tanner, of Scotland Yard, and his two assistants, Sergeants Totty and Ferraby, posthaste to the village of Mark's Thornton, near which the crime has been committed.

Working quickly, Tanner ascertains the following facts: The victim was strangled to death with a long red scarf. He had been having an affair with the wife of a gamekeeper, one Tilling. His body was found in the neighborhood of Mark's Priory, where, surrounded by servants, Lady Lebanon lives with her eccentric son Willie and her charming secretary, Isla Crane. One of two men probably committed the crime: Tilling or Dr. Amersham, a sinister person who, living in London, pays frequent mysterious visits to Lady Lebanon. Everyone at the Priory (including Kelver, the butler, and Brooks and Gilder, two American footmen) knows something concerning the tragedy; but all profess utter ignorance.

Tanner decides to search Amersham's flat. He does so, and makes an amazing find: a long red scarf—an exact duplicate of the one with which Studd was done to *death! He prepares to arrest the man.* A telegram arrives. Dr. Amersham has been murdered—strangled to death within the shadow of Mark's Priory!

While all this has been going on, another—and far different—drama has been shaping. Sergeant Ferraby has been falling in love—with Isla Crane. . . . Amersham eliminated as a suspect, Tanner resumes operations (not, however, until Lady Lebanon has had an opportunity to burn a mysterious small red bundle—without being observed). He looks for, and finds, a secret room at the Priory. It is locked, and Brooks, who is with him at the time, professes to be unable to find the key. "Here," muses the inspector, "is what I am after." But is it? Almost immediately, Totty rushes up to him. "Tilling," he gasps, *"has disappeared!"*

The two men hasten to the gamekeeper's cottage. Mrs. Tilling, her face white and drawn, *opens the door.* "Come in," she whispers—terrified.

VII

TANNER followed Mrs. Tilling into the pleasant little parlor.

"It's about Johnny, isn't it?" The woman's voice was strained. "I don't know where he is. He left very early this morning."

"Where did he go?"

She shook her head.

"I don't know . . . he didn't tell me very much."

"What time did he come in last night?"

Again the hesitation.

"It was early this morning. He came in and went out, and that's all I know."

Tanner smiled benevolently.

"Now, Mrs. Tilling, let me hear a few facts. And please don't be too careful. You're not shielding anybody—you are just laying suspicion on them. What time did your husband come in? Were you in bed?"

She nodded.

"He woke you?"

"Yes."

"What time was it?"

"About one o'clock," she said. "I heard the water running in the kitchen—the tap's just behind my bed—in the other room, I mean—and I got up to see what it was."

Then without warning she dropped her head on her arm and began to sob.

"Oh, my God! Isn't it awful! Both of them. . . . Amersham, too!"

He waited till she was calmer.

"Mrs. Tilling, you'll be doing me a great service, and probably doing yourself one, if you tell me exactly what happened last night. You've a lot to tell which you haven't told. When do you expect your husband back?"

"I don't know," she said, *with a catch in her voice.* "I hope I never see him again."

"Where has he gone?"

"He didn't tell me."

"You heard the water running. What was he doing?"

He saw her lips close tightly.

"Was he washing?"

"It was nothing . . . just a scratch," she said quickly, and tried to make her statement more innocuous. "He got into some holly bushes."

"Where was the scratch—on his hand?"

"Yes, there weren't many."

"Both hands?"

She did not answer.

"Did you lend him something to bind them up? Come, come, Mrs. Tilling. He was hurt, wasn't he, and you helped him? Did you have to bind up his hands with a bandage of something?"

"No, he used a handkerchief. The cuts weren't bad."

"Had he been fighting?"

She dropped her eyes.

"I suppose so," she said after a while. "He's very quarrelsome."

"Now tell me this: before he went out did he change his clothes?"

She looked from side to side like somebody trapped.

"Yes, he did."

"Where are the clothes he took off?"

Inspector Tanner had intuition which made a great deal of his investigations appear to be guesswork. He progressed from step to step, taking advantage of every slip that his victims made. Invariably he started with no predetermined course of examination—his questions arose out of answers, and were invariably successful.

It was a long time before Mrs. Tilling would tell the story, and when she did it was worth hearing.

AT half past one (evidently she was not quite sure of the time) she heard her husband come in. She was awake, and not, as she had first said, in bed at all. It struck Bill that she was expecting somebody, for she admitted being in the living-room with the lights out. The blinds were up, and she saw Tilling come quickly through the gate, *and went out to meet him.*

He told her nothing of what had happened except that he had had a little fight, and she asked him if it was with Dr. Amersham (Tanner passed this statement without probing too deeply), but he protested that he had not seen Dr. Amersham. His coat was torn, the velvet collar of it was hanging, and there were wounds on both hands as if he had been fighting with a wild animal.

She put some iodine on his hands and bandaged the worst of the cuts with a silk handkerchief. He had changed "into a pepper-and-salt suit," and had left the house at half past three, wheeling his bicycle. She produced coat and trousers from the outhouse, and the coat gave evidence of hard usage. There was a smudge of blood on the front which probably came from his hands; two buttons were torn off and a third was hanging.

"Was his face damaged at all?"

"Yes, it was," she admitted, "but there was no cut—only a bruise. He was terribly upset, and wouldn't give me a word of explanation, except that he'd had a fight with some poachers and he'd lost his gun."

Bill checked and re-checked the story, and was leaving when he had an inspiration.

"Did he give you any money before he left?"

She was reluctant to answer this question, but presently she produced four new five-pound notes.

"I'll take the numbers of those," said Tanner. He saw they were consecutive. "Had he any more?"

"Yes, he had quite a big lot that he took these from. He said he'd be back in five or six weeks, and that's all I know, Mr. Tanner. I'll swear he didn't kill the doctor. He's a bad-tempered man but he's not that kind. And he didn't kill Studd, either. I asked him before he went, and he went down on his knees and swore he'd never seen Studd on the night he was murdered."

"How many pipes had your husband?"

She was surprised at the question, but gave a satisfactory answer.

"Only one—he stuck to one pipe until it was burned out, and then bought another."

He was very "particular" about his pipes and paid good prices for them.

Tanner checked the time again:

"He left at half past three. You're sure of the time?"

It might have been later, she thought. Her clock had stopped on the night before, and she had not thought to look at her watch, so that she depended on a recollection of the church chimes. Apparently she had forgotten the diamond watch she wore, or possibly it was a better ornament than time-keeper.

Clear of the cottage, Tanner handed the numbers of the notes to Totty.

"Go down to the bank in the village and see if you can trace those notes, where they came from, and if they've ever passed through any account at Mark's Thornton. Take a squad car. I shall want you, so hurry. And, Totty, get through to the Yard; ask them to issue to the press an inquiry addressed to all tobacconists who may have sold a brier pipe to a man between eight-thirty and ten. It's a patent pipe called the 'Orsus.'"

"You mean Tilling's?"

Tanner nodded.

"A man who loses a favorite pipe invariably buys one like it. Arrange to examine all answers to the inquiry, and tell them to get me a full description of the man who purchased it."

THE mystery of the time-table was a mystery no longer. He hurried back to the house, overtaking Ferraby and Isla. She was calm now. Whatever inquiries Ferraby had made must have been of the gentlest character.

"She says she knows nothing, and yet I'm sure she knows a great deal," said Ferraby, who followed him into the hall.

He was troubled, for he was taking a personal interest in the case of Isla Crane.

She waited until Tanner had gone before she found the young detective.

"He frightens me," she said in a low voice.

Ferraby smiled.

"Mr. Tanner? He's the nicest man in the world."

She turned her head. Her hearing was very sensitive.

"I think he's calling you," she said.

LADY LEBANON found her there, sitting on the big Knole couch, her head in her hands, and just at that moment Isla was in her mind.

"Isla!"

The girl sprang up.

"Do you want me, Lady Lebanon?"

She heard a little laugh behind her. Willie Lebanon was standing on the stairs.

"I say, all this 'Lady Lebanon' stuff is rather stupid, isn't it? Why not

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quickly. "He got into some holly bushes"

something more friendly? Why not something reasonable?"

He caught his mother's eyes and stopped.

"Where have you been, Willie?"

"I've been trying to work up an interest in police investigation," he said flippantly. "Nobody seems particularly anxious to employ me as an amateur detective. They're all so busy chasing shadows—"

"There is no need for you to interfere with them," she said sharply.

He half turned to go, changed his mind and came back.

"I'm not sorry about Amersham," he said stoutly. "I'm telling you the truth, Mother, although I know it annoys you. Naturally one hates to see a fellow go out . . . but he was an awful outsider, and I'm relieved and that's the truth."

"You may go, Willie."

Her voice was like ice, but still he waited.

"They asked me if I'd heard anything, and I said yes. I hadn't, of course, but I thought maybe they'd take a little interest in me, but, bless your heart, that fellow Totty tied me up in knots in two winks! If only somebody thought I was important enough to take me into a nice, quiet room and quiz me—that's an American phrase, Mother dear—"

"Willie, when you've finished being stupidly sarcastic, I'd be glad if you'd go. I want to speak to Isla."

HE COULD not contend against a direct order, and lounged out of the room, a very bored and discontented young man.

She went to the great archway which commanded a view of the corridor, listened a moment at the foot of the stairs.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked quickly. "Tell me, before this man comes back. My God! What *is* the matter with you?"

Isla was interlacing her fingers one in the other; her bosom was rising and falling quickly.

"Nothing," she blurted. "What did you think was the matter with me?"

She rose from the settee again and walked across to the desk where Lady Lebanon was seated. She tried to look straight in the face of her ladyship.

"I opened the drawer of your desk this morning, and I found a little red scarf with a metal tag on the corner," she almost wailed.

Lady Lebanon's face hardened.

"I don't think it ought to be there. It was stupid of you to keep it there."

Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

"Whoever knows ought to tell," he said gently. "It might be easier to tell me"

"Why did you open the drawer?"

The older woman carefully articulated every word.

"I wanted the check-book," said Isla impatiently. "Why do you keep that scarf there?"

Lady Lebanon's lips curled.

"My dear child, you're dreaming. Which drawer?"

When the girl pointed, she unlocked and pulled open the receptacle.

"There's nothing there. Isla, you mustn't let these things get on your nerves."

"These things!" The girl was almost hysterical. "How can you speak so lightly about it! A man killed like a brute!" Her voice was trembling. "I hated him. I loathed him. He was always so beastly with me—"

Lady Lebanon came to her feet.

"Always so beastly with you? What do you mean?" she asked. "Made love to you?"—incredulously. "Amersham?"

THE girl's gesture was one of utter helplessness. She walked back to the end of the couch, and leaned on it, her head on her arms.

"I can't go on staying here," she said. "I can't do it."

Again Lady Lebanon smiled slowly.

"You've been staying here for quite a long time," she said.

She searched methodically for a letter in her desk and presently found it.

"I sent your mother her quarterly check on Monday, and had such a charming letter from her this morning. The two girls at school are so happy! She said how wonderful it was to feel safe and secure after the hard time she's been through."

The hint was too plain to be mistaken. Isla Crane had pitied this hard woman; for the moment she hated her. It was wicked of her to throw this reminder in her face, and tell her in so many words that her mother's and her sisters' happiness depended upon her complaisance.

"You know that I wouldn't be here a day if it weren't for her and the girls," she breathed. "She doesn't know what I'm doing—she'd rather starve."

Lady Lebanon listened again. It was the sound of Tanner's voice.

"For heaven's sake, don't be hysterical," she said. "I'm doing you a great service."

Once more she pronounced every word with the greatest care.

"When you are Lady Lebanon you will find me very broad-minded about your married life. You understand that? Very broad-minded."

ISLA looked at her, puzzled. It was not the first time she had used that very expression. What did she mean? But her ladyship offered no elucidation.

"I saw you outside with a young policeman. I hope you weren't in a state of nerves when you were talking to him?"

"He's very nice," said the girl wearily. "In fact much nicer than I—"

"Than you deserve? Don't be silly. I'm sure he's very agreeable. But suppose he should ask you questions—"

The girl turned quickly.

"He hasn't asked me anything. We were talking about people we know. Mr. Tanner will ask me questions. What am I to tell him?"

"My dear, you will tell him just what it is necessary he should know."

Then Ferraby came in.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, but Mr. Tanner was looking for you. I'll tell him you're here."

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"Don't go. I'll see Mr. Tanner. Where is he?"

"I left him in the butler's room. He was telephoning to town."

She smiled graciously.

"I will even go to the butler's room," she said, and walked out of the room.

There was silence; Isla looked up to find his eyes fixed on her.

"Do you mind if I ask you a question?"

She shook her head.

"What makes you so nervous? What are you afraid of?"

Isla forced a smile.

"Of the police," and, when he shook his head: "What happened last night I'm afraid of, really."

He was not satisfied.

"You've been like this for a long time, haven't you?"

"Who told you that?" she asked quickly.

Then the police officer in him took a holiday.

"I wish I could be of some service to you. Do you think I could be?"

SHE looked up at him; there was a hint of suspicion in her gaze.

"I suppose you want me to confide in you—officially?"

He should have said "yes." It was his job to worm out every little secret she had, but he knew he would hate himself.

"You're not my idea of a policeman," she said unexpectedly.

"That's very rude or very complimentary," he said. "You're not really afraid of me—you can't be."

"Why not?"

It was a staggering question which he could not answer.

"I'm not afraid of anything," she went on, and looked round quickly to the stairs. "There's somebody there," she whispered. "They're listening."

He ran to the stairs and looked up. There was nobody in sight, and he came back to her, more thoughtful than ever.

"Are all you people afraid of being spied on? When Lord Lebanon came to Scotland Yard this morning he had the same fear. There's something in this house that's got you all down. What is it?"

She did not answer.

"What is it?" he asked again, and, when she shook her head: "What is the secret of Mark's Priory?"

Her smile was entirely artificial.

"That sounds almost like the title of a sensational book, with Mr. Tanner as the hero."

Then, to his surprise, she came quickly toward him and gripped the lapel of his coat. She was agitated; he could feel her trembling.

"I want to ask you something. . . . Suppose one knew who committed this horrible murder . . . and didn't tell the police. . . . I mean, kept it to oneself. . . . Is that an offense . . . I mean, is it . . . would it be a crime?"

He nodded.

"Yes, the person who knew might be charged with being an accessory."

He was sorry he had said this when he saw the effect upon her.

"Whoever knows ought to tell," he said gently. "It might be easier to tell me."

She took hold of herself again.

"I don't know," she said jerkily. "Why should I know? You think because I'm jumpy . . . These things don't get on your nerves? I suppose a case like this really doesn't matter to you. Isn't that strange?"

"This case matters," he said quietly, "quite a lot."

It was on the tip of her tongue to ask why, but she knew the question was unnecessary.

"I suppose you've got a very matter-of-fact name for this dreadful thing—Case No. 6, or something like that?"

It was a pitiful attempt to banter him and bring the talk to a lighter tone. He shook his head again.

"No; to me it's The Case of the Frightened Lady."

"You mean me?" she said breathlessly.

"Yes, I mean you."

She looked away from him. Then—

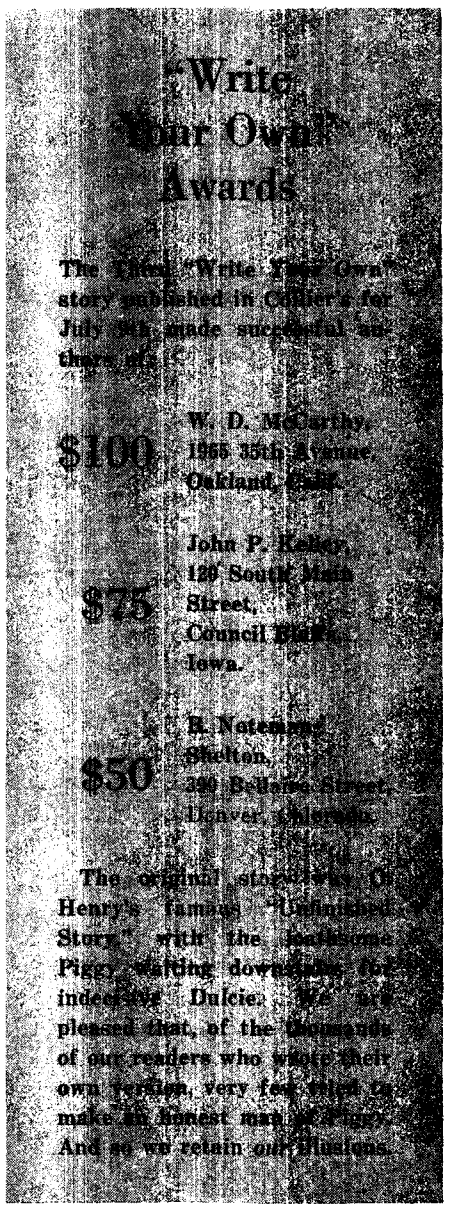
"You say the case matters?" she asked jerkily. "Because of me?"

He nodded. She would almost have been shocked if he had not.

"What interest have you in me?"

She found it difficult to compose the sentence. It was such a blatant invitation, and yet she must be blatant now or never.

"Miss Crane," he said quietly, "ever since I have been in this place this morning, and for a long time before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The original story was O. Henry's famous "Unfinished Story," with the heroine Piggy waiting downstairs for indecisive Dulcie. We are pleased that, of the thousands of our readers who wrote their own version, very few tried to make an honest man of Bingo. And so we retain our illusions.

that, I've been very conscious of the fact that my income from all sources is under six hundred a year."

She was silent.

"There can be nothing practical in my dreams," he said, and his voice was husky. "I mean, no practical outcome of them, but the Lord lets me go on dreaming and making romances out of my imagination, and the center of all my romances is somebody who is having very bad trouble just now—somebody who is terrified, somebody I'd give my life to bring happiness to."

She was breathing quickly, not looking at him.

"That's all," he said. "It's a queer moment to say this."

She raised her eyes quickly to his. She was rather pale.

"Romances grow out of curious situations, don't they?" she asked.

She realized the futility of her remark, and for the first time was conscious of her own moral cowardice. She wanted to cling to him now, tell him everything, lay all her burdens on him and rest in his strength.

Then suddenly the romantic spell was broken. He looked around with a frown and sniffed.

"What is it?"

He looked at the floor, under the desk, behind the sofa.

"Something's burning. Can't you smell it? *Has somebody dropped a cigarette on the carpet?*"

"I hope not. If Lady Lebanon knows, there will be trouble," she said.

Then he saw the stove, went to it and lifted the top. Lady Lebanon had not pulled the damper as she had imagined. She had still further deadened the fire, and only now had it slowly burned through to the top stratum, and that was where the smell came from.

"Somebody's been burning stuff here," he said, peering down. "A piece of cloth—I can still see the fiber. You can smell it now, can't you?"

She stood stiffly at the foot of the stairs, her face set.

"No, I don't smell anything." She spoke in so low a tone that he could hardly hear her.

Totty came in at that moment. He, too, sniffed.

"Come here and look at this."

Totty crossed to the stove.

"Looks like a bit of linen."

As Ferraby was about to move it with a poker:

"Don't touch it," said Totty excitedly. "Do you see that little piece of metal where the corner was? It's melting but you can see it. Where's Tanner?"

He looked at the girl. She was struck speechless. Too well she knew the significance now of that pungent smell of burning cloth. That was where it had gone. She had seen it in the drawer that morning. Lady Lebanon must have forgotten until the last moment, indeed, till the police were in the house, to destroy that terrible piece of evidence.

Then she found her voice.

"Mr. Tanner is in the butler's room," she said, and, turning, ran up the stairs.

TANNER came in haste and made his inspection. The burning coal had consumed the scarf, but the fairylike gossamer of its fiber was still visible. The contour of the metal tag corresponded with the coal on which it rested, but the fact that it was a tag, similar to that on the scarfs which had been found about the throat of Studd, about the throat of Ferraby, and in Dr. Amersham's desk, was beyond dispute.

Her ladyship had followed him at her leisure and found him alone.

"Something burning in the stove?" she asked lightly. "Probably it's silk. Yes, I think it was. I was making a doll's dress last night for the village bazaar. I found the cuttings on my table and burned them."

"These were not cuttings," said Tanner quietly. "They were of a piece. I suggest these remains are of a scarf, an Indian scarf, probably red; it has the manufacturer's trademark sewn in the corner. I suppose you've never seen such a thing? But Dr. Amersham had."

She looked at him quickly.

"I don't understand you."

"I found such a scarf in Amersham's desk when I searched it last night," said Tanner.

He went to the door; Ferraby and Totty were within call, and he gave them instructions, which were audible to her ladyship:

"Nobody must come into the room while we're talking."

"Does that mean I'm a prisoner?"

"It means I don't want to be interrupted."

She sat down and folded her hands on the writing table before her.

"You want to ask me some questions? I'm afraid I am not going to be of very much assistance to you."

"I'm hoping you are," said Tanner. "I shall not only ask you questions, Lady Lebanon, but I shall tell you a few facts of which you believe and hope I am ignorant. That amuses you?"

"*Don't grudge me a little amusement on this horrible day*," she said.

He admired her. He had met many men and many women, but none like the cultured and delicate woman who held such complete control of herself and her circumstances, possibly of her fate.

"There is a room upstairs, Lady Lebanon. Your man could not open it for me. He called it a lumber room."

"Then it must be the lumber room," she said lightly.

Bill shook his head.

"In one of the best positions in the house? That's a queer place for a lumber room."

She shrugged her thin shoulders.

"We call it the lumber room. Really it's a store where I keep one or two valuables."

"Have you the key?"

"I never open that room."

The metal was in her voice again.

INTERRUPTION came. The stairway leading into the hall was unguarded. Lord Lebanon came down and overheard the last words. For the moment she did not see the young man.

"Mr. Tanner, I'll tell you the truth," she said. "It was the room where my husband died. It hasn't been opened since that day."

"Oh, I say, Mother! Do you mean the room with the heavy door, Mr. Tanner? Why, I've seen it open lots of times."

She fixed him with her menacing black eyes.

"You're quite mistaken, Willie. That room has never been opened and you have never seen it open."

"Well, I'd like to see it opened," said Tanner.

"I'm afraid you can't."

"I'm sorry, but I must insist."

"Be reasonable, Mr. Tanner." She was amiable, unresentful. "What is there in that room that could interest you? There's nothing—"

"Really, Mother—"

This time their eyes met.

"Would you mind leaving us for a while, Lord Lebanon? You will find my entertaining sergeant in the corridor."

He waited for the young man to disappear.

"Now, Lady Lebanon, you realize, of course, that I can get a search warrant?"

She stiffened at this.

"It would be outrageous if you did," she said, haughtily. "No magistrate in this county would grant such a thing." And then, with a change of voice: "Do I understand you want to ask me something? What is it about?"

There was nothing to be gained at the moment by pursuing the question of the closed room. It would be a simple matter to obtain a search warrant, and he had already sent a request to London for that instrument.

"Curiously enough, I want to speak to you about the murder of Dr. Amersham," he said.

When Bill Tanner was conducting an examination he was a restless man. He paced from the stove to the center of the big room, passed round the Knole couch, walked to the foot of the stairs, and from the foot of the stairs to the entrance of the corridor, and possibly this was the most unnerving feature of

(Continued on page 41)

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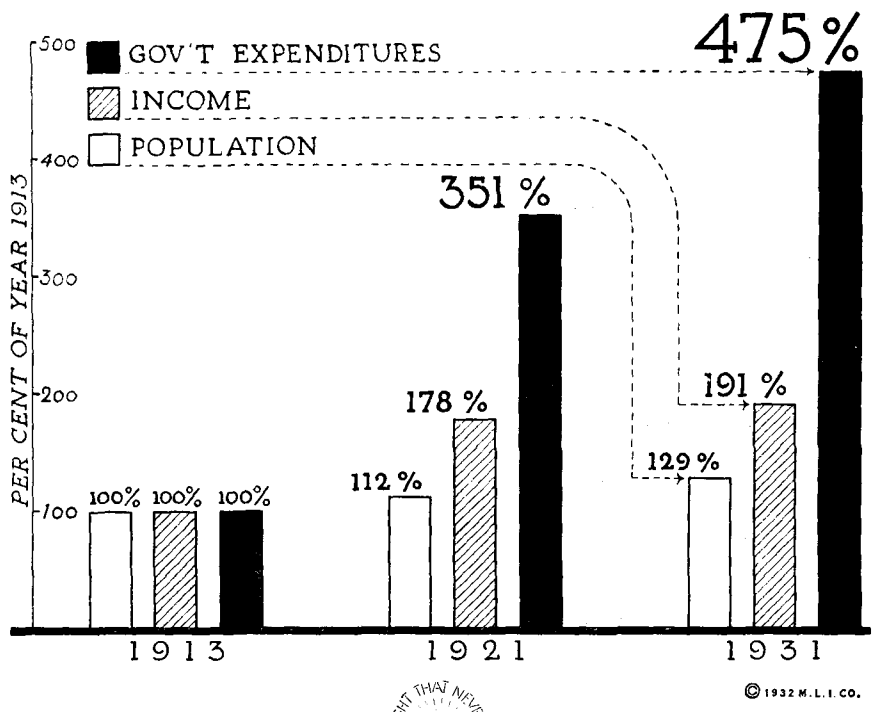
Twenty Cents out of every Dollar of the income of the people is the cost of government in the United States

THE United States, your State, your City or your County must depend on taxation to pay its current expenses, to carry on its undertakings, to pay off its bonds.

Every one—rich or poor—bears a share in the tax burden.



Governmental expenditures constituted 8 per cent of the national income in 1913 and 20 per cent of the national income in 1931.

Expenditures by Federal, State and Municipal Governments equal 1/5 of the income of the American people—one day's income out of five.

Some pay income taxes, estate or inheritance taxes, specific duties or excise taxes. But all are taxed indirectly by the necessary inclusion of taxes in the cost of food, clothing, rent, merchandise, transportation and other necessities obtained through the merchant, the landlord, the transportation companies and others who, themselves, are taxed.

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Boy-Shy

Continued from page 9

woods but Barry found him reëstablished in the rooms when he came in from rehearsal.

"How are you, Bill?" Barry said. "Have a good time?"

"Swell. Tough eggs up there. Chopped down a lot of trees. Hello! Who died?"

"That's what I want to tell you about. Nobody died. Listen. . . ."

So he told him about Barbara.

"No woman," said Bill, "can be as good-looking as that—or as shy!"

MONDAY afternoon she was hardly shy at all. She gave him a smile that hadn't a hint of embarrassment in it and waved her part at him.

"I do know it all today. Every bit of it."

"Swell." He was very gruff. "How about going to tea with me afterward?"

"Wouldn't that be *nice!*"

It was obvious that he had thrilled her to her toes.

He felt better. It was going to be all right, he decided. A timid little girl who had trembled with fright most of her lifetime was going to be developed into a poised and confident little person. Ego! Ah, ego was important. He had sent word about among the Kappas and the trustworthy members of the cast that Barbara should be complimented at every opportunity. "Make her think she is a special sort of person—she is, you know!" That was what Barry told Phyllis. He was sure it was working.

How well it was working he found out at four o'clock. He had been engrossed in an acrobatic number with the sextet for as long as twenty minutes, when he heard a burst of laughter from the platform at the north end of the room. Turning, he saw Barbara in the center of a group of seven upperclassmen doing something that might have been an imitation of Beatrice Lillie. He went close enough to hear her singing Mad Dogs and Englishmen Go Out in the Midday Sun.

The opening of the show was only two weeks away, but he called off the rehearsal.

"Tomorrow at three!" he shouted. Ordinarily he didn't shout.

He was bewildered when he found Barbara coloring up at his approach.

"I'll take you home so you can change your clothes," he murmured.

"You really w-want to take me to tea?" she asked politely.

"If you want to go."

"I d-do." Her eyes were misty.

Barry walked out of the hotel in some confusion. He didn't know whether he should take her elbow or walk a few feet behind her like a plain-clothes man. She solved it by shyly resting her fingers on his arm with the touch of a butterfly. He had never been so proud, not even when the motion-picture company bought the rights to the musical comedy he wrote in his sophomore year.

It occurred to him as she walked at his side that she was the kind of girl who could get up and put on a house dress and look like Gloria Swanson going down a winding staircase to have dinner with the Marquis de la What-not. He who had always scoffed at men who rushed out of college looking for a suburban mortgage in which to thrust their necks had a fleeting mental picture of an ivy-grown, English-style country house just north of Westerville, on the river road. A hundred times he had driven past it without particular notice, yet at this moment its shuttered windows and elm-arched walks came back into his mind with strange clarity. He had reached the place where he imagined a back yard with swings and slides and sand piles for little children when Barbara's voice broke into his thoughts like a spotlight through darkness:

"Why didn't you ask me to dance, Mr. McDonald? I mean, when the boys and girls were dancing together before rehearsal."

He found her gazing up at him in quite a perky way. The world revolved and adjusted itself gradually.

"Why didn't I? I never do. Not at rehearsals."

"Tomorrow will you ask me to dance?"

He replied without thinking: "Sure I will."

He probably imagined it, but the butterfly touch became the settling of a half-ounce moth.

"Here we are," he said. "Rush in and change."

She blew him a light kiss from the top step and vanished inside.

She was certainly coming around in a hurry, he told himself. Showed she was an intelligent girl; just needed something like the sophistication of a musical show to bring her out. . . .

He was so busy with his thoughts while she was away that it seemed she was gone a very short time.

She came out wearing an oxford-gray ensemble with a tiny black hat that had a cocky white feather on the right side; and she wore gun-metal stockings and black walking oxfords; and she wore black gloves with white threading down the back, and she carried a black bag with a single silver decoration. Beneath the black hat a lock of her glistening hair showed against her forehead. Barry swallowed his disbelief; she *was* real!

She took his arm without hesitancy and this time the weight was more like that of a robin.

"Shall we walk?"

"Oh, let's!" With a light half-skip she caught up his stride. "I love walking. Oh, Mr. McDonald, I think it's so nice of you to give me the lead in the play. *I'll* do it very well, you can be sure of that!"

All he could think of to reply was: "Do you think you've known me long enough now to call me Barry?"

"Barry!" she cried. "It's an awfully nice name. It's *romantic!*"

YES, she would call him Barry, she said, now that she knew him. He was, you might say, her first friend. Of course, it seemed probable that she was going to have lots of friends now. That was a very jolly crowd in the play, wasn't it? Awfully jolly. Those boys were nice. She liked coeducational schools much better. Didn't Mr. McDon—Barry—think those were awfully nice boys? "Especially that boy who is leading man—Roge what-is-it?"

"Well, now," cautioned Barry soberly, "I'll tell you about him. He's all right for the show—you know, he can sing, but you'd better go around with some other people first."

"He's handsome; don't you think he's handsome?"

"Ye-ah, but you'd better go out with some men you can depend on. Men who will get you home safely."

Wide-eyed, she asked:

"Wouldn't he?"

"He might, but you couldn't be dead sure. After all, you haven't ever been out with any men—or have you?"

"Oh, no. Oh—my, no. Never. Except one."

(Continued on page 30*)*

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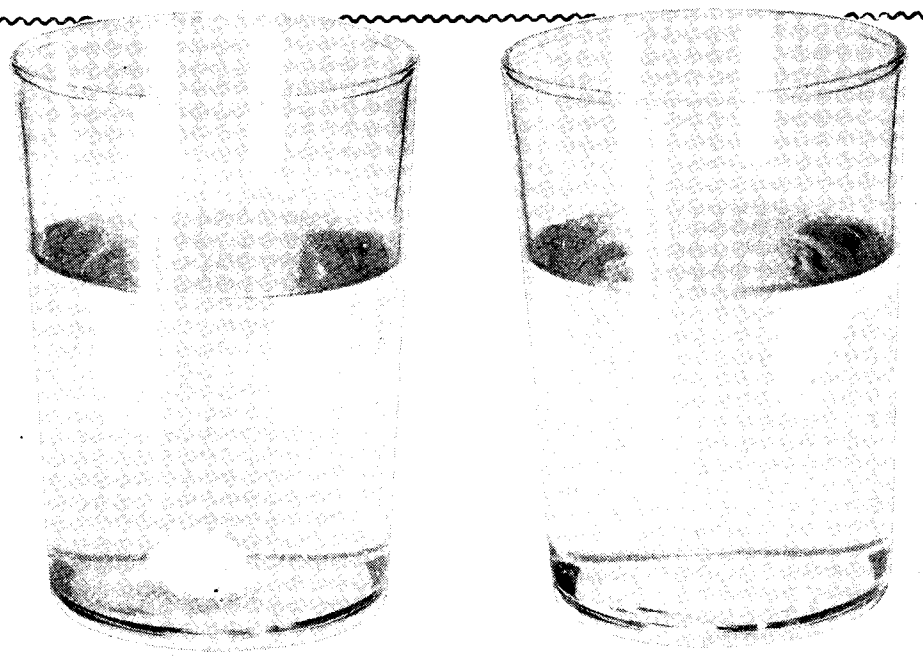

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If you have a headache or any other common form of pain—rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia—you want to get rid of it as fast as possible—and in absolute safety.

Then— the first thing to know is this:

Never ask for aspirin by the name "aspirin" alone. But always say "BAYER ASPIRIN."

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For what happens in those glasses happens in your stomach.

Because of a unique process in manufacture, Genuine Bayer Aspirin is made to dissolve almost INSTANTLY in the stomach. *Hence it starts to work almost instantly.* And thus "takes hold" of the average pain or headache in as little as three or four minutes after taking. The fastest, safe relief, it is said, ever known for pain.

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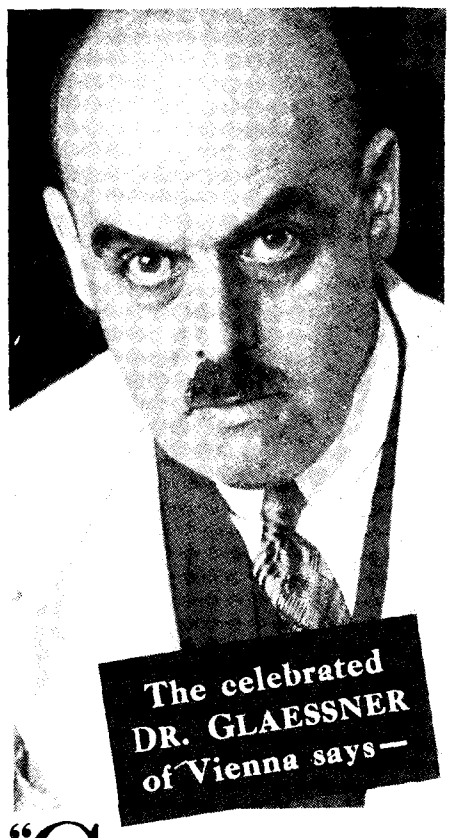

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"IF you get to depending upon cathartics and laxative drugs, a destructive habit will quickly be established."

There is the opinion of a very famous physician . . Dr. Karl Glaessner, chief of the clinic for internal diseases in a celebrated Vienna hospital. Dr. Glaessner says:—

"To overcome constipation, Nature has given us . . . fresh yeast.

"Yeast is a food, not a drug . . . It softens the accumulated waste matter in the intestines . . . and . . . restores normal action . . . The whole organism benefits greatly."

Here is the secret of yeast: It actually "tones" and strengthens the sluggish muscles of the intestines. Soon internal secretions revive . . . evacuations become normal. Poisons are promptly, regularly swept away.

And when this occurs, energy picks right up. Appetite returns. Better digestion, a clearer, fresher complexion are yours!

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Dr. Edouard Antoine, the famous Paris diagnostician, says: "Fresh yeast is a food—not a medicine. It invigorates the intestines."

"My doctor said my poor complexion was due to a sluggish system," *writes* Mrs. Herbert Fredericks, *Staten Island, N. Y.* "He advised Fleischmann's Yeast. My skin cleared up and I felt much better. There's nothing like it."

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Boy-Shy

Continued from page 28

"Oh!"

"And my mother and father and my uncle were with me all the time, so that wasn't really like being out with him, was it?"

"Come in here," said Barry, unevenly. "This is where we go to tea."

He escorted her into the Nantucket Tea Shoppe; and he had, all during tea, an expression on his face like that of a sleeper who is dreaming a swell dream while in his upper consciousness there prowls a padding fear of waking up.

Bill, with a sneer on his lips, listened to the story that evening. Bill was comfortable in his underwear and slippers, with his pipe in his mouth.

"It's been a big show she's given you," he said, coolly watching Barry's nervous pacing of the room. "And then, on the other hand, I dunno." He drew at his pipe, and continued reminiscently: 'There was a woman in the town I came from who went to Smith, or Vassar, or some such school, and then married a small-time merchant and lived a small-time life for twenty years. Talked small-town talk, ate small-town food, lived a small-town life. Well, her husband raised some money and sent her East to visit and while she was East she had one taste of caviar—you know what I mean? Well, sir, overnight she changed. She came back, drove her husband to drink, later to thievery and finally to suicide. That may have happened to this gal of yours. Nobody ever paid any attention to her and then you and nine or ten other guys came along, with music. You give her the lead in the show and she gets drunk on it. Possibly she's been secretly longing to sing in public or go out with a man. One taste of caviar and away goes her reason."

Barry thrust his thumbs in his belt and stopped his pacing. "I hate to believe it," he said, miserably. "As a matter of fact, Bill, old man, I'm nuts about her. Why, once this afternoon I caught myself thinking about sand piles for kiddies. And I *hate* kiddies!"

"No!"

"It's a fact!"

"By Grog, I want to see her."

"Come to rehearsal tomorrow. You won't believe she's real till you look at her. You won't believe it even then."

BILL came to rehearsal, looking very out-of-place there, and stood around with Ruth Stevenson for half an hour while they waited for Barbara. She was late. She was, at first, fifteen minutes late; then half an hour late; then forty-five minutes late and finally, when Barry had the chorus wobbling uncertainly, the door opened and she came in. Bill whistled. She was looking at her wrist watch.

"I'm a little late?" she asked. "I'm sorry."

"You're darned late," said Barry, summoning all the courage he had—today she wore a heather-brown ensemble—"and if you want this part you'll come on time. We've got a Theta here who can learn the lines if she has to."

"Aw," said Bill, *sotto voce* to Ruth, "what does it matter if a girl like that is a coupla hours late?"

Barbara winced as if Barry had struck her. "Very well," she said sturdily, "I won't be late again."

Possibly to convince Bill that he hadn't merely lost his mind, Barry told her to get her rompers on and rehearse her specialty dance. As casually as if she were alone, she slipped out of her suit and stood revealed deliciously in her polka-dot rompers. She didn't seem embarrassed, although Bill thought he detected a strained expression about her mouth. She waved a signal to the piano player, sang the verse and chorus of Don't Be Gentle and went into a tap dance that was as graceful as something classical done by the première danseuse of an opera ballet.

Before she was quite through Bill said: "Whew, I think I'll go out in the air!"

In the tangle of details that went with transferring rehearsals from the hotel to the local theater, Barry was not completely aware of the curious change that had come over Barbara. He remembered being shocked when he found her smoking cigarettes; he was disquieted the night she asked him for more musical numbers; he was angry when, in accounting for her indifference during one of her dances, she explained that she'd danced all night at the Brenton Beach with Roge Maxwell. When he told her that he didn't like it she placated him by saying, with what seemed deep sincerity, that she would never do it again.

"I want to do things the way you w-want them," she said, clasping her hands.

HE COULDN'T believe her. All during the last week, he went about with a long face. He was irritable. He was even somewhat emotional. He was afraid he was going to have a nervous breakdown.

The night of dress rehearsal he drank black coffee, which a pledge brought at frequent intervals from a Greek restaurant next door, and watched his show from the dark front of the house. In the pit was the sixteen-piece imported orchestra and on the stage was the winding staircase set which was the big scenic feature of the show.

It was all splendid, better than he had dreamed. But all the joy was drained out of him watching Barbara's performance. He thought he had never seen anyone quite so unpleasantly assured, even among football players. While her voice floated out in its strange, small-bodied tones with perfect clarity, her manner was disquieting. She spoke her lines with a little, false air of sophistication and eased toward the center of the stage as if there were a magnet there that drew her feet. All her glorious beauty and the melting, diminutive wonder of her voice he forgot when he watched the strut that had taken the place of her cute stride. Listening to her do I Want a Great Big Boy to Love, he sat with his head on his hands. He dared not see her smile of confidence. In the region of his heart there was a soreness as if someone had landed a series of blows on his ribs.

In the end, of course, he had to snap out of it and put on his show. He shouted directions from the front and speeded the tempo. During the big wedding scene, which took place on the stairway, he went backstage and watched it from the wing, at the apron.

He saw Barbara, lovely as springtime, wearing a gossamer wedding dress, come out on the first landing of the stairway with a little cocky sway of assurance, and start down, singing the two-four Wedding March. She caught up the web-like billows of her dress in her left arm and, throwing her head back, descended rhythmically.

And then, five steps from the bottom, she tripped, staggered, caught her heels in the material, and came tumbling down. For an instant, before Barry could collect himself, she lay in a tiny heap at the foot of the stairs. It was not until she had started to rise that he rushed across to her. He caught her hands and pulled her to her feet.

The lovely little face that looked into his was tortured with emotion. Deep in her eyes he saw anguish veiled with tears that were slowly spilling over.

"I can't do it any more. I can't do it."

"Can't do what?"

"Can't act like this! Not even for you!"

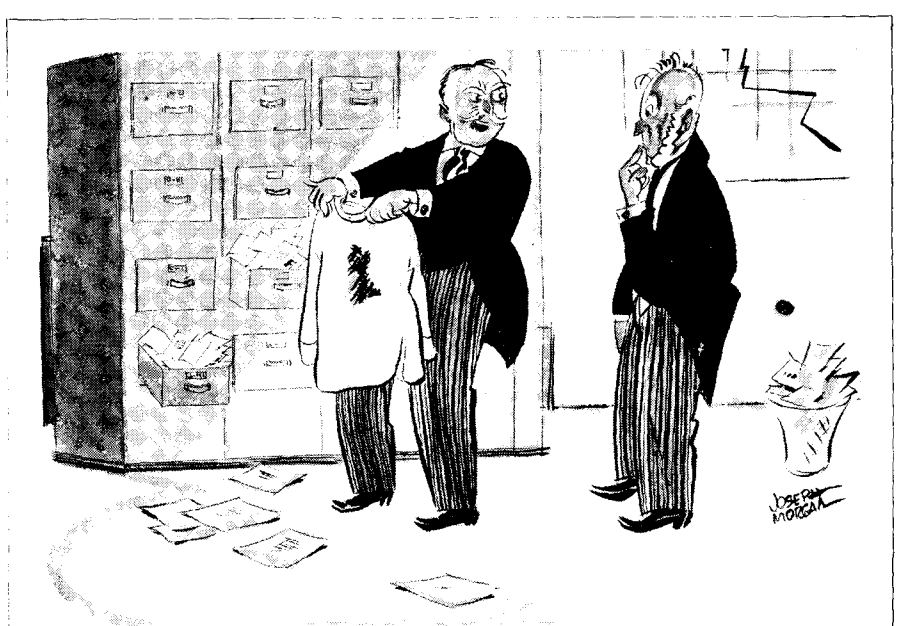
"For *me?*"

She leaned her forehead against his chest, her knees swayed and she fainted.

TEN minutes later in the dressing-room, with the door closed, she was explaining it to him:

"Phyllis said you didn't like s-shy girls. She told me all the time how I should act. So you wouldn't be disgusted with me. She said you always went around with girls who smoked, and were late for dates, and weren't afraid of anything. B-but I can't do it any more."

"You don't have to do it any more," he said fervently. "Blush for me, darling!"



"What's the idea of filing your lunch under S, Grimbsby? Your damned hamburgers have ruined my clean shirt!"

Joseph Morgan

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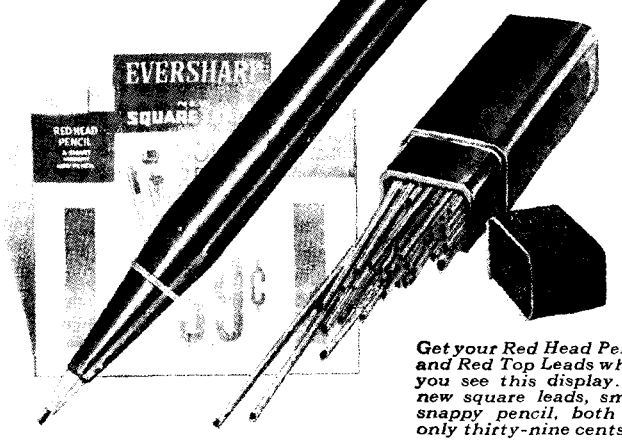

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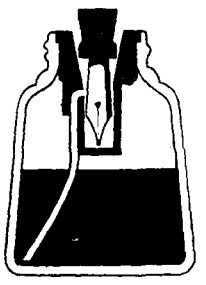

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Animal Trainers Never Quit

Continued from page 10

lions. In fact, one of my striped fellows that I call Chester fought off seven lions before a crowd at Collinsville, Pennsylvania, and emerged from the scrap little the worse for wear. Chester has been in my act for five years and is still going strong.

But I'll have to admit that it is unusual for a tiger to be able to hold his own very long in a struggle with several lions that have ganged up. Nevertheless, I've seen it happen often enough, in the seven years I've been mixing these cats in the ring, to feel that I can fairly cite these cases as examples of the fighting prowess of the tiger.

A question that I hear almost as frequently as the lion-tiger one is: "What is the most dangerous part of your act?" Unquestionably the first minute, when the animals are all mixed up on the floor of the ring, offers the greatest hazards. Not until I get the performers up on their pedestals can I breathe easily.

A Lady Lion to the Rescue

At Texarkana, Arkansas, I was standing in the safety cage, trying to get Bredo, one of my best performing lions, to mount his pedestal. Bredo was not his usual attentive self. He kept staring at another lion. This animal—a cat with a bad record—was standing in the tunnel by means of which the beasts filed into the arena, roaring angrily at the grated door that separated him from the stage. As his roaring increased in volume, he got Bredo's concentrated attention and this situation threatened to delay my act.

I fired my blank-cartridge pistol to announce that I was coming in. The shot failed to shake Bredo out of his reverie. He stood staring at the roaring lion. I then touched Bredo lightly with my whip, and got a much quicker response than I expected. Bredo wheeled around and made a leap. The suddenness of his attack was too much for me. He knocked me down and without wasting any time started digging into my right side, about waist high, with his teeth. The heavy, wide belt that I wear probably saved my life.

Without changing his grip, Bredo started dragging me around the ring, making a complete circuit as the audience thundered its applause! The crowd could see that the animal had me by the belt and they thought the whole thing was staged.

The first lap finished, Bredo released his grip for a moment and, standing over me, was about to grab me again when his favorite lioness came trotting over and proceeded to rub her face against his. Bredo immediately lost interest in me. He moved a foot or two away and devoted himself to the lady.

"Rattle the door!" I yelled to the attendant posted at the tunnel. "Rattle it! Rattle it!" I wanted him to get the attention of the feline love birds, and do it quickly. The boy responded and the tune he played on the iron gate startled the two animals into a retreat toward the tunnel where an attendant opened the door and let them out. I finished the act without them.

That night I was seated in a restaurant when I was recognized by some people who had seen Bredo take me for a ride. They came over to congratulate me on my performance.

"It's a swell act," one member of the party — a dapper young man — remarked. "I liked best the part where the lion drags you around the ring by the belt. How did you ever train him to do that?"

Laughing, I replied: "That was all an accident. The lion was trying to get me. He barely missed chewing up my side. The belt saved me."

"That's a hot one!" chuckled the young man.

"Some kidder!" one of his companions chimed in, also grinning broadly.

I simply couldn't convince those people that I hadn't staged that stunt with Bredo, so I shrugged my shoulders and decided to let them have it their own way. Whereupon they pressed me again to tell them how I had taught the animal to do so unusual a stunt. I finally told them it was a secret I couldn't disclose, for it might reach other animal trainers and they would start stealing my stuff.

Another question I often hear is: "Which are easier to train—male or female animals?" Almost without exception the females present an easier problem. They are more responsive—and not because they are smarter, either. The males are die-hards, unwilling to submit to the training routine until they are convinced there is no way out of it. The females are more resigned and therefore respond more quickly.

One of the secrets of training animals is not to overdo things. I never work a new animal more than fifteen minutes at a stretch. At the end of that period I send the creature back to his cage to relax and rest. Both males and females thrive on this kind of treatment, although at the end of the rest period the males are characteristically scrappier than the females.

One night during my last engagement in New York City I was standing in the alley that leads to the center ring, waiting to go on. My lions and tigers had entered the steel arena in which I perform and all I was waiting for was the announcement of the silk-hatted Joe Humphreys of the circus world who tells the audiences how good I am.

"We will now witness the daring feats of Clyde Beatty," bellowed the announcer. "Clyde Beatty, the world's youngest and most daring—"

Why the Show Must Go On

At this point there was a loud report. My blank-cartridge pistol somehow had gone off in its holster. It burned a hole in my white trousers and painfully seared my right thigh, drawing blood. But the announcement was over, and I was supposed to be entering the ring. During the awkward momentary pause that ensued, a bucket of water was tossed at me to extinguish the fire in my trousers.

A scrambled series of thoughts flashed through my mind. This new injury must be very close to a wound that had not yet healed entirely—a wound dealt me by the lion Nero in an encounter that almost cost me my life. How close was it? Had it reached the old wound? Was there time for treatment? . . . That awkward pause was becoming more awkward.

The pause was growing worse. It was probably no more than five seconds altogether, but five seconds can seem an eternity to a waiting audience. The thought of possible infection in my old wound alarmed me. Blood-poisoning had kept me on my back for ten weeks. I'd better get quick treatment. Sure! The only sensible thing to do. And then I

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found myself quickly vetoing my own suggestion and making a dash for the arena. The thought of delaying things any longer horrified me; and there I was performing, damaged trousers, injured thigh, lowered morale and all!

And let me add hastily that there was no sentimentality involved in what I did. In circus fiction the performer gives his performance despite the almost insurmountable obstacles that confront him because it is the "code" of the big top to die for the dear old circus, if necessary. This is rubbish. The owners expect no such demented loyalty.

The plain common sense of the situation is that it hurts business to take a much-advertised act out of a show.

Another frequently asked question is: "What animal do you consider the hardest to train?" The answer is—the black leopard. In fact, the species is almost untrainable.

It took me three months to do with a black leopard—the only one I ever attempted to train—what I normally accomplish in two weeks with a new lion or tiger. This black devil is still in my act, although I haven't used her much this year. A vicious lady with all the savagery of her treacherous species, she's made plenty of trouble for me.

Fighting the Black Leopard

A short time ago I was giving a special performance in Detroit. I was working my black leopard in a small act with four bears. The bears took their places and I signaled the boy at the chute to send the trouble-maker in. Knowing her habits, I expected a charge, and she didn't disappoint me. As she leaped straight at me, I sidestepped, but she swerved in mid-air, miraculously twisting her body snake-fashion, and just managed to knock me down. To protect my face I threw up my right arm, as I had done before in similar situations.

Before the attendant outside the arena could drive her off she got me through the biceps with her teeth. The attendant managed to reach her with a long whip and when he called her name she made a lunge for the place where he stood, charging against the bars of the ring in her frenzied desire to get at him. This gave me a chance to rise and grab the protective chair she had knocked out of my hand in her first charge. Seeing the futility of trying to reach the attendant, the sable villainess again turned to me.

As she prepared to charge, I held my chair out to ward off the attack. This time she would not fool me with any of her tricks, I vowed. But she did. Bringing into play all the cunning of her species, she made a sudden shift in her plan of attack. Instead of leaping at the chair she dashed under it, getting me around the legs with her paws. She scratched me pretty badly but I drove her off with my whip before she could do any real damage.

"What is the smartest animal you've ever trained?" My interrogators frequently hurl that one at me. The answer? The bear. He can be taught more tricks than any other animal. You'll realize what can be done with bears when I tell you that despite the fact that all animals have a deadly fear of fire I've taught bears to carry lighted torches in their mouths. And I finally got them to the point where they were nonchalant about it, doing their stuff with the torches as calmly as they did their more conventional tricks.

I gave up working with bears because the public does not appreciate the dangers involved—and one cannot succeed in my field except in an act that stresses the hazardous nature of the performance. People are so used to tame bears (the ones in Yellowstone Park are a good example) that they do not give a trainer much credit for a bear act.

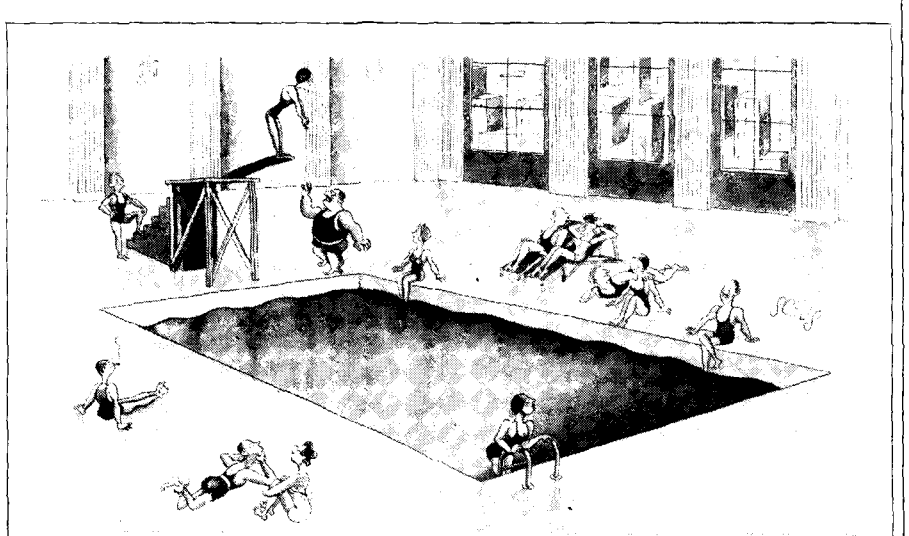
This is so even when a man works with polar bears. All bears strike the show-going public as tame. People do not realize that there are few animals more dangerous than the polar bear. His claws aren't as bad as those of the lion or the tiger but he bites ten times where these cats bite once. His specialty is to start biting at the ankle and work his way up the leg in a few seconds. Jack Bonavita, one of the greatest trainers of all time, was killed by a polar bear. Jack Hubert, the "armless wonder" of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, had an arm removed by one of the same animals.

There is no standard method of training wild animals. There are few professions that are characterized by more individuality. Of course, there are fundamentals that all trainers observe, but once the animal grasps these the field is wide open for originality.

People who go in for statistics often ask me how many chairs I use in fending off attacks in the arena in the course of a season. My records show that I used—consumed would be a better word, for most of them were utterly demolished by my playful pets—sixty-three chairs last year.

How old is the average animal when his training begins? Two to two and a half years. It is hard to initiate animals that are much older than that. At five or six, for instance, they are set in their ways and little can be done to educate them.

Those are the queries that are put to me most often, year in and year out, by the people I meet up and down the various parts of the country which I visit with the circus.



"Try not to hit bottom—the people downstairs are knocking up with a broom!" *Adolph Schus*

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THE MAN WHO COULDN'T KEEP A JOB — by Timmins
1
WELL, I START MY NEW JOB TOMORROW. LET'S HOPE THIS ONE LASTS! I'M TIRED OF HAVING TO CHANGE SO OFTEN. NEVER GETS YOU ANYWHERE
OH, I WANT YOU TO MAKE GOOD! BUT DO BE CAREFUL ABOUT LITTLE THINGS
2
LITTLE THINGS? WHAT WAS ELSIE HINTING AT? I HAVEN'T THE LEAST IDEA
3
A MONTH LATER he found out
YOU SAY HE'S BRIGHT AND HARDWORKING, BUT CARELESS ABOUT "B.O." SURELY THAT'S A LITTLE THING
A MIGHTY IMPORTANT "LITTLE THING" IF YOU HAVE TO WORK NEAR HIM! ALL THE OTHERS ARE COMPLAINING. HE'LL HAVE TO REFORM—OR GO!
4
WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! I'VE SEEN DOZENS OF "B.O." ADS, BUT NEVER DREAMED I COULD BE GUILTY. WELL, I KNOW NOW—AND I KNOW WHAT TO DO. I'LL GET SOME LIFEBUOY TODAY
5
NO "B.O." NOW to spoil his chances
I'VE BEEN IN MY JOB SIX MONTHS, ELSIE. HAD A NICE PROMOTION, TOO. ISN'T IT TIME TO TALK ABOUT A WEDDING?
WHENEVER YOU SAY, DEAR

Don't let "B.O." bar your way

(body odor)

TAKE this frank, friendly warning. See to it that "B.O." (*body odor*) can never spoil *your* chances. Remember, pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste. Unless we take some precaution, we never can be *sure* of not offending.

Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather *deodorizes* as it cleanses and removes all trace of "B.O." Freshens dull complexions to glowing health. Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

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LIFEBUOY

· FOR · FACE ·

· HANDS · BATH ·

STOPS BODY ODOR PROTECTS HEALTH

Young Girl Laughing

Continued from page 15

Mr. Mark Cavendish, producer, who was present in the theater during the outrage, paced to and fro among consoling friends and asseverated that Ferdinand's rash gesture passed all human understanding. "Dammit," cried Mr. Cavendish, his round face pitiful with emotion, "the man worked for me."

He added that he had always treated Ferdinand kindly and paid him good wages, which made the act one of unmitigated ingratitude.

Some three years before, he said, he had given Ferdy his first job, which was to make an oil painting of a nice mountain glade, a simple task, and after that Ferdy became a movie studio artist and painted many pictures, some for Mark Cavendish, some for the other studios in Hollywood. And who was Ferdy Fell? That's what they asked him in the police station, glaring at the little man.

"My name is Fell," he answered. "I'm an artist. That's all you need to know." Whereupon they locked him up for the night.

FERDINAND was an artist, a capable artist with an invalid mother and a sister, both proud of their boy. It was the mother who in earlier years had scraped and saved that Ferdinand might study in Paris under M. Beauvais, and it was Sister Ella who wrote him encouraging letters during the three and a half years he spent abroad. At the end of that time, M. Beauvais advised him to return.

"Go home and make pictures," said the great French teacher. "You are a gifted artist, Ferdy, and you may be a great one."

Ferdy knew quite well that he was a good artist, and he returned to the homeland eager to begin a life-work that would place his name among the honored, eager to make money that he might repay those who loved him.

For a solid year he labored in an attic in lower New York, making pictures, offering them for sale and starving. Then he moved to Chicago and starved another six months. He sold no paintings. No customers called. Mr. Gainsborough and Mr. Titian and Mr. Corot likewise would have a bit of trouble disposing of their wares in these troubled times, and, while Ferdy was a gifted young soul, he was not a Corot.

A friend advised the desperate fellow: "Go out to California, where business is booming," and Ferdinand crossed the Middle West and arrived in the land of the movies. His mother and sister lived in northern California, so, in a manner of speaking, Ferdy had come home, and almost immediately he discovered that business was not booming.

But a grand accident ensued. Somebody heard of Ferdinand Fell, and told somebody else and a movie studio sent for Ferdy and gave him his first job.

"You are an artist," the studio man, whose name was Mark Cavendish, stated. "Paint us a picture."

Ferdy rushed to his modest studio in the hills and threw his soul into a mountain scene he had come to love, a little glade. In person he bore the precious thing to the studio where the manager in charge viewed it critically.

"Very good," said the manager, formerly ticket-seller in a circus. "Very elegant indeed, Mr. Fell. Take it home and do it over on thinner canvas."

"Thinner?"

"Yes. This picture has got to be busted over a guy's head, and the canvas is too thick to bust easy. Get me?"

"Oh, you break the picture?"

"Yeah, over an actor's head. This is a comedy."

In a daze, Ferdy walked home and repainted his mountain scene on canvas that was thin enough to split when bounced against a movie actor's skull. He was paid twenty-five dollars and rejoiced in the money. He learned, in surprise, that movie studios constantly employ artists to paint pictures that have no destiny except to be destroyed, usually in some humorous manner, and Ferdinand became such an artist himself and obtained many jobs. He lived and dreamed on in the hope that his work might some day creep into the motion picture theaters as part of the photoplay, so that audiences might see them, even at second hand.

But they never did. They were made to be smashed, and smashed they were. Somebody was forever hurling missiles through them for comedy effect.

For a long time he haunted theaters where Cavendish pictures were run, hoping to see a moment or two of a painting on the screen, but this joy was denied him. He resigned himself. Art critics would never discuss his technique in the Sunday newspapers nor pat him on the back for the loveliness of his sunsets. Nobody would ever stand before a painting and admire it. Nobody would ever acclaim him as a man of talent, a young genius with brush and tubes. Yet never once in the three years did he put forth a shabby or worthless daub, even though a pie-thrower was later to crack it over the head of a clown.

Then Mr. Ferdinand Fell broke down. With no warning at all, he fell ill and dropped into a nervous state. Studio heads, taking notice, said it would be as well if Ferdy went away for a while and rested up in some quiet spot. They chose Arizona, where Mark Cavendish knew a man who ran a resting home, far away from the studio and the daily grind, out on the desert that Ferdy knew and loved. His mother came to his studio and packed his bags and Sister Ella arranged for him a basket of fruits and oranges. He was not actually sick, but his hands trembled, his red face turned permanently pale and the studio doctor diagnosed it as mental upset, cause unknown, with prostration imminent.

AT THE very last minute, with his bags packed, the telephone rang. It was Mr. Horace Merrick, studio manager for Mark Cavendish, speaking.

"We're in a hurry," Mr. Merrick announced. "Get us up a picture."

"What kind of picture?" Ferdy asked in a dull voice, his interest being low and his soul listless.

"Oh, just a small one, maybe four feet high and three feet wide."

"I see," said Ferdy. "You know, I was going away today."

"Do it before you go," commanded Merrick, to whom trains meant nothing and artists less, "and make it a little sentimental."

"Oh, sentimental?"

"Yeah. You know, romantic."

"Something about love?"

"Sure, along that line."

Being a polite fellow, Ferdy did not curse the studio or consign Merrick to flames, but he thought bitterly of being asked to hurry out a picture, with his vacation waiting. "Make it sentimental," he said in a sardonic voice, looking about his workshop, and there came into his mind an impish notion, a little

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whimsical thought that pleased him and made his pale face light up.

He had always given them of his best, but now he was half ill and was going away for a rest, and wouldn't it be amusing, Ferdy said to himself, to paint for the studio a worthless daub, a cheap, tawdry, vulgar painting, with no soul and no art—a vulgar thing fit only for vulgar souls? He stood still in his studio and grinned. He set up his canvas and painted a picture of a young girl reading a love letter, or you could easily fancy it to be a love letter, and when it was finished, he stood back and surveyed it with a grim smile—his fastest and tawdriest job, his only tawdry job. . . . At first he called it The Love Letter, but later he decided the title should be Young Girl Laughing.

There it stood—the worst picture he had ever made. It was a canvas to be ashamed of. It revolted the soul of the artist and Ferdy flushed when he thought of M. Beauvais in Paris and what that master would say could he behold it.

"There you are, gentlemen," Ferdy chuckled, standing before the smiling girl and addressing unseen movie masters. "Sentimental to a degree and four feet high by three feet wide."

HE TELEPHONED Mr. Merrick that the painting was finished and that they could send a boy out for it, and then, his work being done, he went with his mother to the railroad station and took the train for Arizona, where he entered the resting home, sat for long hours in the sun, drank milk and joked with the kind-faced nurses. There, on the silent desert, his spirit rose up into a great calm and he no longer thought of the studio for which he labored.

Giving the picture scarcely time to dry where it stood, Mr. Merrick sent forth a company automobile and the boy returned to the studio in half an hour, bearing under his arm a canvas atrocity in art entitled Young Girl Laughing. Mr. Merrick placed it on a chair in his office and stared at it. Mr. Doyle, the casting director, came in with a telegram in his hand and stopped. Mr. Leonard, supervisor of dramas, joined the two and eventually Mark Cavendish strolled into Merrick's office. He found his associates in a petrified circle, looking down at Young Girl Laughing.

"This is absolutely astonishing!" Merrick cried. "Here this man Fell has been making pictures for our studio for three years and we never found out he was a genius. There stands a great work of art, Mr. Cavendish."

"It is a masterpiece," agreed Mr. Doyle.

"It is the best painting I ever saw," added Mr. Leonard, who was supposed to know something of art, as he had once lived outside Boston.

Mr. Mark Cavendish, a connoisseur, instantly agreed, after moving the picture into a better light to bring out the blues and reds. He paced the office, growing more and more excited as the opportunity of the moment evolved in his fertile mind.

"This is a magnificent example of real art," he cried in excited tones, "and we certainly must not smash it up in a comedy and thus waste it. No. We shall make an entire motion picture based on this painting."

"Great!" said Mr. Doyle.

"Absolutely!" said Mr. Leonard.

"Magnificent!" said Mr. Merrick.

"And we'll call it," continued the president, turning his brisk mind to the problem, "we'll call it The Little Model."

"What a name!" cried Mr. Doyle.

"The Little Model!" echoed Mr. Leonard rapturously.

"A box-office knockout," said Mr. Merrick. "A gold mine!"

"Go find some girl," ordered Cavendish, "some pretty young star who looks a little bit like this painting. Now who do we know that resembles it?"

Suggestions automatically flowed from the three officers. They named half a dozen Hollywood belles, but it was Mark Cavendish himself who proposed Lily Landing, the beautiful, pert, alluring Lily, whose mamma once resided in Saginaw, Michigan, and Messrs. Doyle, Leonard and Merrick admitted on the spot that Landing was the girl.

Pushing rapidly ahead with the enterprise while it was hot, they turned the idea over to the scenario and story department, and within two days the busy workers brought forth the plot of The Little Model, and a very fine plot it was, too—all about a man who happened to notice a beautiful painting in the studio of a dissolute but talented artist in Paris. And he fell in love with the entrancing face. And he asked the dissolute artist who the girl was and the artist replied it was Celeste, his favorite model. And the customer yearned to meet her, and the dissolute artist, knowing the customer to be a rich Canadian with a chain of shirt stores reaching from Athabasca to Quebec, knowing Celeste would be happier and better off with the Canadian millionaire, heroically introduced her, although he loved her himself, hoping she would fall for the Canadian dollars and marry the man, thus escaping the life led by an artist's lady friend in Paris.

You can see what a zippy plot it was, and Mark Cavendish stated that the story was better than the painting. The studio spent two months manufacturing the dramatic talking picture, and it was ready for its first showing to the public on the evening of May 9th, and that happened, by merest chance, to be the evening Ferdy Fell returned with his mother from the desert of Arizona, strong, rested and sunburned. The train butcher brought him a newspaper as he neared Los Angeles, and he read incredulously, in the motion picture department, the cinema news of the day. . . . He read of the painting he had dashed off hastily, with his tongue in his cheek, his bad, wicked painting that violated all the canons of a beloved art, and he turned to his simple old mother and said: "Look! I make just one bad painting and it is to become famous!"

"It's too bad," said the mother gently.

Ferdinand began to turn pale. The moment the train halted he kissed his mother and rushed forth to find a taxicab.

A REPORTER for the Sunday newspaper, a thoughtful reporter, visited the Cavendish Studios a few days after the incident and asked several questions.

"Mark," he began, "there's something funny about that Ferdinand Fell business the other night. I wasn't there myself, but—"

"Wasn't anything funny," Mark said calmly. "Ferdy Fell simply went out of his head and cut up the screen with a knife. And why wouldn't he?"

"Well, why would he?"

"The public never saw any of his paintings," Mark explained, "and he wanted them to. This was his first. It was a great triumph. It's getting bigger every day. We broke the record in four cities already. Ferdy simply couldn't stand success and went temporarily insane in the theater."

"Where is he now?"

"He's all right. I'm taking care of him. We treat our employees right around this studio and don't forget it. Would you like to look over the receipts of The Little Model for the first four days of this week?"

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FORMERLY SEVEN TO TEN DOLLARS

NOW $5 to $8

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PRICES FOR NEW FALL STYLES
LOWEST IN SEVENTEEN YEARS

MEANS GREAT SAVINGS TO MILLIONS OF WELL-DRESSED MEN—WEARERS OF BOSTONIAN SHOES

A STANDARD OF
EXCELLENCE AND QUALITY FOR OVER 50 YEARS

Bostonians
SHOES FOR MEN

SOLD IN EVERY CITY BY LEADING SHOE AND MEN'S WEAR STORES

Creature of God

Continued from page 22

to a bosom so manly, Manuelita? Hey? He, too, you know, is a creature of God."

"Listen," said Aguilera heavily as he gave the small purse to Chico. "I am a busy man. Listen and I will tell you all you ought to know. I do not want your flowers."

"Do not weep for the ox, Manuelita," laughed Chico, tucking the flower back into the water.

"Damned fool," Aguilera snarled, "you have a rose bush for a brain. Listen and let me go about more important affairs. I am a busy man. You know Tobol Campuzano?"

"Do I know my own dog?" Chico replied derisively. "You are wasting your time. So it is Tobol, the senator, now?"

"Tobol Campuzano," affirmed Aguilera. "He will leave his mistress' apartment at eleven o'clock tonight and will go directly to his house. That will be attended to. You will—"

"You hear this Aguilera, Sister Conchita?" Chico turned to a prim, pale virgin of Xochimilco. "He is trying to tell me what I will do and how I shall go about it. He who would bungle cutting the throat of a cabbage with those paw-hoofs he has for hands and that stale mess he calls his brain."

"You have your fifty pesos," said Aguilera, behind him.

"And all the instructions I need," spat Chico, significantly thrusting his hand into his shirt. And, as Aguilera hastened off, he added with a fine sneer: "And about this rose bush I have in my head: Is that as shameful as having a milky lily where my liver should be?"

And then, a parting word to Conchita, Carmelita, Lupita, Manuelita and the rest of his nodding family.

"*Buenas noches*, my pets. I am a man of honor. I have taken a dog's money and shall therefore do a dog's bidding. I leave you to your virginity, sweethearts."

IN THE morning, from the stony flat of the Plaza de la Constitución to the sparkling heights of Chapultepec, the city buzzed with the news. The stalwart Senator Tobol Campuzano had been lured in the night from his mistress' arms to the piazza of his own house to have his throat cut. His assassin had laid him straight and had crossed his hands upon his chest, leaving in them a rose. A dozen reasons why Tobol Campuzano was slain were argued up and down without profit. A rising politician might die for a thousand reasons.

There was less excitement, however, about the similar murder of one Fuerte Aguilera of Morelos, a man of great mystery, whose body, like Tobol Campuzano's, was found straight and neat with the throat cut. But Fuerte Aguilera was found in bed and there was a lily tucked into the waistband of his trousers. His hands were tucked beneath him.

So it was clear to the gossipers that Tobol Campuzano was a political martyr. What else? But one might guess forever why Fuerte Aguilera, of whose affairs the public knew so little, was slain. One could see it was not for gold, although Aguilera's pockets had been rifled. On the bed and around it lay four hundred pesos as if they had been hurled upon his prostrate body by his assassin. As for the rose in Tobol Campuzano's hand and the lily in Fuerte Aguilera's waistband, these clearly were the caprices of a woman. Such conceits were for the police to translate. Was that not what they were paid for?

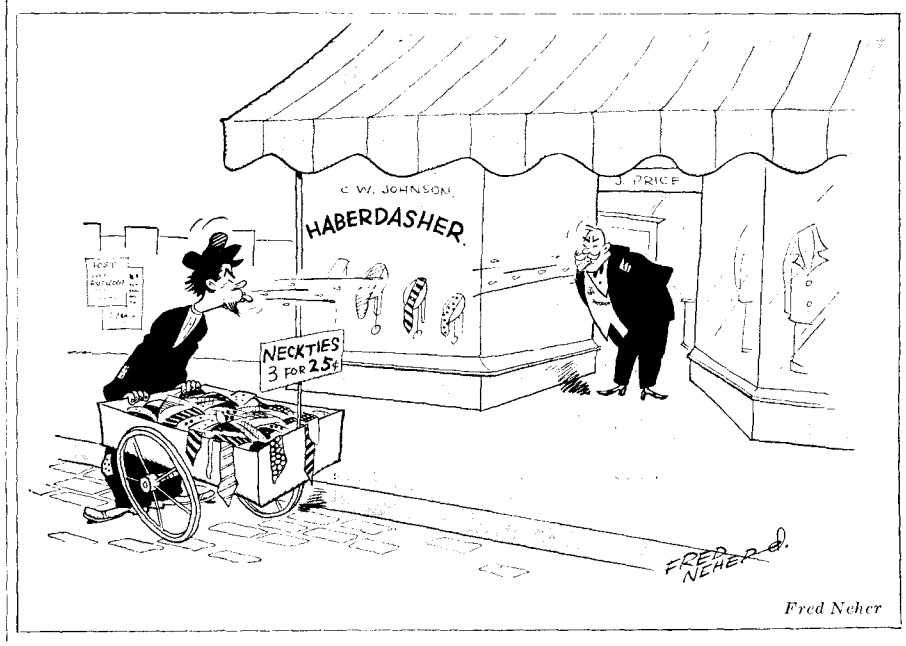
CHICO whistled blithely as he arranged his roses for the day. He had been at some pains to lay in a fine stock. No flower stall in Mexico offered finer wares.

"You, Conchita," he purred to a radiant lady whose thin neck was almost breaking beneath the weight of her wildly blown head, "shall be the woman to whom I tell my secrets. There is such a woman for every man. I shall not let you go. Your lover is not as poor today as yesterday."

He smacked his pocket. "A hundred pesos, Conchita my love, a hundred pesos. Last evening you observed Fuerte Aguilera present me with fifty. My talents, creature of God, are worth more, but I knew that Fuerte Aguilera would have protested that fifty pesos was an ample wage for any single commission. I had two last night, Conchita. Aguilera gave me one. The other I gave myself. Yet Aguilera paid for both."

A begging child whined in the street in front of the flower stall. It held out a little claw of a hand, asking for food, not money. But Chico gave it a peso from his heavy pocket and stood piously as the child fell on its knees and called him a saint. And when it had stumbled away on its pitiful, twisted feet, Chico turned to Conchita again, shrugging his shoulders and raising his hands toward the skies.

"You see, Conchita?" he cried. "I too am a creature of God."



Fred Neher

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Utopia in Uruguay

Continued from page 23

by the national government. That is, if you wish to live well. The spacious old Parque and the palatial Carrasco in that city, two of the famous hotels of the southern world, are the nation's property. "Seasonal gold mines," I have heard them called. For Montevideo is called "the Atlantic City of eastern South America." Standing on a protruding edge of the continent near where the Río de la Plata pours its muddy torrent into the Atlantic, Montevideo enjoys the cool breezes that sweep up from the Antarctic ice.

Of course, government-operated hotels are not innovations, even in North America. Uncle Sam himself does a nice job of this kind, here and there, especially down in the Canal Zone. But Uruguay figures that providing a guest with something to eat and a place to sleep is not enough. It offers him casinos and saloons where he may do his gaming and drinking in ultra-respectability. Going even farther, it only recently opened up a pretentious cabaret.

Fun, Food and Fuel

At the same time it does not neglect the strictly esthetic phases of life. The Teatro Solis, the national opera house, is one of the venerable governmental structures on Plaza Independencia. It has housed some grand performances in its time.

But art, commercial entertainment and recreation are the least of the government's non-political interests. Its principal activities have to do with the more prosaic and practical pursuits.

Let us suppose that food still holds fascinations for you. When you gather unto yourself one of those fresh, juicy, simmering steaks that go far to make a visit to Montevideo unforgettable, you pay direct tribute to the state.

Foreign-owned *frigorificos*, the great American- and British-owned packing plants, do only an export business. The government has a complete monopoly on the sale of fresh meats within the capital.

A third of the railroads are state-owned. Unfortunately for its own sake, they are not the more profitable ones. But never mind; as their concessions expire, several foreign, principally British-owned, lines will become nationalized. Legislation providing for this was long ago put on the statute books.

Montevideo is the gateway to the great ports of Argentina—Buenos Aires, Rosario, La Plata. This makes its harbor one of the busiest of the continent. Fifteen thousand ships visited it last year. The huge port works, docks—dry and wet—warehouses and what not are owned and operated by the government as a purely business proposition.

In 1912 the national insurance bank opened its doors for business, offering to the citizen protection for practically everything—his life, his automobile or his patch of wheat. In twenty years it has competed so successfully that not only have no new private companies opened up but most of the old ones have folded their tents and departed. This and the vast electric light and power projects have so far proven the most successful of national undertakings, paying substantial dividends to the state.

Just a few weeks ago Uruguay took a headlong plunge into oil. According to present plans, the government will purchase crude oil, refine it in government refineries and sell it wholesale. Later on, as production increases and costs decrease, it will go heavily into the retailing of the product. Of course, Uruguay has no oil resources of its own. But a contract has been entered into with the government of Soviet Russia for hundreds of thousands of gallons with which to launch the project.

"Oh, no," a senator was quick to remind me, "this does not mean we have any truck with the Soviets. We buy from them merely because they sell at the lowest price."

"But in time," said another, "Uruguayans will be in a position to control by ownership or competition the entire economic, industrial and social life of the nation."

"And then comes Utopia," whispered a cynical journalist. "'Utopia in Uruguay,' the headlines will read."

The Uruguayans are hardly so unpractical. They have swallowed a sizable dose of ambition, yet they are a pretty sane lot.

The more influential of its two million people content themselves with large-scale stock raising. They are practically all white, not more than three thousand dark skins. And most of the latter trickled across the northern border from Brazil. The Indians were successfully and conveniently eliminated in the early days. There are no *mestizos* (Indian and Spanish), no *mulatos*. Although you find many Swiss, Scandinavians and British, the Uruguayans are mostly Latins—Italians and Spanish, in the order named, of the Milan and Madrid strains.

"You see," said an Englishman of long residence in Uruguay, "being wedged in between Brazil and Argentina, the two great countries of the continent, and having at one time or another belonged to each of them, Uruguay is intensely patriotic and nationalistic. Like a little man in a crowd who talks loudly so as not to be overlooked, Uruguay experiments with new ideas, launches movements, goes in heavily for international affairs in order to be noticed."

Noble Experiments

Experimenting with ideas has been a regular profession with Uruguayan leaders. If they didn't originate them, they imported them. So a pension law was transplanted from England. They chopped off various limbs and branches, grafted on others, until it no longer resembled the original, and set it out in the national garden to furnish shade and protection for their weary workers.

Suppose Hugo Vallejo is employed by, say, the Uruguay Packing Company. He must pay regularly into the national pension fund five per cent of his salary, but the Uruguay Packing Company must pay in the equivalent of twelve per cent of his salary. At the end of thirty years of employment Hugo is entitled to a pension amounting to the average of his salary for the last five years of his employment. For example, if Hugo's salary averaged one hundred dollars a month during the last five years of his employment, the national pension fund will pay him one hundred dollars a month the rest of his life.

"This is merely a compulsory saving system, which has been of immense benefit," says a cabinet member in the present government. "By this means two hundred thousand souls have the absolute assurance of spending their old age in comfort."

(Continued on page 40)

THE ONE EXCEPTION....BY Kent straat
WELL, HOW DO I LOOK?
FINE! EXCEPT—
EXCEPT WHAT?
EXCEPT YOUR SHIRT ISN'T NEAT — IT STICKS UP!
DARLING, SHIRTS ARE THE ONE EXCEPTION TO MR. NEWTON'S LAW OF GRAVITY — THEY NEVER STAY DOWN!
LATER —
WHAT'S THIS — SMART SUSPENDERS THAT ALSO KEEP THE SHIRT DOWN — I MUST GET DICK A PAIR!
SAY, THESE NEW HICKOK SUSPENDERS ARE GREAT! THEY NOT ONLY MAKE ONE LOOK NEATER BUT THEY GIVE MORE COMFORT! I'LL BET THEY'RE EXPENSIVE—
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LAVORIS has a unique mouth-purging action, very different from ordinary antiseptic washes. It coagulates germ-laden mucus . . . flushes out embedded bacteria, checks bleeding of gums, and leaves the mouth and throat in a clean and healthful condition. Lavoris is used in daily practice by 85% of all dentists.

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Please send me your large, generous sample of Lavoris. I enclose 10c for cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

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City..... *State*.....59

(Continued from page 39)

Long before it took the grown-ups under its wing, the government had provided for the proper training of the young. Many years ago José Varela, a young intellectual in his twenties, represented Uruguay in the United States. Possessing the youthful and Uruguayan urge for new ideas, he went nosing about Uncle Sam's domain to see what he could see. Strangely enough, he fell for the little red schoolhouse, or its more pretentious successor. That the general public should pay taxes to support schools for the progenies of each and all, without regard to class or family, filled Varela with notions. So he rushed home and launched a campaign to convince his countrymen of the importance of making the same provisions for Uruguay's future citizens. Here, he intimated, was the democracy they so loudly proclaimed. And they didn't deport him for proposing exotic customs, either. They didn't even call him a crank. They made him Minister of Education and told him to "go and do likewise." And he did. Today more than a thousand schools start Young Uruguay in the way it should go. One of the best known of these bears the proud name of The United States of America School.

Making Geography

Not long ago I watched a class of public school students studying geography. "Watched them" is correct, too. They were actually making geography. In a near-by garden they were engaged in the fascinating task of building a continent—mountains, forests, rivers, lakes and so on—giving every detail its proper proportion. Who wouldn't learn something about the world that way? I like the manner in which they put life into all the old dry subjects.

Varela's public school system is supported not merely by outbursts of sentiment upon the part of the citizenry but by a generous output of cash. The principal item in the annual budget of the national government is not for the support of the Army or the Navy or the enforcement of laws to make people moral and good. The largest single item, twice that set aside for any other department, reads "Public Instruction."

All of which provides plentiful and pliable material for the national university, one of the most classic and dignified in the New World, where the science of public affairs is made a fine art. Or so it seems when you mix with the youngsters who inhabit it. They differ from the forensic type who have been so busy revolting in Argentina, Chile and Peru of late. In fact, their interest in politics, a thing which is second nature with all Latin American students, is more mental than emotional. For this reason government in Uruguay during the present century has enjoyed continuous evolution instead of continual revolution.

Like ourselves, the Uruguayans endure a Congress made up of a Chamber of Representatives and a Senate. But they figure that one senator from a province or department can introduce enough bills and deliver enough orations to take the place of two. Therefore, one province, one senator. Of representatives there are a good many more.

A President and a *Consejo*, or Council of State, share the executive department between them, each independently of the other. The President is elected directly by the people for four years with no Vice President to attend weddings and dinners for him, or to watch and wait for his sudden demise. The *Consejo*, or council of nine men, is elected directly by the people also, but for a period of six years, three of them retiring every two years. This group actually takes care of the business of the country. The President is allowed the run of the Departments of Foreign Affairs, the Interior, and the Army and the Navy. But the *Consejo* has exclusive control of everything else—the Treasury, Public Works, Public Instruction, Labor, Industry and so on. No one-man show, this.

On the other hand, justice is done in the land under one head. The High Court of Justice runs all the other tribunals, high, low and medium. Little chance for the ward-heeler here.

Who knows but this fact accounts largely for the comparative lack of crime in the republic? This, and the way criminals are dealt with. One prison, built to accommodate comfortably about four hundred persons, takes care of the nation's bad men. Recently, when I was there as a visitor, several rooms were going begging. In fact, there were only some three hundred and sixty guests, two of whom, I learned, hailed from the great Republic of North America. One of them, a red-headed Texan, served as guide on my excursion into Uruguayan penology. Out of respect for him and his family I was not permitted to know his name, officially.

These two North Americans had held up a bank, killing the cashier in the process. Suddenly, so suddenly that they are still wondering about it, they found themselves facing a dignified and devout judge, who hurried them away into safekeeping for a period of forty years apiece. In this enlightened republic there is no capital punishment, of course, or such might have been their lot. A bank robbery in Uruguay is a startling event that one tells the grandchildren about.

Despite the swiftness of justice for crimes of violence, the unrelenting, if humane, punishment that follows, there is no country on the continent where greater freedom exists—freedom to speak, to advocate social or political isms, doctrines and panaceas. Montevideo is even called the communist capital of South America. Radical ruffians and roustabouts from Peru, Chile and Argentina are to be found circulating freely within its gates. It is like a Switzerland among the Americas in that it is a haven for the oppressed and the unwanted from neighboring republics.

El Presidente Speaks

Yet in the past two years, when revolution stalked roughshod through every one of the countries that surrounded it, and presidents and dictators were sent scampering into exile, Uruguay went serenely about its business, undisturbed. Still, many North American investors, not only those who own telephone and cable companies, but those who have planted upward of $80,000,000 in packing plants, automobile distributing corporations, banks and numerous enterprises, are very nervous about the future.

But a talk with His Excellency Dr. Gabriel Terra, El Presidente de la República Oriental del Uruguay, to unfurl the title completely, gives you a substantial reassurance about the attitude of the government toward outside investments, as well as a confidence in its sincerity of purpose. This great, tall, broad-shouldered, 220-pound, keen-eyed, businesslike man, typical of the substantial old families of Uruguay, does not mind speaking frankly about conditions in his country.

When I visited him a few weeks ago he received me at his own private house in the older residential section of the city, instead of at the Presidential Offices in Plaza Independencia. Doctor Terra does not put on a front to impress you with his high office. His is a democratic country and he is a man of simple habits. He received me in a small, uncarpeted room furnished with a desk and two chairs.

"Economic conditions are suffering at present," he began, "because of the low prices in foreign markets for meat, hides and wool, our chief exports. In fact, prices are just half what they were two years ago. But for several years—until two years ago—our budget has shown a substantial balance, so that we had a back-log for emergencies.

The National Debt

"Our total indebtedness is around 200,000,000 pesos (a peso is normally worth $1.03 in Uncle Sam's money, but, due to the economic slump, about 50% of that at present), 60,000,000 at home and 140,000,000 in bonds floated abroad. Nearly 95,000,000 of the latter are owned by Uruguayans. When you consider that the nation owns such institutions as The National Bank, The National Mortgage Bank, The National Insurance Company, The National Light and Power Company, The Port Works and many others, all without mortgages and worth in cash vastly more than the entire national debt, we are not badly off. I say the government could liquidate any time it wants to.

"As to outside capital," he proceeded, "we appreciate well-intentioned foreign capital. In fact, we are glad to see it come in. If it comes in to build as well as to profit, we will protect it, perhaps even ahead of our own, *because* it is from the outside.

Now and then we do criticize the actions of various foreign interests. It seems to me the packing companies are doing little or nothing toward betterment of the cattle industry. They offer very little incentive for improving the quality of the cattle. They should pay higher rates for better-grade cattle and make it worth the *estanciero's* while to improve his herd. They should be willing to carry on experiments throughout the country to this end. If they would do these things they would help to enrich the country in no small measure and thereby make their own future more attractive."

Still these gentlemen may be pardoned if they seem reluctant in some of these matters. "Since the nation itself is taking so great a hand in business and industry, competing with us more and more, why doesn't it do more experimenting with the cattle industry itself?" was the rejoinder one of the foreigners made.

"Having said all, why are Uruguayan bonds selling at such low prices?" queries an owner of such paper.

"That's easy," is the reply of one authority. "The country suffers the effects of universal depression just like all the others. And like most of them its exchange has slumped considerably. It also suffers because of the company it has to keep. You know the people of the outside world, and especially those of our own country, do not distinguish between these republics. They are not Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay. They are merely Latin America. If one has a revolution, its neighbors might as well have one, for they will be immediately under suspicion—guilty until proven innocent.

"Speaking of Uruguayan bonds," he went on, "looks like they will all be back home soon. The Uruguayans are buying them up. Even the Government has just appropriated 20,000,000 pesos for this purpose."

Perhaps the senator was right. "In time Uruguayans themselves will control the entire . . . economic life of the nation."

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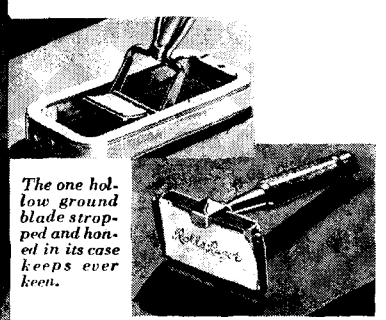

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The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 26

a cross-examination which in the annals of Scotland Yard remains a classic:

"That is why I am here," he repeated. "For no other reason except to investigate the murder by strangulation of Dr. Leicester Amersham."

"I think I have told you—"

"You told me you know nothing whatever about it, but I haven't that illusion. Lady Lebanon, when did you last see Dr. Amersham alive?"

She was not looking at him now. The crucial test had come.

"I didn't see him this morning—" she began.

"That I realize," said Tanner patiently. "He wasn't alive this morning. The medical evidence is that he was killed last night, probably between eleven o'clock and midnight. When did you last see him alive?"

"Yesterday morning—or it may have been the day before. I am not quite sure."

SHE had hardly said this before she knew she had made a stupid blunder.

"He was here at eleven o'clock last night, probably until within a few minutes of his death," said Tanner. "He was here in this room, talking to you."

Her chin went up.

"You've been talking to my servants!"

The very fatuity of the charge almost upset Tanner's gravity.

"Naturally I have been," he said. "You don't think that's very remarkable, do you, Lady Lebanon?"

"It would have been a little more decent if you had come to me first," she snapped.

"Well, I have come to you." Bill Tanner's smile was very sweet, very disarming, but it did not disarm Lady Lebanon. Rather was she raising her defenses with all the reserves she could summon. "And you tell me it was yesterday morning you saw him, or it may have been the day before. Here is a man murdered—rather an impressive fact."

She frowned.

"I don't quite follow you."

"If you had a friend who, soon after you saw him, met with a fatal accident, wouldn't you say immediately: 'Why, I was speaking to him only an hour before!' That is what I mean by an impressive fact."

"Dr. Amersham was not a friend," she said in a low voice. "He was a self-willed man who saw nobody's but his own point of view."

"So the fact that he was murdered within a few hundred yards of this room really doesn't matter?"

Again she stiffened.

"That is a little insolent, Mr.—Inspector—?"

"Tanner," said Bill. "Yes, I suppose it is. Doesn't it strike you, Lady Lebanon, that your own attitude is peculiar? I won't say arrogant. I am a detective officer, investigating the murder of Dr. Amersham. You tell me you cannot remember when you saw him last, although he was with you up to a few moments of his death. You suggest you cannot fix the time, because he was not a friend of yours but just a self-willed man. That seems a little inadequate, doesn't it? If he wasn't a friend, what was he doing here at eleven?"

"He came to see me."

"As a doctor?"

She nodded.

"At your request?"

She thought before she answered.

"No, he dropped in."

"At eleven o'clock at night?" Tanner was incredulous.

"I had a touch of neuritis in my arm."

"But you didn't send for him? He just guessed you had neuritis and drove down from London in his car to treat you? Did he write a prescription?"

She did not answer.

"He left you at twelve and drove down the long avenue—isn't that what you call it? Halfway down somebody jumped on the back of his car and strangled him as he sat at the wheel."

"I know nothing whatever about that," she said quickly.

"They found the car from which he was evidently dragged abandoned at the other side of the village."

These unnecessary details maddened her. She had gone over every aspect of the case, not once but a hundred times.

"Really I'm not interested," she was trapped into saying, and Bill Tanner was genuinely shocked.

"Lady Lebanon! You've known this gentleman for years; he was a constant visitor—your own doctor and friend, and you're not interested in his brutal murder?"

She drew a long breath.

"I'm terribly sorry, of course. It was an awful thing to have happened."

He was a long time before he asked the next question; her nerves were on edge.

"What did Dr. Amersham know?" he asked.

Lady Lebanon shot a quick glance at Tanner and shook her head.

"What did Amersham know?" repeated Tanner. "Your last words to him as he left the room were these."

He took a notebook from his pocket and considered it with great deliberation.

"You stood there"—he pointed to a place near where she was sitting—"you spoke in an angry voice. You said: 'Nobody would believe you if you told them. Tell them if you dare! And don't forget that you are as deeply in it as anybody. You've always wanted to handle Willie's money.'"

He closed the book with a slap.

"Those may not have been the exact words, but they are the sense of the words. What was he deeply in?"

She did not answer.

"What did you dare him to tell?"

FOR the moment she was stricken dumb, devastated by the accuracy of his information; and then it came to her whence it had been obtained, and her pale cheeks went pink with fury.

"Jackson told you, of course—my maid." She spoke rapidly. "She is an utterly dishonest and untrustworthy girl and I've discharged her. If you listen to discharged servants, Mr. Tanner—"

Tanner waggled his head wearily.

"I listen to anybody—that's my job. How long was your husband, the late Lord Lebanan, ill before he died?"

She was not prepared for this sudden and violent change of angle, and had to think.

"Fifteen years."

"Who attended him?"

"Dr. Amersham."

The words came reluctantly. Out came Tanner's notebook again.

"Although he was ill so long, he died rather suddenly, didn't he? I've got the particulars of the certificate here. It is signed by Leicester Charles Amersham, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S."

The book went back to his pocket. She

(Continued on page 42)

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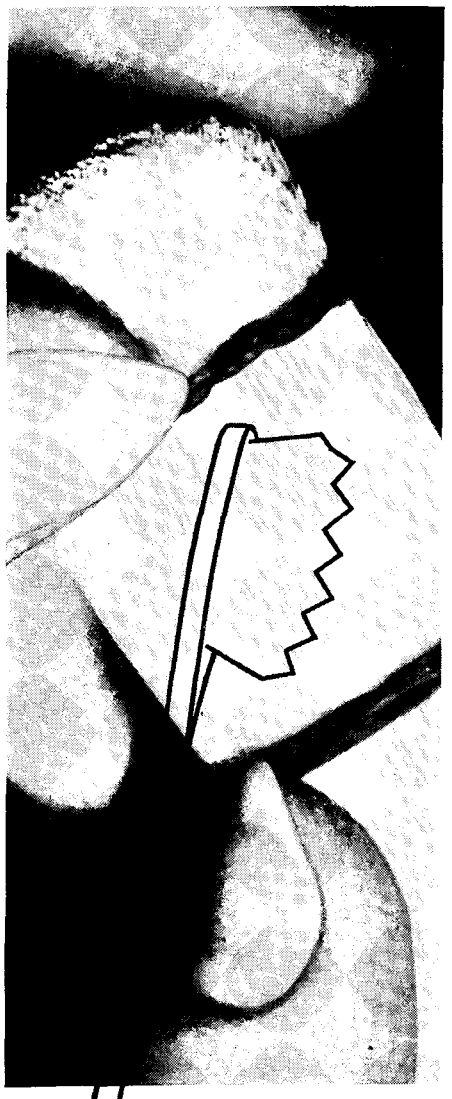

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(Continued from page 41)

wondered what would be the next question he would ask, prompted by its pages.

"During his illness you administered his affairs, you and Dr. Amersham?"

She nodded.

"I found his name on a number of leases he signed under a general power of attorney."

She felt on safer ground now, and had the impression that the crisis of the examination was past.

"Yes; my husband liked the doctor, and he did help to administer his estate, as you say."

She waited. Tanner was looking at her, and when he spoke his voice was quiet, almost pleasantly conversational.

"Why did you marry again?"

THE full significance of the question did not at first reach her. Then she came to her feet.

"That is not true!" she breathed.

"Why did you marry again, at Peterfield Parish church—and marry Leicester Charles Amersham? The ceremony, was, I think, performed by the Reverend John Hastings."

She swayed for a second, and then very slowly sat down.

"Who told you that?"

Bill Tanner smiled.

"A certain register of marriages told me that. I inspected it at Peterfield. I was a little curious, to tell you the truth, Lady Lebanon, as to why the Reverend Hastings and Dr. Amersham should be on friendly terms—they were so unlike—and I rather gathered that the friendship was based upon a service which Hastings had rendered. I took the trouble to go down to Peterfield. Why did you marry him three months after your husband died, and why did you keep the marriage a secret?"

There was a small crystal jug of water on her table. She poured a little into a glass with a steady hand and sipped it, and Bill waited, curious and expectant.

"The marriage was forced on me," she said. "Dr. Amersham was an adventurer of the lowest kind. He was a penniless doctor in the Indian army. He blackmailed me into marriage."

"How?"

A twist of her shoulder was the only answer.

"What hold did he have on you? You know you can't blackmail people unless you know something to their detriment. Had you broken the law?"

"I'll not answer." Her mouth closed like a trap. "I refuse to answer. I know that he had—he was a thief and a forger; he was kicked out of the army."

Tanner nodded.

"He may have been all those things, but he was here last night at eleven or twelve. He threatened you, and was killed a few minutes later, and you're not very interested!"

Her face flushed again.

"Why should I be? I'm glad he's—" She stopped suddenly.

"You're glad he's dead?" suggested Tanner. "And now you remember something and you aren't so glad?"

She muttered a sentence which he could not hear. He thought she said that he was absurd, and was probably right.

He waited till he saw her grow tense again, and then:

"As to your first husband, Mrs. Amersham—"

Her head came up at this:

"I shall be glad if you will call me Lady Lebanon." And then, with a little laugh which was not altogether forced, she dropped back into the chair. "You said that to annoy me. I'm beginning to understand your methods, Mr. Tanner!"

"Who saw the late Lord Lebanon after his death?" Bill went on relentlessly.

"Dr. Amersham."

"Did you?"

"No, nobody but Gilder and Brooks—they did everything."

"I see. And the doctor signed the certificate. The truth is that he died, and nobody saw him but Amersham, Gilder and Brooks. Amersham was considerably interested in his death."

He saw her start.

"I'm bringing no accusation. I'm merely stating facts. He blackmailed you because he knew something. I'd like to know whether he started blackmailing before or after your husband's death. That would be interesting to know."

"I have no doubt there are many things that it would interest you to know," she said, with a touch of her old hauteur.

Tanner nodded.

"Yes; I'll tell you one at this very moment. I'd like to know why it was necessary for you to get your gamekeeper out of the way this morning, why you gave him a considerable sum of money—I must confess I don't know how much—which you drew two days ago from the bank in Mark's Thornton in order to induce him to go. I have traced the notes, of course."

Her dark eyes did not leave his.

"This is the first time I have heard that he had left the estate," she said. "I certainly gave him money, for a purpose which was entirely his own affair. I know nothing more."

"Then I may be able to give you a little further information tonight," said Tanner.

He looked at his watch, and was surprised at the length of time he had been at Mark's Priory. It was already growing dark, and there was a lot of work to be done in the village.

"This morning my interest in this case was academic, Lady Lebanon, except that I was interested in Dr. Amersham. Now I am very interested in you and in this house."

He walked to the desk and held out his hand.

"And in the room which you say is never opened. Have you the key?"

SHE did not appear to hear him, and then, with sudden geniality:

"Oh, well, Lady Lebanon, I'm probably worrying you unnecessarily, but I should have liked to see the room. I am an inquisitive man and I have an idea—I may be wrong—that Dr. Amersham's hold over you had something to do with that room. Now, am I not right?"

"No," she said. "It had something to do . . . with my past."

He shook his head smilingly.

"It took an effort for you to say that, and it isn't true. You are one of those people one reads about—blood proud." He frowned. "By the way, you must be a Lebanon yourself?"

The effect upon her was wonderful. In that brief second of time her face grew radiant, almost beautiful.

"How amazing of you to realize that!" she said softly. "Yes, I am a Lebanon. I married my cousin. I go back in direct line to the fourth baron."

He shook his head. "Amazing!"

"The family comes from most ancient times, Mr. Tanner. Before there was a history of England there was a history of the Lebanons, and it will go on! It must go on. It would be wicked if the line were broken!"

She was a being exalted, rapt. He could only gaze at her in astonishment.

"Amazing!" he said again, and she smiled.

"You said that before, Mr. Tanner."

HE WENT to the corridor entrance and called Totty.

"I think I'll leave you for tonight. But I'm afraid I shall return to be a nuisance to you in the morning."

He was at the foot of the stairs and happened to look up. Out of sight of any but himself he saw Isla Crane standing. She had her finger to her lips and beckoned him urgently. Carelessly he walked up the stairs and she gripped him by the arm.

"You're not going, Mr. Tanner?" Her voice was quavering. "For God's sake don't go tonight! Stay!"

The hand that gripped his arm convulsively was shaking. He went slowly down the stairs.

"I will have a car to take you to the village—" Lady Lebanon began.

Bill was smiling at her.

"I wonder if you'll forgive me changing my mind. I've decided to stay at Mark's Priory tonight—it's a whim of mine. I hope you don't mind, Lady Lebanon?"

For a second he saw the fury blaze in her eyes, and then, turning abruptly, she walked out of the room.

"What's the idea, Mr. Tanner?" asked Totty.

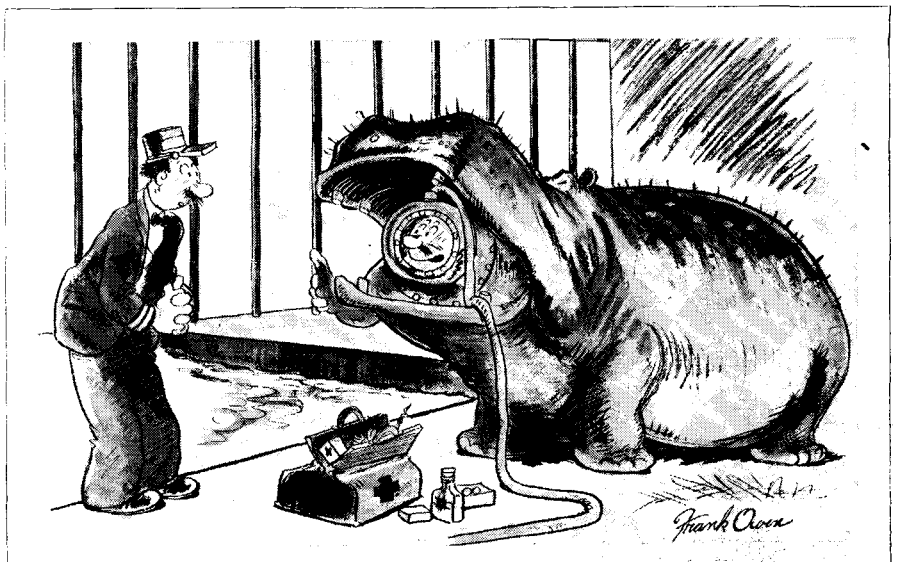
"I'd like to be able to give you an answer, Totty, but I'll be able to tell you better in the morning," said Chief Inspector Tanner.

Totty drew a long breath.

"If it's your idea of spending a happy evening to stay on in this bogey house, very well and good! But it's not mine, Tanner!"

"Mister Tanner," corrected the chief inspector. "It sounds better—even in a haunted house!"

(To be continued next week)



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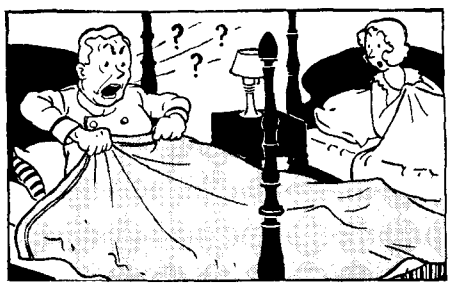
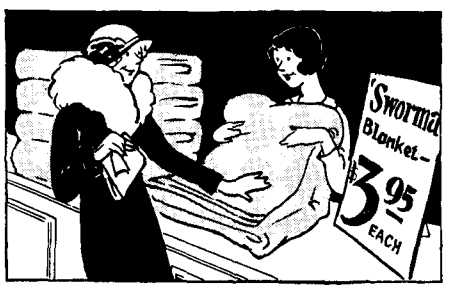


● "Brr-Brr!... it's cold!... can't you get a blanket that'll cover my shoulders without pulling out at my feet?"

● "Can't sleep; what a night! Is this a blanket or a bib? I'm freezing."



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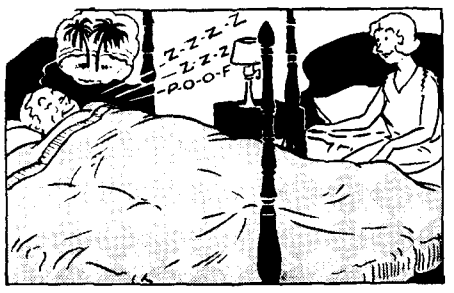

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Wife for Sale

Continued from page 21

missing him a bit, not wanting him—I don't wonder he—got contrary."

"Come down to my mother now, anyway," David urged. "Until things get straightened out. She'd love to have you. Just—get out of it all!"

"Oh, David, don't you see I can't! Don't you see everything is in enough of a mess *now*, without my doing anything *more?*" the girl demanded tragically. "I don't feel the way I did sixteen months ago; maybe he doesn't either. His heart's broken over Sassoon—"

"Who the devil is Sassoon—oh, you mean the old guy he went off with? He didn't seem to me heartbroken, the way he was sort of laughing and grinning all the time," David muttered suspiciously.

THEY stood still for a moment, unhappy and silent. They had strayed through the side garden gate, and were standing near David's roadster; David would not stay for lunch; he was going away, and he told her gruffly, awkwardly, that it was forever.

"I've been so damn' happy!" he muttered, not looking at her.

"I know."

"Driving up here to see you, telling Mother and Dad yesterday. They were so swell about it!"

"I know."

He looked at her pathetically; their troubled eyes met.

"Gee, what a break!" he said.

"We couldn't see this coming."

"Nobody could have seen this coming!"

"I thought of it—last year. But lately I never thought of it at all," Norah said.

"Will you go on here now, Norah?"

"I don't know."

He turned back from his car.

"If ever you need me—if ever—you know, something might happen," David said, with youthful ineloquence, "if it does, will you let me know, Norah?" He looked down at his steering wheel, moved the throttle to and fro with his thumb; his face was moody. "I'll never like anyone else; that's over for me. But if ever I could do something for you—"

"You're awfully kind," Norah said thickly. She felt tears sting her eyes. "I was so happy this morning," she added, "I thought everything was going to be so wonderful! And now—"

Again they were silent for a space. Then David said:

"Well, I'll go along. Good-by, Norah."

He put his big arms about her tightly, crushed her, small and fragrant and tumbled, to his heart. Norah laid a hand on his shoulder, accepted his hard quick kisses on her mouth; she made no response.

And presently David freed her, and got into his car, and went away. Tears were in his eyes, but in Norah's eyes, thoughtfully watching his car disappear down the road, there were no tears.

She walked back to the group on the lawn. Keith had disappeared. Eve was sitting silent, her face a mask of puzzled, proud annoyance. Mrs. Oliver was nervously conducting a conversation with the explorer.

"Howard go?" Barry asked Norah, with his alert look and his inevitable little tag of laughter.

"He had to go."

"Old friend, eh?"

In answer Norah stretched a brown slim hand toward him, displaying the engagement ring on her wedding finger.

"Well, I timed my arrival nicely, didn't I?" Barry said. Eve caught a quick, eager breath, looked at him expectantly, her lips parted. Mrs. Oliver faltered, "You see, nobody *dreamed*—" and fell silent. Norah spoke.

"I forgot to give that back to David!" she said, in a mild tone, as if speaking to herself. And quite naturally she continued to Barry, "It must seem—unreal, being back here, after all you've been through!"

Whenever she addressed him it was to be seen that his face changed; it was as if, against his will, his shell of shrewd and laughing irony was for a second pierced.

"It was an experience," he admitted, briefly.

"You must be tired," Norah suggested.

For answer he rumpled his hair impatiently, laughed.

"It isn't that. No, I'm not tired. I'm just in from a long ocean trip; I came from Australia. There was nothing particularly *tiring* about it."

"These—whalers brought you from South Georgia to Australia?"

"We were several months at their base, farther south. Then we came up and I worked there for a month or two."

"And no one identified you?"

"There was no reason why they should. I'd lost my clothes, my papers, even my glasses. And from Australia I came second class."

"How long were you on the berg, all of you?"

Instead of answering, Barry laughed his gnomelike laugh.

"You don't have to make talk with me, Norah!"

Norah reddened; answered sharply: "No, and you don't have to be rude!"

"Norah!" her mother ejaculated, scandalized. But Barry's laugh this time had a more genuine note.

"I'm all shaken up," he said apologetically. "I'm sorry!"

"You're home now," Norah reminded him; "you can rest. You can get your bearings."

"No, I'm not home," he answered sadly, darkly. Eve's look of suspicion and scorn changed to one of puzzlement, and she glanced at her mother, who was obviously distressed. But Norah was serene.

"Foxaway is home," she said calmly.

"I can't stay here!" Barry exclaimed restlessly, glancing about.

KEITH came down and joined them. "What's the plot?" he asked, sitting down. His tone was cheerful, casual, yet it was resolute, too. Eve and her mother exchanged fearful glances; Barry looked up moodily at Keith.

"How do you mean what's the plot?" he asked.

"Well, do we clear out?" Keith said. "What do you want us to do? I'm sailing for Guatemala, anyway, in about ten days. My mother may come with me—"

There was a pause; a somewhat awkward silence. Then Barry said: "What's the plan, Norah?"

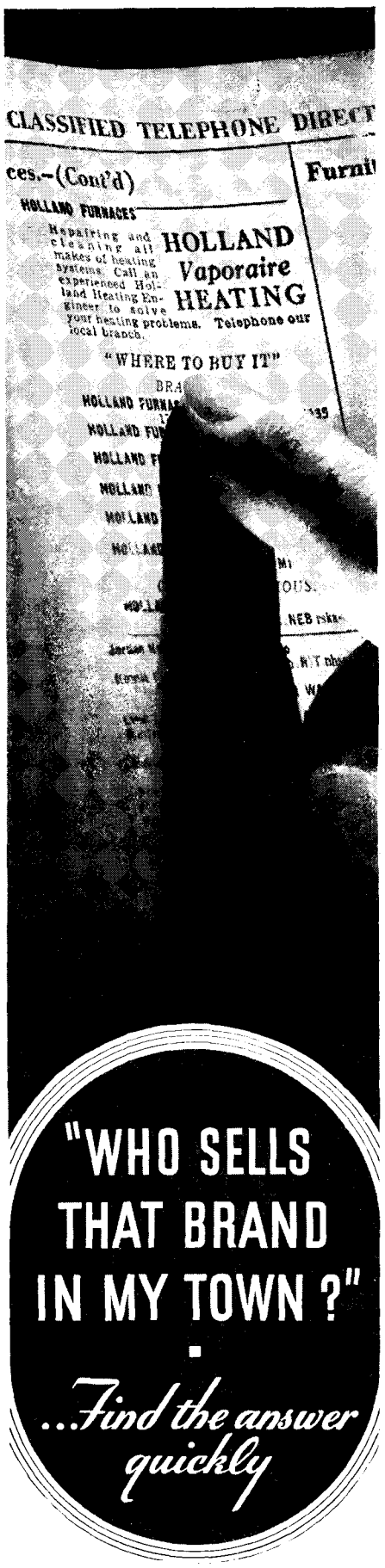
"Why, lunch, of course!" Norah answered composedly. "We're all starving!"

"Lunch, of course!" Barry told the others, with a triumphant chuckle.

"We'll bring it out here; we often do," Norah pursued. "Keith, bring the table over. Barbara, you come in with me, and we'll get things. I think I've been smelling biscuits!"

Normality seemed to return to them all. Mrs. Oliver remarked somewhat

(Continued on page 44*)*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NEIGHBOR

once meant "a near-by farmer"

In Anglo-Saxon **neah** meant "nigh," "near," and **gebur** meant "dweller," "farmer." These two words were combined into **neahgebur** meaning, literally, "a near-by farmer." The word appears in medieval English in the form **neighebour** and in modern English as **neighbor.** Its meaning, changing with the evolution of civilization, no longer applies particularly to neighboring farmers, but refers to persons living near each other in apartment house suites or suburban cottages as well as to those on near-by farms. Even nations in the modern world are called "neighbors"—an interesting development of a word that means literally "near-by farmers."

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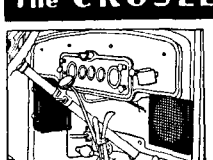

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(Continued from page 43)

quaveringly that they often had their meals out here, nowadays, and always had summer breakfasts and suppers under the big tree. Barry sat down again and watched the expert preparations for the meal with his twinkling, narrowed glance. Even Eve unbent, reaching for the pitcher Norah brought down.

"Where are you going with it?" Barry demanded.

"Spring house," Eve answered, languidly. "That's my job." And she sent him a lazy smile. Keith meanwhile had drawn a chair close to Barry's and was deep in polar history.

PRESENTLY they were all discussing *the cold corned beef, the hot biscuits,* the homemade jam. Barry was evidently ravenous, and he mellowed under the influence of the good, simple food.

"This wasn't the jam that sugared, was it, Norah?"

"Oh, I wrote you about that, didn't I?"

"To Hobart. And they sent my stuff up, did they?" Barry mused.

"It came yesterday, Judge Bailey said." Norah's eyes brightened. "Oh, *he'll* be glad you're safely back!" she exclaimed.

Barry made no comment on this, merely shrugged. But she saw his thin face flush a little in spite of himself.

"And Hazel didn't care for the will?"

"She wanted Foxaway. She wanted to live here."

"Fiddlesticks!" Barry ejaculated forcefully. "She never had the slightest feeling for the place until I was telling her in October that I intended to live here."

"Maybe it was Lucille Swann who influenced her," Norah suggested mildly, and at the name they all broke into laughter; rather nervous and shaken laughter, to be sure, but genuine enough for all that.

"Lucille Swann!" Barry ejaculated. "Engaged to me, eh?"

"She's been getting a lot of—oh, publicity," Eve supplied. "The newspapers and everything!"

"And how did you like that?" Barry asked Norah.

Norah was scarlet, but she managed a laugh.

"I thought she was probably—that sort of girl."

"I see." As usual, he watched Norah closely for some seconds after she spoke, and when he himself spoke again his voice was lower. "It's a risky thing, this return from the dead!" he said.

After luncheon he sat back in his basket chair, with his eyes closed. They thought him asleep, and were careful to make no noise that would disturb the thin, insignificant figure with the *sunken eyes, and nervous, long-fingered* hands. Mrs. Oliver went quietly upstairs for her usual afternoon rest; the girls gathered in the kitchen for dishwashing.

"Norah, what's going to happen now?" Eve asked.

"What should happen now?"

"Will he just—stay on here with us?"

"I suppose so. It's his house."

"It's your house—oh, no; it's his house," Eve conceded, reluctantly. "Then we'll all have to get out," she said.

"I don't know. It's all so unexpected."

"Norah, why did you tell him you were engaged to David?" Eve said suddenly.

"I had to tell him, silly."

"You've broken David's heart."

"He'll get over it."

"Norah, you'll have to get out of this—this marriage! It's too awful. David's told his father and mother—and everything—"

Pauline and Eve watched Norah curiously; Norah went on washing dishes without comment.

"You can't go on with it!"

"I was of age and in my right mind," Norah said.

"But, my dear. Why, he's dreadful! Everything he says he grins like a hobgoblin, and he's evidently a nervous *wreck.* And when I think how happy we were, just this morning—" Eve lamented.

"He was always like that."

"But what do you intend to do—*stay* here?" Eve all but shrieked.

"I don't know. He'll have some plan. There's no use going into hysterics about it, Eve. He's come back, and this is his home and I'm his—I'm married to *him, and that's all there is about it.*"

"Oh, believe me, there's lot more to it!" Eve said bitterly. "If you throw a fellow—a *prince* like David Howard down—"

"Don't talk like a child, Eve!" Norah said impatiently. "This isn't a *flirtation!*" She untied her apron, went out to the chairs under the trees again. Keith was sitting there talking to Barry; Norah took a chair, and smiled at them, and wiped her hot forehead.

"Like summer!" she said.

"Norah, take me upstairs!" Barry said suddenly, jumping up. "I've got to wash my face and hands, clean up a little."

Keith came toward the house with them, lifted Barry's shabby old leather valise from the doorway, and would have carried it upstairs. But the other man deterred him.

"Thanks awfully, Keith, I'll take that. Norah and I have lots to say to each other. You go ahead, Norah, I don't know the way. Which is our room?"

If the possessive pronoun shocked her she gave no sign. From the wide upper hall she went through the open door into a pleasant, airy farmhouse chamber; pear-tree blossoms made a white tapestry at the window.

"This is my room," Norah said, without expression. "Have you a brush and comb? Wait; you'd like some hot water!"

She went into the hall, called down: "Pauline, will you bring up some hot water?"

"This was my mother's room when I was a kid," Barry said. How far was he really at ease, really smiling, as he briskly went about his washing and shaving? Norah confusedly wondered. How much of the earthquake within her mind and soul was she betraying?

SHE sat in a flounced old winged chair at one of the big eastern windows. "I am as smart as you are—you can't bluff me!" she thought in her trembling heart. Aloud she said:

"Do you mind my sitting here?"

"I like it," Barry answered. "We're married, you know?" Then: "Going to like being married to me, Norah?"

"I hope so," Norah answered sedately.

"It's one thing to make a bargain, and another to fulfill it, isn't it?" he asked.

"Rather!" Norah agreed cheerfully, politely.

They walked to the door.

Barry was clean-shaven now; his hair sleekly combed. He looked younger, if still tired and thin.

She said immediately that she wanted to show him some changes she had made here and there in the house and garden. But not now, not until later.

"It is so heavenly, at about five," she told him. "That's the time to see everything."

"Norah, what's making you nervous?"

"Nothing," she said, with a surprised glance that was perfection in its pleasant gravity.

She heard him chuckle as he followed her down to the lawn; her mother and brother and sister were gathered there in the warm afternoon peace. Norah and Barry found chairs; Barry, who looked pale and tired, stretched himself out wearily; she leaned from her own chair to put a pillow under his head, and he opened the eyes he had closed in his rather cadaverous face, and nodded his thanks.

"We've been talking, Mr. Dunsmuir," Keith began. "And my mother and Eve and I rather think we ought to get out."

A pause; Barry opened his eyes, spoke in a faintly irritated tone:

"Why get out? You people are very comfortable here. Why not let me get out?"

"That's nonsense!" Keith said, with an uncomfortable laugh.

"You all like Foxaway," Barry resumed, in an annoyed, tired voice, "and Norah here thought it was hers, no longer ago than this morning. I've no use for it. I'm planning another trip, anyway. I may be in England for a year, on research work."

Mrs. Oliver, with a resoluteness most unusual in her, suddenly took charge of the conversation.

"No, I think we'll go down to the city, or to my daughter's in Scarsdale, Mr. Dunsmuir," she decided pleasantly, soothingly, "and give you a little time to get your bearings. You've had a terrible experience, and a long trip, and I think that will be the best arrangement, for a while anyway."

BARRY had opened his eyes; they were fixed politely on her.

"As you like," he responded politely.

"We'll be back—" Norah began, uncomfortably. Barry's look moved to her.

"Oh, are you going, Norah?" he asked, in a level, interested tone. The girl's color came up in a rush under her brown, firm skin and her involuntary laugh had a startled note. She glanced at her mother.

"Well, I—I don't know!" she stammered. Mrs. Oliver was equal to the moment.

"I think Norah had better come with us—" she began confidentially, and stopped. Her own color rose, as Norah's had. "Of course," she recommenced, in a fluttered voice, "Norah's—I'd ten that, or rather I can't realize it—"

"That's"

"You mean Norah's being m Barry asked.

"She only told us a few week Keith put in.

"And Norah would prefer to go down with you, and then perhaps come back?" Barry pursued idly.

"Well, all this is exciting—it's unexpected—" Mrs. Oliver pleaded stanchly. A little nervous spot of color burned in each cheek. "If she had had a little time to prepare for it," she went on, "it would be different. But Norah's always been like a—like a child about some things, Mr. Dunsmuir. She has had time now to consider that—that marriage of hers—"

"I was twenty-four, darling!" Norah herself said in an absent-minded undertone.

"I know, dear. But you were a *child!*" the mother reiterated eagerly. "You were married without time to reflect and without consulting me. If you *had* consulted me, the marriage never would have taken place!"

"Mr. Dunsmuir would hardly hold Norah to anything she didn't want to do!" Eve now said lightly, significantly.

"Mr. Dunsmuir wouldn't think of disappointing your expectations of him," Barry assured her instantly, with his narrowed smile. "Norah is as free as you are. She will of course go down

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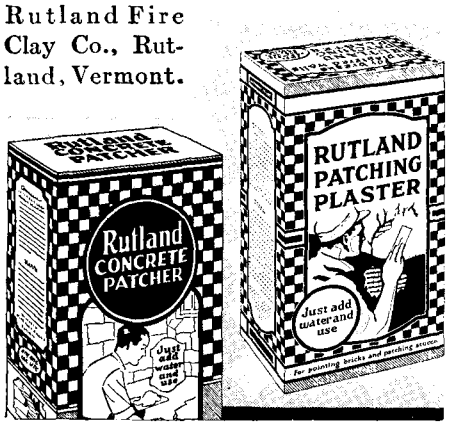

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with you all this afternoon if she wants to go."

"It seems to me the sensible thing," Mrs. Oliver agreed quickly. "When you are rested, when things are all straightened out, then we can see what's wisest to be done."

"What do you think, Norah?" Barry asked, with a hint of his old grin. From her silence, her flushed face and lowered eyes, he could read the tumult in her soul; in the look she suddenly gave him he saw pride and fear and puzzlement mingled.

"Norah knows that her mother never would have sanctioned a secret marriage with a man she hardly knew," her mother answered for her.

"You think I took advantage of Norah?" Barry asked.

"I think such a marriage is always a mistake, Mr. Dunsmuir."

"YOU mean you would like it canceled, the marriage?" Barry asked interestedly. His tone betrayed neither reluctance nor regret; it was almost as if he were enjoying himself.

"Unfortunately," Mrs. Oliver answered with dignity, "that is not possible. But some arrangement, between you and Norah, or you and her brother—"

"Norah entered into one understanding with me sixteen months ago," Barry said, temperately. "Now she doesn't want to keep that bargain, she wants to make another. Well, that's all right with me. What is the new bargain?"

He paused, with an eloquent shrug. Norah spoke in the pause: "What makes you think I don't want to keep it?"

After an electric moment Mrs. Oliver said sharply, "Norah!"

"Mother, it was a bargain."

"Yes, but—circumstances—Mr. Dunsmuir's absence—"

"Exactly!" Barry agreed, with twinkling eyes. "Can't you see that everything's changed?"

"No," Norah said simply, with a level glance at him, "I can't. You go down with Keith tomorrow, Mother, and take Eve. And if you go back to Guatemala, I'll come down and see you off. I'll stay here."

"Bravo!" Barry said, in the ironic voice she hated.

"I think Mr. Dunsmuir's suggestion is much the better, dear. We'll leave him here for a good rest, and then later on—possibly—"

"That wasn't my bargain," Norah said, in a cool, disinterested voice. "Barry's quite right—it's easy to promise a thing and—sometimes hard to perform it. But—" She looked at him. "If he wants me," she said, "I'll stay here."

"I don't say—just a moment, I didn't say I wanted you," Barry said, trying to laugh. Norah, looking gravely at him, was surprised to see that his forehead was wet with perspiration, and that he was trembling. "That isn't the point, is it? The point is that we agreed—"

"We agree now, for the matter of that," she interrupted him. "Don't discuss it any more. The others will go. I stay."

She got up, and stooped from behind her mother's chair to kiss Mrs. Oliver's forehead.

"I'm going up the spring trail, Mother, to see the mountains. I'll not be long. Don't discuss this any more. It's settled."

A slender figure, in dark blue ruffles, with a brimmed hat of brown straw deep over her gray eyes, she looked from one face to another: Keith's handsome, troubled face, Eve's stormy forehead and bitten lip. When she came to Barry she smiled.

"It was so nominated in the bond!" she said, and was gone. For a long time none of the four persons she left behind her moved or spoke.

(To be concluded next week)

Don't Tell My Wife

Continued from page 17

in his mind that mysterious phenomenon, the birth of an idea.

Instead of returning at once to his desk, he paid a visit to one of his customers, Rocco Spinelli, who once had had his picture printed in a pink sports weekly with the caption, "Mitt Rocky, gang. A tip-top tonsorialist and a red-hot sport." Usually one found, basking in his establishment, a number of chesty men, with fragmentary noses, no necks and pretzel ears. To him Mr. Pottle posed a question to which Mr. Spinelli made answer:

"Sure. I know just the lad for a job like that. Hey, you, Croc, come here."

One of the larger objects reared up from its chair and followed Mr. Spinelli and Mr. Pottle into a back room.

"This," said Mr. Spinelli, "is Crocodile Clancy."

Mr. Pottle surveyed a figure the size of a front door.

"My frien' here," explained Mr. Spinelli, "wants a little job done; know what I mean?"

Without opening his lips or changing his expression the Crocodile expelled the words: "Moider? Hunnert bucks."

"Oh, no, no, no," exclaimed Mr. Pottle, hastily. "I just want you to fight a man."

"Thoity bucks," said the Crocodile.

Mr. Pottle presented a careful oral blueprint of the situation.

"And remember, Mr. Crocodile," he finished, "you be there at six sharp, and you're me, Pottle. Understand?"

The Crocodile said nothing, looked nothing, but silently wadded his retainer into a hip pocket. . . .

Mr. Pottle hied him back to his labors, a blither, more insouciant spirit. He caught the customary 5:14 out to Granville.

REACHING his station, he did not at once repair to No. 144 Maple Lane, his domicile, for he perceived that it behooved him to prepare a credible factual report of his encounter with and vanquishing of the terrible Gaffney, for whom, by now, Mr. Pottle was beginning to feel a trifle sorry. So, for seclusion and stimulation Mr. Pottle strolled down Railroad Avenue to Tim's Toggery Shoppe. A stranger in that suburban Ohio municipality might have wondered how Tim eked out a living, for his window displayed a scanty and weather-beaten stock of out-moded hats, dismal shirts and unspeakable cravats. Mr. Pottle, not glancing at the moribund clerk or at the gruesome array of impossible haberdashery, strode straight through the store, opened a door at the rear and descended to the cellar, a large, whitewashed apartment where there were tables, chairs and a corpulent man in an apron and wearing a diamond horseshoe pin.

"Well, well, well, Mr. Pottle," said Tim heartily, "you're quite a stranger."

"Been riding on the sprinkler," said Mr. Pottle. "Wife's orders."

"Women don't understand," said Tim. "What'll you have?"

(Continued on page 46)

13th ANNIVERSARY RECALLS DAY WHEN "OLD SMOKEY" FAILED

Marked turning point in smoking career

THIRTEEN years ago I. G. McKay, now of Lakeland, Florida, reached the turning point of his smoking career. He was stopping at the Palace Hotel in Aberdeen, Scotland. Following a delightful lunch in the grill, he returned to the lounge to enjoy his coffee and his pipe. Then it was "old smokey" failed him; his "special mixture" was hot and unsatisfying. But a fortunate failure it proved to be—for on that day he discovered Edgeworth. Here is Mr. McKay's own story:

Lakeland, Florida
January, 1932

Larus & Brother Co.,
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Gentlemen:

February 3d next marks the thirteenth anniversary of my introduction to Edgeworth Plug Slice.

I struck up an acquaintance with a man named Andy in the grill room of the Palace Hotel, Aberdeen, Scotland. After an enjoyable luncheon together we repaired to a cosy corner of the lounge, there to regale ourselves over our coffee and smokes. I brought out old smokey, and filled up with my then favorite blend. Somehow or other, old smokey was like many a bank account today—not drawing very well. I mentioned to my pal that even my special mixture was getting pretty hot on the tongue. Thereupon Andy asked me if I had tried Edgeworth and I replied that I had never had that privilege.

"Then," said he, "let's walk down to Peter Mitchell's, where you will find a tobacco that will never bite the tongue." Andy told me that he had first made Edgeworth's acquaintance in New York, while on his way home to Scotland from Hawaii.

Since that time till now, and I reckon until they make better, Edgeworth has been and will be my preference. In the plug slice form it lasts longer, I believe, than in the ready-rubbed form. It keeps that necessary atmosphere of moisture better than any other tobacco I have tried. And as it doesn't burn away quickly into a powdery form like many others, it satisfies all the more. To me thorough satisfaction from a good smoke is the real test of a tobacco.

I have written this because when one comes across something one really appreciates in this life, it is nice to be able to pass on the good word.

Yours very cordially,
I. G. McKay

Are you entirely satisfied with your present tobacco? Is it always cool on the tongue? Is it as flavorful as you'd like it to be? If not take a page from the experience of Mr. McKay. Put Edgeworth in your pipe and smoke it!

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UNION PACIFIC

(Continued from page 45)

"A big jolt of that weed-killer you call rye," said Mr. Pottle.

Tim waddled to what had been the coal-bin and emerged with a potation. Though it smelled like a blacksmith's bib and tasted like molten brass, its quaffing brought balm to Mr. Pottle's frayed nerves and made him feel every inch the high-grade, A-No.-1, able and alert modern executive. To sustain this feeling he ordered a second of the same, and began to embroider a suitable saga for his spouse's ears. The second libation made him feel not only masterly but downright poetic.

At this point a new customer entered, a somewhat puffy and rumpled man whose forty-year-old face looked as if it had recently been used for a polo field. Under one eye he had a purplish swelling known technically as a "mouse"; his collar was adrift from its moorings; his hair was askew.

"A mug of mucilage," he shouted, "and hurry it up."

Gulp, blink, gulp and four fingers of Tim's bottled fire burned down his throat.

"Aaaaaaaaaah woooosh," the man remarked. "That's the stuff for snakebite. Fill 'er up again, Tim."

He subsided into a chair near where the fascinated and somewhat alarmed Pottle sat. He fixed Mr. Pottle with his undimmed eye.

"My wife," said the stranger addressing Mr. Pottle, "is responsible for this."

He indicated his injured optic.

It came to Mr. Pottle then that he was remotely connected with the Pottles of Virginia, and he donned the mantle of a Southern gentleman of the Old School.

"I hope you-all will accept my sincerest sympathy, suh," he said. "Motor accident, I presume."

"Fight," said the man.

"Ah, I see," said Colonel Pottle. "Perchance, Major, you will join me in a slight snort."

"It will be a privilege, I'm sure," murmured the man.

Mr. Pottle, with a stately gesture, touched glasses with his companion.

"To the Lost Cause and our better acquaintance," he said. "May I know whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"The name," said the man, "is Gaffney."

Mr. Pottle sucked in his breath so violently that some of the fiery fluid darted up his nostrils.

"What's your first name?" he quavered.

"Michael Joseph," said Gaffney. "And will you be so kind as to tell me your name?"

"O'Brien," said Mr. Pottle. "Malachi Patrick O'Brien."

"Do you live here in Granville, Mr. O'Brien?" asked Gaffney.

"Faith, I do not," replied Mr. Pottle, desperately essaying a brogue; "I do be just passing through on my way to my sheep ranch in Wyoming, begorrah."

MR. GAFFNEY did not appear to notice Mr. Pottle's sudden transition. He said, "Then you wouldn't know a party in this town named Pottle?"

"Divil a bit," said Mr. Pottle. "Why, bejabbers?"

Mr. Gaffney eyed him curiously.

"It was him I had the fight with," he said. "And a tough egg he is, too. But I finally gave him the father and mother of a beating."

"'Tis the broth of a boy you are, surely," said the spurious O'Brien, looking yearningly toward the door. "Why did you fight him?"

"For no sensible reason at all," said Gaffney. "He claimed I insulted his wife. I was ready to apologize, being a man of peace myself; but this battling bride of mine wouldn't let me. She shamed me into meeting him, and him an athlete, and now look at me."

"Bad cess to women," said Mr. Pottle. "Sure, if you'd had a bit of talk with him over a quiet drink, you'd have settled the matter in a friendly way in no time at all, at all. Well, I must be catching my train to Idaho—"

"Didn't you say Wyoming?"

"I've so many sheep I have to keep some of them in Idaho," said Mr. Pottle, rising unsteadily. "Well, top of the evening to you, Mr. Gaffney."

He called out:

"Hey, Tim, bring me my bill."

Tim protruded from his cubbyhole.

"Right away, Mr. Pottle," he said.

"Pottle?" cried Mr. Gaffney.

He was between Mr. Pottle and the only exit. So Mr. Pottle sat down, limply, and waited forlornly, his abject eyes contemplating his kneecap. Throaty chuckles were coming from Mr. Gaffney. Mr. Pottle ventured to look up.

"So you're Pottle," said Mr. Gaffney, who was shaking with laughter. "Well, I'll be ginswizzled."

"Yes," said Mr. Pottle, miserably. "I didn't want to fight you. Or anybody. My wife egged me into it, and I lost my nerve. So I hired a pug to sub for me. I hope he didn't hurt you much, Mr. Gaffney."

MR. GAFFNEY was in the grip of some uncontrollable emotion, which made speech difficult.

"You—hired—a—pug?" he got out.

"Yes, I did," confessed Mr. Pottle.

"Say—what—gave—you—the—idea?"

"A fellow I heard speak at a club lunch today," said Mr. Pottle. "He said it was foolish to do the dirty work if you can hire somebody to do it for you, so I—"

"By jinks, I thought I'd seen your face before," exclaimed Mr. Gaffney. "I was at that luncheon, too. Just joined the club. I called you 'Ambrose,' don't you remember?"

"I was in a fog," Mr. Pottle said, "but I remember calling somebody 'Mike.' It must have been you."

"It was," said Mr. Gaffney.

"Well," said Mr. Pottle, "I suppose we'd better go outside so you can knock me down a few times."

"Aw, sit down," said Mr. Gaffney, not budging. "You're not the only guy that got ideas from that spiel at the club."

Mr. Pottle sank down again.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I hired a husky thug to do my fighting for me, too," said Mr. Gaffney.

"Huh? *You, too?*"

"Sure," said Mr. Gaffney. "And at this very moment our two saps are whamming the tripe out of each other."

"But you were in a fight," said Mr. Pottle. "Or where did you get that shiner?"

"Fight? Not me," said Mr. Gaffney. "That was just blarney. I was practicing what I'd tell the wife. The shiner comes under the head of art. I gave it to myself with a monkey-wrench. She'd never believe I was in a battle unless I had the marks to prove it."

"I NEED another drink," said Mr. Pottle. "Have one?"

"You bet."

They took slow, meditative drafts.

"Say, Mike," said Mr. Pottle.

"What, Ambrose, old socks?"

"Would you mind giving me a black eye?"

Mr. Pottle held out his face toward Mr. Gaffney. Mr. Gaffney regarded him with the mellow eyes of friendship.

"Aw, I haven't the heart to," he said.

"Please, as a personal favor to me," insisted Mr. Pottle.

"Oh, all right. Anything to oblige a pal," said Mr. Gaffney, and biffed Mr. Pottle smartly under the left eye.

"Thanks a lot, Mike."

"Don't mention it, Ambrose."

"How does it look?"

"It promises to be a beauty."

"Much obliged."

They drank a while.

"Say, Ambrose," said Mr. Gaffney, "how much did you pay your pug?"

"Thirty berries."

"So did I," said Mr. Gaffney.

They drank again.

"Say, Ambrose, who was the bozo you hired?"

"Crocodile Clancy."

"So did I," said Mr. Gaffney.

"That," said Mr. Pottle, "distinctly calls for another drink."

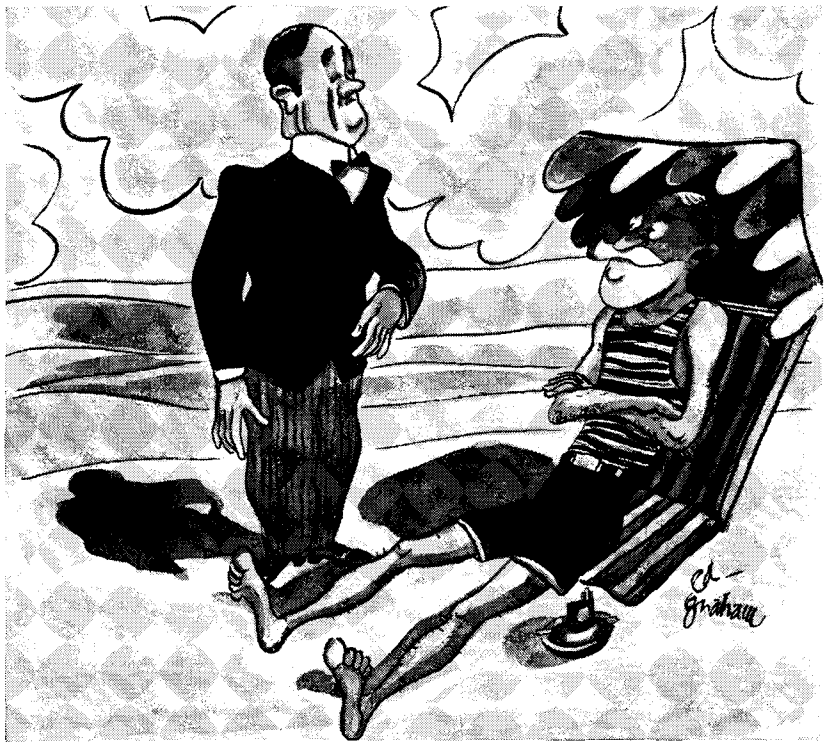
"The poor goof is probably punching himself all over the lot," remarked Mr. Gaffney.

"Well, that's life for you," said Mr. Pottle, philosophically.

The new drinks came.

"Here's to crime, Ambrose."

"Here's to art, Mike."



"Beg pardon, sir! You'd better dress. The season's over!"

Ed Graham

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WARNING to PROPERTY OWNERS

TODAY a letter came to my desk that deeply impressed me. It was written by a woman—the mother in a typical American family. Her little home had been saved from foreclosure by a coat of new paint, for which a part of their meager savings had been paid.

Those few gallons of fresh paint had so revived the appearance and enhanced the value of the property that the mortgagee had consented to renew the loan . . . and the little home was saved.

I could not help thinking of the *thousands* of homes and buildings that are shabby and unattractive today due to several years of neglected painting; of the millions of home owners who, because of reduced incomes and enforced economy, have been obliged to sacrifice painting for taxes, interest, assessments, to say nothing of food, clothing, heat and other essentials of comfort and health.

You have seen these paint-starved houses and buildings, as have I. They are everywhere about you. Perhaps your home is included.

Do you understand what they signify? Do you realize what will happen to wood or metal that is literally naked of paint if these houses and buildings face the attack of another season of rain, snow, ice, and frost?

Never in the history of our country has the situation been paralleled. Property owners face an added burden of expense amounting to millions of dollars *for repairs and replacements* next spring.

And the crisis, in my opinion, will be reached *this coming winter* when paint of four, five, and even six years exposure to the weather will be unable to resist the elements—when badly weathered wood and metal will be easy prey for rot, rust and decay.

Today the big question facing thousands of property owners is plain. It is *"paint or pay."* Either you must invest *a little* this fall in new paint or you must take the risk of paying many times the cost of paint to repair the damage done by rot, rust and decay this winter.

Even at the sacrifice of other things, have your house or buildings completely repainted now. No investment you can make will pay better dividends. And nothing you can buy will make you and your family *feel* so uplifted and cheerful.

If you cannot arrange to do a complete repainting job now, at least *give the badly weathered places a coat or two of protecting paint.*

Look especially, to the window sills, thresholds, outdoor porches and steps; the joints of porch railings and palings; the bases of pillars; the edges of eaves; the roof; the gutters and down spouts. These are the *vital spots* where water lodges—where ice and frost settle—where rot and rust attack first.

A few dollars' worth of good paint, applied now, will protect these vital spots—will tide you over this crucial winter. And it will probably save you a much greater expense for repairs and replacements next spring and summer.

Under existing conditions, you may be tempted to buy a cheap trashy paint because of its low price. I hope you will not make this costly mistake.

Even on sound lumber, inferior paint is a poor bargain. But on weathered wood, which is very porous, such paint is worse than useless. It gives you a false feeling of security and leaves you without protection.

Prices of well-known, established brands of paint are now the lowest in fifteen years. Enough good, dependable paint can be purchased for a few dollars to protect all the badly weathered surfaces on your building.

Again I repeat, do a complete job this fall if you can. But at least do the vital *exposed places* before it is *"too late."*

H. A. Martin

President
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

This message to the property owners of America is sponsored by the following paint manufacturers and their dealers

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Oct. 1, 1932

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A letter from KATHLEEN NORRIS

Editor of The American.

Dear Mr. Blossom,

As a story-teller I come of age this year, and I am treating myself to a sentimental moment in which to tell you that by a pleasant coincidence this year also marks my reappearance — not first appearance, but reappearance, in the pages of the blond old American.

When my husband and I were married, he had a modest editorial position on the magazine. Those were wonderful days — wonderful beginnings for all of us; Edna Ferber sent her first short story to the American, and there are on its lists scores of other new names that all the world knows now.

For me the thrilling moment of all was when the man of the family returned to his excited wife and Baby one evening with the news that Mr. Phillips had liked "Mother", and that I was to see my story in print in the American, and illustrated, too!

Believe me it was another happy moment when this same devoted agent, manager, adviser, fellow-author informed me a few weeks ago that once more the Editor of the American had liked a story of mine. Cloth: "Walls of Gold" I feel that I am coming home, coming home to old friends and to a family that loves me.

I hope you're half as happy about it!

Kathleen Norris.

"I WANT shows," Jimmy whispered, "and soft white coats, and head-waiters, and big cars steering down Broadway in the rain."

But her heart ached for the little nome Barnes offered her, the battle to make two ends meet, warm comradeship, love, babies . . . Which will she choose?

And what of Jimmy's own sister, Honey, also in love with Barnes; and Barnes' uncle, a wealthy old rounder who offers Jimmy *almost* everything?

"Walls of Gold" is the most glamorous novel Kathleen Norris has ever written, the unforgettable romance of a play girl with a great hunger in her heart.

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The American Magazine

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Old Average Lightning

Continued from page 23

Newman and Lightning. Instead of vague rumors bandied from hoe to hoe and repeated with variations at the house at night, the women had time to walk about the fields and see with their own eyes what was going on.

Widow Duck saw, with her own eyes, six women chopping in Newman's field, one day. They were not strange women from some mysterious far-off place, nor were they women from near-by plantations. They were, actually, the wives of the six men that Lightning had sent to the public works during the two years before Newman came to Little Bee Bend.

"Hit's a pyore sin and a shame," Widow Duck declared, "but God will change conditions. 'Blessed is de man which minds his own, but he which toils by day and rambles by night, let him abide therein.' So say de Sperrit."

B'R CHARLIE concurred. "Newman," he observed, "appears to be de handiwork of Satan in sheepskins. No wonder hit ain't rained since 'way last spring. No wonder de fish in de bayou is so easy to ketch to ev'ybody breakin' down wid de nettle rash f'm eatin' 'em. Satan has crope into we's midst and castin' his seeds among de feathers."

"I hyared tell," Widow Duck said cautiously, "dat Newman got a hawn and a tail, but I ain't put much stock in hit."

"Newman," corrected B'r Charlie, "ain't got no hawn and he ain't got no tail. Newman ain't Satan. He just de instrument er Satan."

"Den," queried Widow Duck, "whar at do Satan come cropin' in?"

B'r Charlie looked warily about him before replying. "Dat mule!" he whispered. "Lightnin' is pyore Satan in de flesh!"

Deep down in her soul, Widow Duck, like every other person on the place, had a warm affection for Lightning. He was the one thing that made Little Bee Bend famous all over the river bottoms. She hated to believe that he was anything more than simply the best mule in the country.

"Lightnin'," she said, "is jest old av'age mule."

"Old av'age devil," declared B'r Charlie. "Ev'y since he comed hyar, hit's been bad luck. Didn't Sis' Bathay die? Ain't six good men runned off and left dey womenfo'ks?"

"Bathay was kind er old," argued Widow Duck, "and Newman is takin' keer er de womens—"

"Lightnin'," B'r Charlie said sternly, "ain't a natchal mule. I lived wid mules ev' since before I was tall enough to put a bridle on one, and hit ain't never yit been bawned a natchal mule like Lightnin'. Quick as I seed dat mule I got a buck ague in my soul. But he couldn't git in much devilment by hisse'f, cause he was jest Satan in de flesh, which ain't natchal for Satan. Satan got to have a instrument to work wid, and Newman is dat instrument. Paul say, 'Wharfore ye instruments of Satan, sow ye tharfore yo' seeds in Sodom, but behold, I will come a day and hour which no man knoweth and curse ye wid fire and water.'"

Widow Duck, herself a ready quoter of the Word, quailed before such dazzling Scripture. "Amen," she said meekly. "God will change conditions."

The situation grew tense. The people on Little Bee Bend were God-fearing and humble. Each Sunday their bodies and souls were devoted unreservedly to worship. But they made cotton six days a week and they made cotton with mules. A good mule commanded their respect, and Lightning was a good mule. More than that, they took pride in the fact that Lightning was the best anywhere. It was a distinction to live on the plantation that had the best mule in the country, and that distinction, no matter how remote or indirect, lifted them above the Negroes on the adjoining places.

Quickly two camps of opinion formed. B'r Charlie insisted that Lightning was a fleshly manifestation of Satan sent to Little Bee Bend to stir up trouble among the God-fearing workers; and that both Lightning and Newman—as Satan and his instrument—should be run off the place.

Giles, whose soul was exhilarated by the expert plowing of Newman and the tireless activity of Lightning, held a more tolerant view. "Anything which is so odacious good," he reasoned, "is got to have a little bad mixed up in hit. Ain't dat a fack?"

"De devil do git in his handiwork," B'r Charlie conceded.

"Well," concluded Giles, "any mule which kin plow good as Lightnin' is bound to bring a little bad luck along, like old Bathay dyin' and dem niggers runnin' off."

"Efn you axed me," put in Uncle Henry, "I'd say hit was good ruddance, too. Bathay was two-tongued and—"

"Nobody axed you," Giles interrupted pointedly, and then resumed his reasoning: "And any nigger which kin step behind old Lightnin' like Newman do, is bound to have a little devilment mixed up in his hide, somewhars. Efn hit wa'n't somethin' wrong wid him, he'd be like too much sugar and not enough fat meat in de rations. So Newman do devilment around de women all de time he's doin' good in de field."

B'r Charlie sharpened two plow points before he made up his mind about it. In the first place, nobody ever argued with the foreman and, in the second place, the foreman's reasoning was irrefutable. Still, B'r Charlie was not convinced. He pretended great concentration upon his plow points, appearing to forget all about the argument. Then, when the second point was hammered to an edge, he remarked blandly: "We gonter pray for rain again, Sunday. We been prayin' for rain ev'y Sunday since away last spring, but maybe de good Lawd figgered we got so many good mules and good niggers dat we don't need no rain." And he began to hammer violently on another plow point.

THE inference was clear. It hadn't rained since early spring and the fields needed rain. That was an indisputable fact. The people had prayed for rain each Sunday for a long time, but God had sent no showers.

Giles waited until B'r Charlie's noisy hammering ceased, and then he squinted his eyes at the blacksmith. "Nigger," he said, in tones that were as harsh as the sound of hammer on iron, "you pray for rain, and you git rain!" And he turned on his heel and left the shop.

B'r Charlie was beside himself with confusion. He knew he could pray for rain, but he lacked faith in his ability to get it. And he knew that prayer without faith would "neither move a mountain nor wash away a mustard seed."

He turned desperately to Uncle Henry. "I ain't got no faith so long as dat Newman and Lightnin's in de land," he protested. "I kin pray to my tongue

(Continued on page 40)

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(Continued from page 39)

drap out, but long as Newman is shadin' my soul, de Lawd ain't gonter pay me no mind."

Uncle Henry shrugged his disinterest in Charlie's plight. "You know, B'r Charlie," he mused, "I ain't never yit seed a daid one-legged nigger. I reckon de Lawd kin handle de business er gittin' yo' yuther leg spliced back on at de resurrection."

"Don't tawk like dat," begged B'r Charlie, "I got trouble enough widout you tawkin' like dat."

"I ain't said *nothin'*," Uncle Henry protested innocently. "I jest was wonderin' whar I left my omber-rella at. Hit's bound to come in handy, keepin' de rain offn my haid when I'm feedin' de stock, or shadin' me f'm de sun at de funeral."

CHARLIE did not wait to finish the plow point. He crutched down the road faster than he had walked in years. There was no idea in his mind but there was desperation in his soul.

"Widow Duck!" he shouted, as he passed the bayou bank where she was fishing. "Go home and shet up yo' chickens, 'cause hit's fixin' to rain!"

Widow Duck eyed the sky doubtfully. "De Lawd," she observed, "speaks wid de tongues er men, but I ain't never yit hyared tell er a one-laigged prophet prophetin' de weather straight. Hit ain't a cloud in de sky, B'r Charlie, and you prophetin' rain! I don't believe de Lawd got hit in Him to make rain widout no clouds."

"Me neither," said Charlie, "and I don't b'lieve de Lawd gonter roll up a cloud so long as Satan and his instrument is plowin' cotton on dis place, but I tell you, Widow Duck, hit's gonter rain!"

"How come?" Widow Duck wanted to know.

"I don't know how come," Charlie admitted, "only hits jest natchally *got* to rain."

He related in detail his conversation with Giles, and the widow agreed with him that nothing short of a good, heavy rain would do.

"I done prayed and prayed," B'r Charlie recalled, "to I'm tired er listenin' my ownse'f, let alone de Lawd."

"Me, too," declared Widow Duck. "I prayed myse'f knee-weary, and hit ain't brought a drap."

"And ev'ybody else prayed, too," added Charlie.

"Ev'ybody else," the widow confirmed. Then she suddenly remembered. "Ev'ybody else but Newman!"

Charlie's mouth fell open. "Newman!" he repeated.

"Newman had ought to pray," said Widow Duck. "His field need rain same as we's."

B'r Charlie's doubts rose immediately. Newman was an instrument of Satan and though his prayers might be worthless—

"Ain't no harm in tryin' him," urged Widow Duck. "Ain't nothin' else done no good, and hit ain't doin' no harm to ax him."

Charlie agreed and he and Widow Duck went to Newman's field. Six women were hoeing in various patches of the field and Newman and Lightning were in the center, raising a high dust as they stepped down the middles.

Charlie and Widow Duck came to the end of the row and waited for Newman. He drove up, turned and placed his mule and plow in the next row with one swift, expert maneuver.

"Whoa, Lightnin'!" he commanded in his high-pitched voice. "Hy-dy, Widow Duck? And you, B'r Charlie?"

"Tol'able," said Widow Duck. "And you?"

"Purty good," said Newman.

"Kind er hot today," observed Widow Duck. "And old Lightnin' ain't got up a sweat hardly."

Newman laughed. "Take mo'n a double shovel to sweat dat mule," he said proudly. "He a mule outn de world. Nothin' shawt er a pyore rain kin wet him."

Widow Duck looked casually over the field. "You needin' a little rain, too, ain't you, son?" she asked.

"Do I need rain!" exclaimed Newman. "Lawd, woman, I been draggin' de dust back and yonder in dis cotton so long dat I fergits what rain looks like! Sho' I needs rain."

Widow Duck had made Newman say exactly what she wanted to hear. "Us prayed for rain, Sunday, but I didn't see you amongst de grovvelers."

Newman laughed guiltily. "I ain't so much on de prayin'," he apologized. "I been too busy workin' hard all er my life to do much prayin'."

"But you done a little?" suggested Widow Duck.

"Yeah, I used to pray a little," Newman admitted. "But I sort er got out er de habit—"

"You ain't agin prayin', is you?"

"Naw," said Newman, "I ain't never seed no harm come f'm hit, and I do reckon a heap er good come f'm hit, efn you puts yo' mind on hit—"

"Won't you git down on yo' knees, right now, and pray for some rain, den?" Widow Duck begged.

Newman hesitated. "Hit won't do no good," he objected, "and I ain't got de words."

"Git on yo' knees, son, and I'll give you de words."

Newman obeyed, and Widow Duck outlined a simple supplication which Newman repeated, word for word.

From then on, every man and woman on Little Bee Bend had a different version of what followed.

Widow Duck declared later that while Newman bowed in prayer Lightning closed his eyes and lowered his head reverently. Charlie insisted that horns sprouted on Lightning's head and his bushy tail divided into two tails.

At any rate, before Widow Duck and Charlie got back to the barn, a black funnel-shaped cloud dropped from the clear sky and whirled across the fields, wrecking fences, trees and cotton. A prolonged, quivering stream of forked lightning licked down out of the heavens and seared the earth. Deafening claps of thunder tumbled and rumbled after each other. And the rain fell in sheets.

A drenching blast whipped across the parched land like a curtain. Blinding streaks of lightning and roaring thunder claps followed, and then another sheet of wind-driven water.

Men and mules quitted the fields and raced to the barn for shelter. For two solid hours lightning, thunder and wind accompanied the soaking rain. Then the elements settled to a steady downpour. It rained the rest of that day, all night and until noon of the next day.

AS SUDDENLY as it had started, the rain stopped, and the sun came out.

But there was water! The land was drenched, water stood in the middles in the field, and water filled the ditches leading to the bayou. The bayou itself was bank-full and moving angrily toward the river. It was, as Giles himself admitted, "a rain outn de world." There was enough moisture in the ground now to make two cotton crops, if needed. The seasonal weather worries were over.

And then: "Whar Newman and Lightnin' at?"

Uncle Henry asked the question. "Dey didn't come to de lot, yistiddy, when de rain started," he explained.

There were sixty-four adults and ninety-three children old enough to talk, on Little Bee Bend, and each of them, adult and child, had a positive explanation as to what had happened to Newman and Lightnin'. No two explanations agreed in details.

B'r Charlie was loud in declaring that he had witnessed with his own two eyes the miraculous end to the devil-in-the-flesh and his instrument on Little Bee Bend.

"I seed," he declared over and over again, "a hole open up in de yearth. And I looked down dat hole wid dese two eyes God give me. And what did I see? I seed Newman and Lightnin' and dat old double shovel, plowin' through de writhin' souls in de pits er torment!"

Widow Duck was equally positive that she had witnessed—not with her own two eyes but with the eyes of her soul—a no less spectacular ending for the spectacular team.

"I seed in my soul," she stated, "de good Lawd Hisse'f th'ow open de gates er Glory and call on Newman and Lightnin'. 'Son,' de Lawd told 'em, 'whosoever bows dey knee in a dusty field, let him abide in Glory. So sprout wings, little chillun, and come unto me. Lightnin', you climb up on dis streak er forked lightnin' jest like hit was a cotton middle and tread to Glory. Newman, son, hold de plow stiddy, and step along wid yo' mule.' Dat's jest what de Lawd told 'em, and old Newman and Lightnin' went wawkin' up to Glory like a child er God."

OF THE six women who were actually in the field with Lightning, five of them told different stories. The sixth woman disappeared as mysteriously and as completely as did Newman and Lightning.

Giles said nothing. He walked to the field to see for himself. The rain had flattened the furrows so that it was impossible to tell exactly where Newman and his mule were when the bolt struck, but Giles selected several probable locations, and then walked in the direction the wind had blown. Each time he came directly to the bank of the bayou, which on the second day after the rain was still filled with angry water swirling toward the river.

The foreman studied the surface of the water for an answer to the riddle. The bayou was muddy brown and foaming. Débris of all kinds—parts of houses that had been blown down, branches of trees snapped off by the wind—swam the surface. Downstream a little way the carcass of a cow that had been drowned was lodged against a willow. Buzzards hovered close by. Giles walked downstream.

As he approached the drowned cow, there was a lazy scuffle in the water.

"Alligators," he commented aloud. "Didn't figger dey'd make hit up so soon." He made a mental note to spread the word to keep the children away from the bayou until the water went down.

He stood and watched for a minute longer and then to himself he said: "Well, hit ain't no use standin' hyar huntin' for Newman and Lightnin' wid de alligators already in de bayou." And he returned to the barn completely satisfied in his own mind as to what had happened to the man and mule.

The argument still continues on Little Bee Bend plantation. B'r Charlie, Widow Duck and Giles each has a group of followers. Each disciple has his own variation and each is as positive as the other that his theory of the mysterious disappearance is absolutely correct. Even when the story was circulated a year or two later that a strange man, woman and mule were rent-farming up in the hills, no one tried to connect the rumor with Newman, Lightning and the cotton-chopper. No one doubts his own version of the affair enough to trouble.

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Against the Crowd

Continued from page 11

Murdock, maker of the Murdock Bearing and Axle and originally a blacksmith, and never one to hedge around, overtook Sam West after he had posted his score and had started alone up the graveled pathway.

"Fine game you played. I was following you around. Murdock's my name." He extended his hand. "Seems to me that both of us could use a drink. How about it?"

Then young Sam West was grinning and saying, "West's my name. Sam West."

"Followed you for a while yesterday," said old Frank, "and all the way around today. Glad you won. My house is over on the second fairway, and we can walk right across to it. . . ."

THEY crossed the lawn and entered through a side door into a small room of paneled oak with deep-cushioned leather chairs.

"Just you sit down a minute and I'll see what I can do about these drinks. Always can do it better myself than having any of that kitchen crowd do it."

Young Sam West sank into a big chair, and relaxed, and smiled to himself, and slowly looked around the room. Then got to his feet and began walking about looking at the pictures, the while humming a little tune.

Footsteps sounded outside. And then a young woman was in the doorway; was in the room . . . and Alicia Murdock had stopped short, and was staring at Sam West, and Sam West was staring at Alicia Murdock.

Sam West, staring at a tall, willowy, blue-eyed girl with an aureole of golden-red ringlets and a small, brimless hat on the back of her head. Alicia Murdock, staring at a six-foot, wide-shouldered young man with deep-set brown eyes and a square jaw. But if either noticed anything except the other's eyes, while their look held, it was only when they thought back, later. Now, in that long instant, it was eyes meeting eyes; meeting, looking; looking through . . . and Sam West, looking through, saw the real Alicia Murdock; saw, breathlessly, for a fleeting second . . . and then, like the closing of a door, what he saw was gone, and he found himself staring at a cool young person with uptilted chin and quick question in every line.

And then, somehow, old Frank Murdock was in the room, carrying a tray with bottles and glasses, and was speaking—hastening out words.

"Why, hello, hello, Alicia. So you two young people have met. . . . No? . . . Alicia, this is Sam West . . . Alicia—my granddaughter. And . . . have the other young people come? That's just fine! West and I were going to have a drink in here, but you just take him along with you and . . ."

By the tiniest motion of head and hands Alicia Murdock made involuntary gesture; a gesture of negation, gone almost as soon as it had come. But . . . enough.

Swiftly did big Sam West find words.

"That's mighty fine of you, Mr. Murdock, but . . . honestly I'd feel more at home in here. And I can't stay long. There are some things that I've got to attend to . . . Thank you just the same." He was bowing at Alicia Murdock, she was bowing at him. . . . She was gone.

At breakfast the next morning Frank Murdock, over his coffee, covertly studied a preoccupied granddaughter, then made an offhand statement as his eyes ran down the day's list of the championship pairings.

"Hmm. I see where he's going to play against Juggy Jarvis this morning."

There was no reply from across the table.

"And against Stotesbury Pickard this afternoon," went on old Frank. "That is, if Juggy doesn't lick him this morning. And since Juggy might, I guess I'd better be getting along to see him play while I can." He rose from the table.

Granddaughter Alicia also arose.

"Where are you going?" asked her grandfather.

"With you," she answered shortly.

Frank Murdock and Alicia didn't see Juggy Jarvis lick Sam West that morning; and that afternoon, in a growing gallery, they didn't see Stotesbury Pickard lick him, either. But they did hear the bright young men and the brighter young women, happy familiars of Juggy Jarvis and Stotesbury Pickard, ask with increasing querulousness:

"Say, can't *anybody* stop that Sam West—whoever he is?"

Apparently nobody could stop him, whoever he was . . . and conjecture mounted as to whoever he might be. I found answer in the next day's papers telling of the onward sweep of a young fellow named Sam West, owner of a garage in a small town over in the Valley.

"Dog-gone," cried a reading Frank Murdock, "I knew he came by those arms and hands honestly!"

"Garage owner!" said Alicia Murdock.

"Your grandfather," said Frank Murdock, "started with a blacksmith shop." There was a pause. "Well," he went on, "let's get out there and see who tries to take him today."

There was much trying but no success. Sam West went striding forward.

"He can't keep this up," said the wiseacres. "He'll crack. Playing away over his head the way he is, any little thing can set him off, and once he goes, watch him blow!"

To their grievous disappointment, he didn't blow. He went into the finals. Went in against T. Parker Munn himself—T. Parker, cool, reserved, the inner-sanctum idol of the bright young people.

"Now!" they cried. "T. Parker, go get him!"

T. Parker went, and all that morning Sam West held him even; staved off every rally, showed no concern when T. Parker, counseled and seconded and steadied by a caddie who knew the course like the palm of his own hand, took and took and took his time.

ON THE first hole of the afternoon, in a puffing, rising wind, Sam West launched his attack. Won the first hole; won the second. Putted for a long, winning birdie at the third, saw his ball rim the cup, spin and start to roll away. And shrill above the tense, packed gallery rose a voice, vibrant, high-pitched, jubilant—a voice of one of the bright young people breaking under the strain:

"Good! *Good!*"

The gallery gasped . . . broke into words.

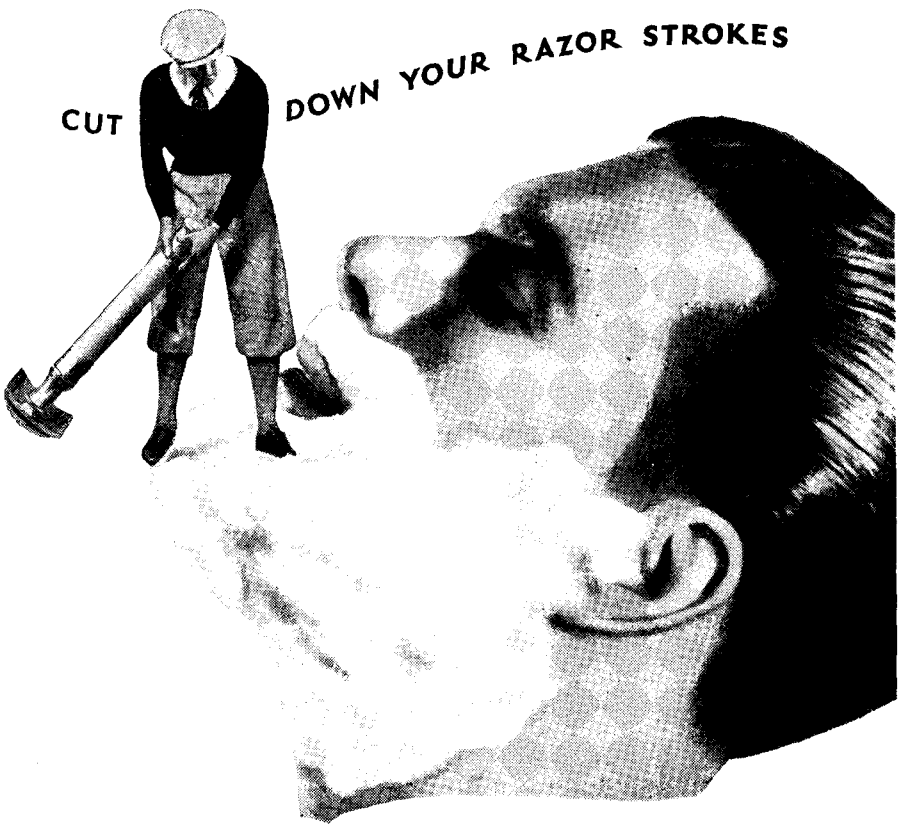
"Silence! *Silence!*" commanded the gallery marshal.

Silence fell—froze.

Sam West, who had involuntarily looked up at the cry, met the eyes . . . of a girl. Alicia Murdock. And Sam West's head went back—ever so slightly, but back—and then Sam West, face like flint, was regarding the green.

T. Parker Munn putted . . . down. Sam West stirred himself; set himself;

(Continued on page 42)



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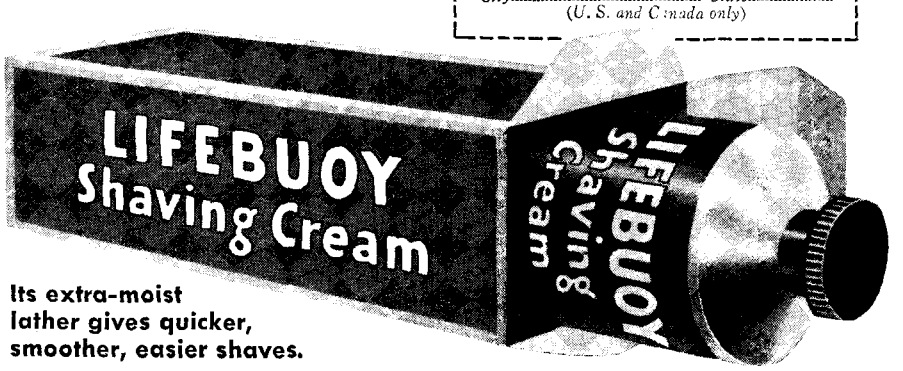

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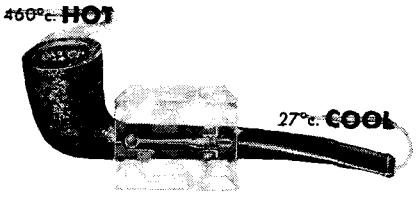

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(Continued from page 41)

putted . . . and missed. Putted again . . . and missed. Lost the hole.

Niagara-like, the gallery boiled on to the next tee, feet pounding, tongues at clack . . .

Sam West lost the next hole, and the next.

"What did I tell you?" demanded the vindicated wiseacres. "Blown—gone!"

A wide-shouldered, powerful old man, face white, jaw set, eyes blazing, felt his sleeve tugged, and turned to look into the eyes of a girl. . . . His granddaughter. The granddaughter's hands were trembling, her teeth were set upon her lower lip.

"Oh," cried Alicia Murdock, "can't you . . . can't you do something?"

Old Frank Murdock opened and closed hands that had once been a blacksmith's, and he looked toward a group of chortling young people.

"He . . . he looked right at me, and he thought that I did it," said Alicia. "He was winning, and now . . ."

Sam West lost another hole.

"We've *got* to do something!" Alicia almost whimpered the words. "If he could only get back onto his game! If that dumb caddie of his would only help him; only talk to him and slow him down. If only . . ."

And then Alicia Murdock had drawn in her breath with a quick gasp, and her eyes had gone very wide, and the hand—the hands—that she put on her grandfather's arm had taken on a grip of steel.

"Listen! You can do it. You know the course; know it better than anybody. You can go in and carry his clubs—there's no rule against it—you can go in and carry his clubs, and you can talk to him . . . he'll listen to you. . . . *Will* you pay attention?"

Frank Murdock paid attention. In a moment he was striding alongside the red-jacketed golf referee, was talking to him, was driving home words with a great arm that went up and down. And:

"Why, I don't see why not," a more than dazed referee was finally saying. "Why . . . certainly, Mr. Murdock. Absolutely. Quite within your rights. . . . But . . . but *you* carrying a bag. . . ."

"Huh!" snorted old Frank Murdock, and "Gangway!" he said, and shoved through the crowd.

OUT upon the tee of the short seventh hole—the famous ocean hole, whose trapped green lay on a rocky bench just above roaring, thundering waters; whose tee, high on a cliff, looked down across a wilderness of sloping sand—out upon this tee stepped an old man with the stride of youth, came to where Sam West's open-mouthed, adenoidal caddie stood looking at nothing, and thrust a bill into his hand.

"Here, bub," said Frank Murdock. "Somebody else is going to pack your bag. This ought to cover it, and—"

"Gee!" said the caddie, regarding, and continuing to regard the bill.

Over to Sam West, who stood staring seaward as the victorious T. Parker made ready to drive, stepped the bag-carrying Frank Murdock.

"You and I," said Frank Murdock, now beside him, "if you'll let me . . . we'll fight this thing out together."

Sam West wheeled . . . looked in unbelief.

"You and I," went on Frank Murdock, "against the whole damned gang!"

Again Sam West stared at him; and then Sam West was gripping him by the hand. "Say!" said Sam West.

"Fine!" said Frank Murdock. And then, in a half-tone: "Watch 'em; watch Munn and his caddie, still talking about what to do. They'd better, on this hole. This hole, and this wind . . . wind as twisty here as a corkscrew and as treacherous as a . . . Watch!" and he clutched Sam West's arm. "Going to use a mashie niblick. Fatal if . . ."

T. Parker Munn took stance, looked at the flag on the green below—a flag that at that moment hung barely fluttering on its pin. He swung. And as he swung, the wind, as though it had been waiting under the rocky bench below, rose and flung itself. And the Munn ball, high and dropping down, was swept aside to land full and heavy, just off the rough-edged green, in a shallow trap.

Voices from the gallery on the hillside; a grunt from Frank Murdock, holding the bag.

"Told you! Now!" And he reached in the bag; reached, and he watched the wilder and wilder thrashing of the flag. "Only one club, now, with this wind. Putter. Run it, full and hard, all the way down across this flat trap, right to the green. Go get him!"

SAM WEST drew in his breath; drew it in again . . . and then he had seized the putter and was at the markers. He swung.

A groan from those of the gallery who did not like to see a tobogganing Sam West so utterly miss another shot—and the ball continued speeding down across the sand . . . hopped over the apron of the green . . . went rolling on . . . on . . . on toward the cup.

"Luck!" said a hundred. "Missed it entirely, and . . ." And then the gallery began to take in the new bag carrier walking beside Sam West. To take in . . . to ejaculate . . . to cry out: "Say, what the hell . . . Why, look; look who's . . . Old Frank Murdock . . . Guess I know—old Frank Murdock, the automobile Murdock, carrying . . . Well, I'll be . . . What'd you suppose . . ."

"Fore!" cried the gallery marshal, and thrashed his arms. "Stand, please. *Silence!*"

T. Parker Munn settled himself to the task of pitching out . . . pitched out, almost to the cup.

"Not bad," said Frank Murdock to Sam West. "Not good enough, either. Now, just tell yourself that this ball of yours is already in the hole—and then go hit it into the hole. . . . There! Told you. Boy," and he grinned at Sam West as they went toward the next tee, "this match may have to go for forty holes but . . . right this minute it's already in the bag!"

On the tee of the two-hundred-yard seventeenth hole, Sam West nailed a drive to within ten feet of the pin. A harried T. Parker Munn, one down, hooked two drives into the sea, was short on his third, pitched past the green . . . and walked over to where Sam West stood; walked, with outstretched hand.

Sam West, Champion. . . .

"It was you, it was you!" Sam West said again and again to Frank Murdock, when the news photographers had finished, when the crowd had left off clapping him on the back.

"It was not!" retorted a radiant Frank Murdock. "From the time you got him all even at the thirteenth, you were on your own. I didn't say a word."

Then Frank Murdock, eyes seeking through the crowd, started away.

"Hey!" cried the new champion.

"I'll be back!" said old Frank.

The new champion, flanked by golf officials, trailed by those who follow champions, began to go along the eighteenth fairway toward the clubhouse for the ceremony of being presented the tall, historic cup.

"Hi—hi, Sam!" cried a voice from off at one side.

Sam West looked, saw a Frank Murdock who was tugging by an arm a young woman of blue eyes and golden-red hair; a young woman whose cheeks were flushed, whose manner was that of one who has been caught trying to get away somewhere.

"Here's somebody else who wants to congratulate the new champion," beamed Frank Murdock.

THE new champion took quick breath through opened mouth; started to smile . . . then the smile fell away, and his face became a mask.

"Listen," said Frank Murdock, now beside him. "Alicia here has something she wants to tell you."

"Oh," said Sam West, quickly, "I didn't mind what happened that time! It's . . . all forgotten."

"Forgotten?" exploded Frank Murdock. "Think I'm going to let you forget who made me carry your hundred pounds of golf clubs?"

"Who . . . did *what?*" The mask was no longer on Sam West's face.

"I guess I ought to know," said Frank Murdock. "But this is no time for arguments. After they give you that cup, there's going to be a whooping big bang at the clubhouse, and, you know, the champion can invite . . ." and old Frank Murdock looked hard at the champion . . . "he can invite people. . . ."

Enlightenment fell upon Sam West. He put eyes full upon Alicia Murdock.

"Would you . . ."

Alicia Murdock gave a free, bubbling laugh.

"The Murdocks," she said, "the Murdocks like nothing better than going to whooping big bangs!"

"Adolph? Oh, he's playing the piccolo!" *Frank Owen*

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Satan's Teardrops

Continued from page 17

Moran was disposed of and the pearls no longer needed as evidence.

Certainly Moran was getting a taste of Satan's teardrops. The blooming idiot wanted to outwit a fence who had been handling hot stuff for years and had never yet made a slip-up. Still, this line of thought brought no cheer to Wolfer. If he hadn't started at such a low figure with Moran he might have had the rope before the two detectives pounced on it.

The fiery fumes from the little crystal bottle on the table filled the small office. Coughing and sneezing, Wolfer was finally driven into the street for fresh air. He trotted over to the brownstone house and passed it. Everything was quiet. He started back for his office. Passing a news-stand, he glanced at the late papers for a free snatch of news about Moran's arrest and the recovery of the pearls. There was nothing on the front page of the sporting finals about the pinch or the pearls and that's where the big news would be splashed. From his office he phoned the information clerk at Headquarters and learned that a bird named Moran had been jugged for having burglars' tools in his possession.

Even more swiftly than his short legs had carried him away from the heart-breaking sight of the detectives hauling in Moran they hurried him back to the brownstone house. There was nothing to it now. Only about twenty or thirty minutes had elapsed between the time Swifty went into the house with the pearls and the entry of Sardo and Minifee. They hadn't found the pearls. No thief would throw stuff like that out a window. Moran hadn't come out of the house after he slammed the door on the fence's last offer. The rope must be cached in the room.

Wolfer saw great possibilities.

Moran seemed to be crestfallen and penitent when the judge rolled him out a sentence of not less than two and not more than seven years in the Big House.

But in his cell up the river he grinned. There he was, in his room, the pearls salted away and worrying if he could live in the same room with that big swag and not be tempted to take it out and peddle it for any old price; and then thinking about doing a lot of cheap little jobs to keep him in dough till he broke out the pearls and put them on the market.

And here he was a lap away from the Big House with room and board free and the white-washed walls so wide and high that he couldn't get to the pearls if he was dying. And two years to go. Just like a vacation. At the end of the minimum of two years, if he behaved well, and he'd be the best little prisoner they ever had—he'd get a parole. When he got out, the pearls would still be in the mantelpiece waiting for him.

ON HIS hurried trip to the old brownstone, after learning that the pearls were not involved in Moran's arrest, Wolfer tried to rent Moran's room. The quaint-faced landlady had no vacancies. But, with Moran salted for two to seven years, the fence went back and was shown into the room.

Moran's duds were still there. The landlady started to pick them up. Wolfer told her not to hurry about that; he wanted to wash up and go right out. She could take care of Moran's belongings later. Then he handed her a month's rent in advance. She was quite overcome by this windfall and, smiling, she stepped to the mantelpiece, ran a hand along the smooth white shelf and, holding it palm up, remarked that if he found a speck of dust in her house it would give her heart failure.

Alone, with the door locked, Wolfer experienced the delightful sensation of knowing he was in the presence of a great gob of pearls, though unable to see them. He made quick work of searching Moran's clothes and an old spineless traveling bag he had left behind. He really didn't expect to find the swag in these. More likely they were cached in the bed or an old morris chair near the window. But it was a cinch the pearls wouldn't be hidden in any movable object. An experienced hand at cold-storage swag wouldn't pick such places. He began tapping the woodwork and treading the floorboards for signs of a loose section or a secret door. Nothing seemed to have a hollow feel or sound. Everything he touched had been in place for years.

PRESENTLY the beads of sweat increased in size and number. He was in a terrible fret. Unless he found the hiding place at once Moran might send an emissary to the room to pick up the pearls. Tapping and feeling hadn't revealed the swag. There was only one way to make a thorough, systematic search and that was to rip out the woodwork. Another quick move would have to be made, and so, when he hurried out to a hardware store, he bought a hammer, a steel pry-bar and a double-action spring lock.

With his own hands he attached the lock to the door. He was satisfied that it would bar any emissary Moran might send, and also keep the landlady from snooping around when he was out. He took off his coat and with pry-bar went after the white colonial mantelpiece. His first effort with the bar produced a loud squeak, a wooden dowel complaining against being disturbed after so many years of honorable and faultless service. Then he hit the bar with a hammer.

In an instant there were raps on his door, then violent pounding. He threw the tools under the bed and opened the door slightly. The landlady pressed in. Instantly her eyes fell upon her treasured mantelpiece. There was the mark of the pry-bar on the plaster and the mantelpiece was slightly awry. She turned and glared at Wolfer.

"I saw bedbugs in there and I was trying to scare them out," said Wolfer.

She dug into a pocket of her apron and drew out the bills he had given her —a month's rent in advance. She threw them at him and he, adept at catching anything like that, didn't miss them.

"There's your money back," she cried. "Now scat, and if you don't get out at once I'll have the police put you out." She turned to the mantelpiece. "The idea," she clucked. "You low-down vandal."

Wolfer would not have departed so quickly and without protest had she not mentioned the police.

A few days later he tried sending a boy to rent the room so that he might still have control of it. The boy came back with the gloomy announcement that the lady didn't rent rooms any more to anybody. He sent other emissaries, a girl twice, but he got the same bad news. He tried to lease the basement, any floor that she would lease but the real estate broker he sent to see the landlady returned with the report that the woman wouldn't listen to his offer to lease any part of the house or all of

(Continued on page 44)

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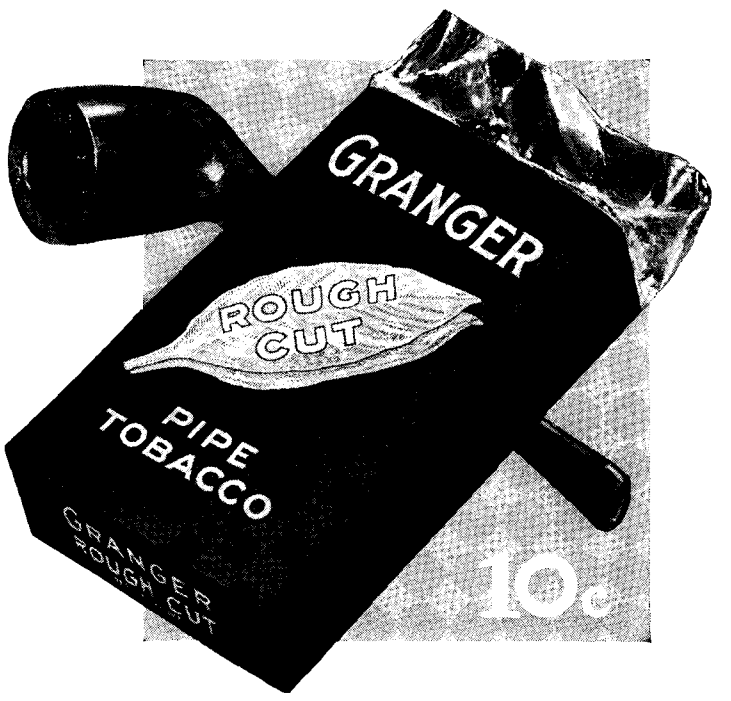

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(Continued from page 43)

it. Wolfer took a deep inhalation of the smelling salts and motioned the broker to sit down.

"What's that old dump worth?" he asked, screwing his eyes.

"Not a dime more than twelve thousand," said the broker. "I asked her if she'd sell. She wants twenty-eight thousand, all cash. Can you imagine that?"

Wolfer grinned. If he was to get the pearls, he said to himself, he could afford to buy the house and still make a handsome clean-up on the pearls. "Go back and offer her twenty-five," he said, "and if she don't bite at that, sign her up at twenty-eight."

"It's a white elephant, at that," said the broker.

"You think it is, but I don't," grinned Wolfer. "I go by instinct. You go by rule. If I played your game I'd starve. If you played mine you'd probably lose your shirt. Trot down now and sew her up."

When the broker was gone Wolfer treated himself to a speckled perfecto and then sat with his hands clasped over his bulging stomach. Pretty soon the small room was blue with his cigar smoke but even when it was thickest his two eyes gleamed and twinkled with the fire of triumph.

IT WAS six o'clock on a crisp fall morning when the principal keeper handed Moran his going-out clothes and gave him a ten-dollar bill. Half of the ten-dollar bill went for the taxi to carry him back to town. This left him with only five, but it would be a matter of only forty-eight hours and his pockets would be stuffed with fresh paper money.

As the taxi curved into Columbia Square, only a few blocks from the old brownstone, Swifty spotted a sixteen-cylinder, cream-colored sportster in a show window. He didn't know they were putting out sixteen-cylinder busses. He ordered the driver to draw up to the curb. Swifty darted into the salesroom. He didn't bat an eye when the salesman quoted him nine thousand four hundred dollars for the sportster without any extras. The only thing now standing between him and the car was the simple formality of getting and paying down the money.

Half a block from the old brownstone, Swifty suddenly reminded himself that he ought to have something safe to carry his swag in. First he thought of a fine new pigskin bag. But he quickly blotted that idea out. His face was bronzed; his hands calloused where pick and shovel in the Big House had left their marks. He had on the bum shoddy, too. This make-up wouldn't harmonize at all with a slick new pigskin bag. Dicks would recognize him, see the shoddy, then the new bag and conclude at once that he ought at least to be frisked.

He ordered the taxi to stop again, this time in front of a novelty store. He got out and looked in the window and then pushed into the store. He came out with a light blue tin dinner pail with a rounded roof for a thermos bottle for coffee or tea. The pail was more in tune with his make-up and the thermos bottle was just the place to carry the pearls.

The taxi swung into the curb in front of the old brownstone.

Swifty was too thoroughly occupied with his old home to observe the taxi. He didn't bother to notice whether it had moved on. The old place was the same. About the only difference he could observe was a big round spot on the front of the house where the red sandstone plaster facing had fallen away, exposing bare bricks. He kept looking at this bare spot as he went up the stairway. It brought Wolfer to mind; rather it brought to mind the old gag about Satan's teardrops that the fence had pulled to scare him into taking a lousy ten grand for his swag.

The thing about the bare space that reminded him of this was its odd shape. It looked like the profile of a devil; had horns sticking out at the top; then a long nose, while at the bottom, where a chin would be on a man's profile, there was a projection like a sharp-pointed beard. He was laughing aloud when he rang the doorbell. Yeah, the fat cheapskate Wolfer. Tried to scare him with that old gag and here he was within a few minutes of putting his hands on the grand swag.

HE GAVE a gasp when the door was opened by a young woman and not by his quaint-faced landlady. It was just a momentary fright. All he wanted was a few minutes in his old room; one quick crack at the mantelpiece. In an instant he was glad the old landlady hadn't come to the door, for she might have slammed it in his face, knowing where he had just come from.

The young woman smiled at him.

"I used to live here," he said. "About two years ago." He held up his dinner pail. "I've got a job near here now," he went on, "and I'd like to get back my old room."

She opened the door wide. "What room did you have?" she asked, as he stepped in.

Swifty pointed up the stairs. "Second floor, back," he grinned.

"It's vacant," she said, "but it's five a week now instead of three!"

Swifty didn't bother to reply. He was impatient. He was halfway up the stairs when the young woman took her first step.

He tried the door of his old room. It was locked. His nerves crackled as he impatiently watched the young woman search her ring of keys. Finally she found the right one and inserted it in the lock. As she was turning it she remarked that it was unusual to have the room empty. It was the most popular room in the house. So many people *came asking for it.*

"Yeah, it's nice and quiet," said Swifty, as he gave the door a sudden push and opened it wide. He plunged in, then halted abruptly. "Say, this ain't the room I had!" he cried

"It must be," she said.

"It can't be," Swifty insisted.

"Of course, it's been done over since you were here," she explained.

"Yeah, I'll say so," moaned Swifty. "They've pulled out the old white mantelpiece."

"You miss that, too," she smiled. "It's really a much better room without it."

Where the mantelpiece had been there was now only new, flowered wall paper.

"You see," the young woman went on, "the man who owns the house now can't get rid of it. He tore all the woodwork out of this room and put in brand-new."

"Somebody bought the house, huh?"

"A man named Wolfer."

Swifty threw his dinner pail on the bed and glared at the woman. She went on: "Mr. Wolfer got acquainted with this house by renting this room once from the lady who owned it."

"He did?"

"Oh, there was the deuce to pay about that." She smiled. "She caught him trying to tear down the mantelpiece and she put him out. She thought he was trying to steal it."

"Then *he* bought the house and took out the mantelpiece?" Swifty edged past the young woman into the darkened hall. He was ready to plunge down the stairs and make for Wolfer's Jewelers' Exchange and see about it.

"He bought the house secretly for an awful big price," she continued. "When she found out he had bought it she came into this room, took the mantelpiece down with her own hands, stick by stick, packed it up and shipped it off somewhere."

"Where is she?" Swifty demanded, backing up against the railing in the hall.

THE young woman touched a hand to her cheek.

"Nobody knows that," she said. "She just wanted to lose herself and off she went. She's traveling somewhere. She has a lot of money besides what she got from Wolfer for the house. Someone left her some fine jewelry."

"Jewelry?"

"Pearls. A whole rope of them."

The railing creaked and bent as Moran's body slumped against it.

"You'll take the room?" she asked pleasantly.

Moran made no reply. All he could think of was what he was repeating to himself: "Satan's teardrops."

"Hey, Doc—a customer coming up—I just dropped a pail"
Albert Marucci

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Hoover Loses the West

Continued from page 9

"conversion of marginal and unused land into timber land through reforestation." He declares that this employment would be "self-sustaining and therefore capable of being financed by the issuance of bonds which are made secure by the fact that the growth of tremendous timber crops will provide adequate security for the investment."

To which Chapman replies that each year's employment of a million men would mean an investment unit of two billion dollars in such reforestation.

"And on each year's investment," continued Mr. Chapman, "there would be a wait of approximately sixty years for the crop to mature. This would be the average wait, much depending upon the species, the climate, the soil and luck. The sixty years' average growth period is what is usually calculated by foresters and private investors in considering reforestation."

Measured Comfort

Yet how much more appealing is Mr. Roosevelt's picture than were the cold, measured words of Herbert Hoover when Governor Julius L. Meier of Oregon telegraphed the President to do something to save the lumber manufacturers and the lumber industry. The manufacturers of Washington and Oregon wanted to combine, thus controlling the lumber production and stopping the sale of timber for less than cost.

"I am entirely sympathetic with your desire to stop further degeneration in the lumber industry," replied Mr. Hoover. "The legal problem involved is not one which the Attorney-General of the United States can settle. It is solely a question of the interpretation the courts may have placed and may place on such action. The Attorney-General has no power to give interpretation to the anti-trust laws or approve action which violates these laws."

And so on, leaving the lumber interests to ponder their dreary estate and the unemployed worker to shiver in his despair. Mr. Hoover is legally exact and meticulous, but what of it? What would a Roosevelt have said? A Roosevelt (name of a name!) would have come out with a reverberating blast against "conditions" that made such a situation possible and would have promised to drop everything and fly to the mending. At any rate, that is how the two candidates compare in the popular fancy. Who wants law interpretations? Nobody. Who wants a few reams of sobbing sympathy? Everybody. To hell with facts and fact-finding commissions! You can't eat a report. . . . Therefore the hundreds of thousands of "forgotten men" in the West are marching to Roosevelt. Thinking perhaps of another Roosevelt; but any Roosevelt will do, provided he is fighting the Administration.

But aside from this subject of reforestation, Mr. Roosevelt is being discussed in intimate human terms rather than political. And even so, there was seldom anything definite or positive about it. Yet it was unmistakable that he was being accepted as a possible way out of the wilderness into which Mr. Hoover had led them. And those who tried to explain that possibly all the blame was not Mr. Hoover's, that we, the victims, may have had something to do with it, received the inevitable answer:

"Sure, we may be partly to blame for electing Herbert Hoover in the first place. If we'd had the recall power as we have in state affairs in Washington and Oregon, we'd have corrected that long ago. Listen, this Roosevelt may be no Teddy, but we're going to find out."

Perhaps it is not true that men do not bring miracles to pass today. Perhaps something will happen in the concluding weeks of the campaign to restore the confidence of the crop grower and the livestock raiser in the Republican party. Something. Perhaps, by some lo-and-behold, some prodigy, prosperity or at least contentment will have returned to put millions of men to work, to create markets for glorious food crops that cannot now be sold, to convince us that the uses of adversity are really sweet. All before November. . . . One is privileged to doubt it.

As one hears relatively little of Mr. Roosevelt himself in the Western agricultural domain (very little, that is, of a stature-building character), so one hears little discussion of the most concrete element in the campaign—prohibition.

Yet prohibition is the most active, most alive issue. And not because of any inherent virtue it has as an issue, either. Its importance exists in its human qualities, its understandability, its concreteness, its appeal to the emotions, its vivid color. Necessarily Mr. Hoover's administration has revolved largely around finance—bank failures, mortgage disasters, defunct and moribund bond issues, moratoriums, public deficits and bankruptcies, tax strikes, hugely increased tax levies, tariffs and refinancing. All ugly terms and uglier significances.

As these hobgoblins multiplied, the Westerner, whose interests are overwhelmingly in the land and whose pet aversion is Wall Street, was amazed to discover that he, the agriculturist, probably knew as much about finance as the banker or the economist. And there is no proof that he isn't right, inasmuch as developments demonstrated that the banker (whom the farmer now calls a loan-shark and paper pawnbroker) and the economist (whom he calls Wall Street's ballyhoo) were powerless to check the debacle or predict the morrow.

From President Hoover's own lips came the words that have become the West's most sardonic catch-phrase—"Just around the corner." As a field for sour humor, that honest optimism has joined the flivver and Scottish frugality in fecundity. No effort is made to give Mr. Hoover credit for sincerity. His prophecy might have been forgotten in the general shambles were it not for that pat figure of speech.

Does He Know His Business?

And so Mr. Hoover is cast into the same gloomy corner with the bankers who did not know as much about dollars as the farmer did about wheat and the economist who couldn't foretell tomorrow's markets as expertly as the farmer could the weather. Every man to his trade—and the farmer is convinced that he knows his better than Wall Street and Mr. Hoover know theirs. It is exceedingly unhealthy for the leader when the followers become convinced that their brains are better.

All this, then, has confused the mind of the rank-and-file voter. You hear it wherever men and women talk politics. The West is not convinced that it knows what has to be done before normal prosperity is revived; but it wants to be told. The farmer doesn't under-

(Continued on page 46)

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Just look at film under this microscope

Queer germs live on your teeth. Science links them to tooth decay, gum disorders and many other troubles. Germs are glued to teeth by an ever-forming film.

This is what the scientist finds when he analyzes film on teeth

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Lactobacilli are the "germs of tooth decay." They feed on the particles of food that cling to teeth. They give off lactic acid that dissolves the tooth enamel, then devours the part beneath. Finally the nerve is reached causing abscesses and infection.

Lactobacilli appear in countless numbers. In fact, the film scraped from a single tooth may easily contain one million living organisms. The only way science accepts of destroying germs on teeth is to remove the protective film-coat in which they live and multiply. Film clings stubbornly. It defies all ordinary ways of brushing. That's why Pepsodent laboratories have always centered their attention on the film-removing properties of their toothpaste.

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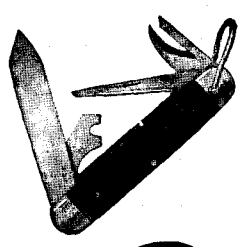

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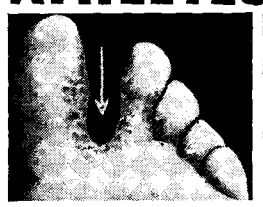

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(Continued from page 45)

stand finance, but is satisfied that the Hoover administration is no wiser than he. Reconstruction Finance Corporations, Home Loan Banks, Farm Boards and similar rescue agencies leave him cold. He sees them through his pocket; and that is darker than ever, being empty.

All of which brings the clearer-cut issue, the simpler one, into sharper focus—prohibition. The farmer, the erstwhile power behind prohibition, seems to have abandoned it as a moral issue. In his current temper, his disposition to clear the decks of the present system, one sees him wave prohibition aside along with the rest of the accumulated débris. He is measuring prohibition by dollars rather than morals. If liquor will supply some of the public moneys that the government and state are seeking to collect from him in new and increased taxes—well, let them have liquor.

But even more frequently is heard the argument that prohibition should be struck from the Federal Constitution in order that Congress and the President may apply themselves to really important matters.

"Prohibition is about all our congressmen seem to get excited about," lamented a Colorado sheep-raiser. "There are at least a dozen issues far more important to the problem of three meals a day and a pair of pants for Sunday, but about all the various candidates have to say about them is that they are for three meals a day and a pair of pants for Sunday. They haven't any more idea how they are going to secure those desirable things for their constituents than the voters have. So what happens? After blaming unemployment and so on on the other fellow, they come out against prohibition for no better reason than that the swing is in that direction. All they are asking is that we who are wondering how we will meet the mortgage and loan interest, and the more fortunate who are merely out of work, will combine to keep them in jobs. The swing is away from prohibition and so the candidates are abandoning it as a dog leaves an empty platter."

This attitude is becoming more widespread in the West day by day. It isn't apparent that Mr. Roosevelt's advantage in the Mountain States and on the Pacific Coast over Mr. Hoover can be laid in any great measure to the greater wetness of the Democratic platform; while prohibition, the most active of all campaign issues because of its intimacy, is dying of its own inherent weaknesses and not because of any party's renunciation.

An Ailing Issue

It was born sick, has never rallied, and was thus poorly equipped to withstand the rigors of depression. Prohibition repeal and modification planks and speeches are vote bait, not individual or party policies. Even Mr. Hoover, hopeful to the last that the country would heed the declarations of his management that prohibition was not an issue, found it expedient in his bid for reëlection to include modification in his appeal for popular support. You might not win a national election on repeal or modification alone, but you could easily lose one.

When Mr. McAdoo, whose political strength in Southern California—the end of the state that elects or rejects for the whole—has been dry, threw the Democratic nomination to the repealist Mr. Roosevelt, he served notice upon Mr. Hoover of what the President's own state thought of prohibition. Any doubts that Mr. Hoover may have had were removed by the warnings he received from the Republican machine.

You'll find nobody of calm, unsubsidized judgment who claims anything but Roosevelt victories in Arizona, Nevada, Colorado, Montana, New Mexico and Oklahoma. The probability is strong that the New Yorker will take the Dakotas, Nebraska and Wyoming. This anti-Hoover tide is strong. Therefore the winning of the West concentrates in the Pacific Coast states. Narrow that fight down and you come to California.

There the Democrats have registered a hundred and thirty per cent more votes than they were able to muster in 1930. Add to that determined showing the very large protest Republican vote that will be Roosevelt's for no better reason than that it is weary of the current line-up and you have a situation that lends no comfort at all to the Hoover management.

Gaps in the Front Line

No one knows this better than the forlorn Republican bosses. Something tells them that they are in for a mean November. The old bold front has gone and they are almost humble. Behold them in California, the ebullient Governor Rolph, the glowering Senator Johnson and the fearful Senator Shortridge, spreading germs of disquiet and apprehension.

In Washington the state Republican machine is moaning low. A Republican sits in the governor's chair—Roland H. Hartley—but he is not the brand of Republican that fattens regulars. In his efforts to relieve his state's strained finances he has thrown scores of earnest patriots out of public office, all of them good organization Republicans. One of the finest compliments a state machine can pay a man has been bestowed upon him: They naïvely assure the public that he is not to be trusted. All of which appears to please the populace enormously. The Republican National Committee views him and his popularity with alarm. Listen!

"When you take a rich man's hand out of the people's pocket, or a politician's fingers out of the public purse, or remove the tentacles of a big corporation from around a public enterprise, you make a lasting, bitter political enemy. . . . This is warfare between the People and Special Privilege."

Sounds like Franklin Roosevelt. But it is Roland H. Hartley, Republican governor of Washington. A fine way for a Republican to be talking in these times!

In Oregon another irregular Republican governs—Julius L. Meier. He lacks the Hartley fire, being a merchant whose liberalism, although definite and anti-organization, is of an indoor breed, while Hartley, the lumberman, roars of the fir forests. But the Meier following is quietly, insidiously anti-Hoover. It may not flow openly to Roosevelt but it is wholly estranged from the current Federal administration. Nowhere in the West is the Hoover ballyhoo weaker than in Oregon.

Just outside the state capital at Salem I met a gentleman who was one of those victims of economies that are ruining the sleep of political machines in these days of belated economy. In his heart was no rancor—just a bit of fear. He had held down political posts so long that working was a lost art with him. And even if he had a yearning for labor there was no place for him to satisfy it.

Cheap News

"The machine," sighed he, "then gave me a dime-a-dozen job running around the state looking for soft spots—places where the Republican organization is paralyzed and anti-Hoover sentiment is strong. Now that's out. The organization doesn't want the truth; it wants to be kidded. All I found was soft spots. The idea was to do something about those soft spots—soak them up. But they were so soft you couldn't even mop them up. So I went back and told the organization the truth and got canned. Know what they told me? They said:

"'Listen, you mug, we didn't hire you to dig up the bad news. We can get that for nothing.'"

He sighed heavily, accepted a cigarette, and then, hopelessly:

"How's things in the East?"

"Just our luck! This one didn't come out!" *Henry Anton*

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Wife for Sale

Continued from page 21

Sea. And then he lost Cotton, you know, at Hobart—that almost killed him—and he put me in. The night before—I'll never forget it—I walked the streets. They were leaving in three days, and I'd not been asked to go along! Then Cotton died, and the chief said, 'Thank God, you're here, Barry!'

"Then Arnesen died, our best engineer. He'd been with Scott and Shackleton on various trips. That was another blow to the chief. And after that—"

He was silent a long while. After a while Norah said:

"That was why you didn't want anyone to identify you. The newspapers—the excitement—and Doctor Sassoon not in it."

BARRY said nothing. There was a trough below the spring pool and now four cows moved awkwardly down through a daisy meadow and stopped at the water. The sun sent their long shadows ten feet ahead of them.

"I've been ill," Barry presently burst out. "I've not slept. All the way home I've been in a sweat to get to Foxaway. And then this morning to get here—and feel everything wrong, everything vaguer than ever—

"I don't know! It's in me, I guess, or rather there's something lacking in me. I've been sick for just these things—just this sort of spring day, and yet—

"Yet I come back to annoy you, Norah, and drive the man you love away from you and make you unhappy!"

"You couldn't very well not come home, Barry," she said mildly.

"I broke into your room," he said. "I tried to make you back down; I couldn't."

"I knew what you were trying to do."

"I didn't do it. Norah," Barry said, with a sudden change of manner. "I must ask you something. I'm not teasing you now—I want to help you. How much do you like David Howard?"

"Not very much."

"No, tell me the truth."

"That is the truth."

"But weren't you engaged to him?"

"Well, yes—but that was before you came back."

"No, seriously, my dear," Barry said. "You don't have to say that. You are married to me, technically, of course. But there are circumstances that would make an annulment a very simple thing. I know that. I'll not worry you any more, Norah. I'm going to make this place over to you, as you thought I had by my death, and then I'll get out—"

There was a silence.

"Let's go back to our meeting each other sixteen—eighteen months ago," Norah said. "I was down and out. I advertised—"

"We know all that!" he interposed as she paused.

"I know we do. But I advertised for some man that would be good to my mother, help me take care of her, and I said that I would marry that man if we liked each other. I said that marriage was a serious thing to me, that I would do my best to make his home a real home and make him happy."

"It hasn't turned out that way," Barry said.

"I think it has! Here is the home," Norah said, "and I've worked over every inch of it—the attics and the parlor and the garden. And here you are, home, and here am I."

"And we are not the same persons we were eighteen months ago."

"No, but that doesn't matter. We hardly knew each other then. There's no reason we should have less courage now!"

"Do we know each other better now?"

"I know *you* better!" Norah answered confidently. "I used to think," she went on, "that of all the men who didn't need a wife you were the—the shining example! I thought that you were a born bachelor, and I thought—"

He was sitting on a rock just behind and above the sunken log she had chosen for her own seat; they had both been looking down the wooded slope to the roofs and fences of the farm, all mellowed in shadowless twilight now, and seen through the delicate screen of the new leaves. Norah turned, and her bright face was close to his own, as he leaned toward her.

"I thought, in those very first days," she resumed, "that of all the men who could possibly have answered my letter that—I thought that of all the *possible* men you were really the one I had least expected, the one I was least able to deal with!"

"You expected a movie hero," he said, with a touch of hurt, a hint of shrinking, in his voice.

"Well, I suppose I did," the girl answered, smiling, after a moment's thought. "It's a regular movie story! But it wasn't that, so much," she went on, "as that you were so smart, Barry,—you were older than I, and so quick, and so—so pouncing. I always think of you as pouncing on me!"

"You didn't want a fool, I suppose?"

"No. That's just the point. But I thought I did! And David," Norah admitted, frowning a little, smiling a little at the same time, "is—to all intents and purposes—a fool."

She had laid her hand on his knee; now his fingers covered it.

"David is?" he asked, clearing his throat.

"Yes," she answered decidedly. "I don't mean that he isn't nice, and handsome, and rich, and—and really very fond of me," Norah conceded. "But in every mental and spiritual way he simply—isn't there. The things he says about clothes and shows and taxis and cigarettes and cocktails and motor-cars and guns and comic strips are just what everyone else says, and he isn't interested in anything else!"

"BUT I thought—" Barry began a little huskily, "I thought you and I disagreed, too, Norah, about—well, God, for one thing, and—oh, well, about woman's place in the big scheme—"

"As for God," Norah answered calmly, in the pause, "I've come to see that one explanation of men's incompleteness without women is that they have to find God through women—through a woman. You'll find God. Wait until your work's going well, and you come out to find me bargaining for gooseberry plants, next spring. Wait a few years more, until we bring little Ellen and Barry and the twins and the baby up here, and let them wade—"

Barry used both hands to press his handkerchief over his eyes.

"I guess I'm a little weak, still!" he said, in a trembling voice, when he could face her again.

"A woman can do a great deal for a man," Norah observed, "without writing operas or painting masterpieces for him!"

Barry laughed shakily, catching at her hand again.

"But, Norah, Norah, you don't know me! You don't know that you even like me!"

(Continued on page 48)

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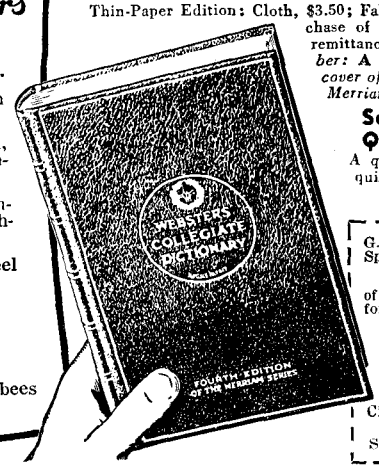

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The Questions

1. Who was the mother of Solomon?
2. Is the whale a fish?
3. What is the literal meaning of malaria?
4. What are the five Great Lakes?
5. Who was Iris?
6. What is a catwalk?
7. When was Pompeii destroyed?
8. Of what word is spats an abbreviation?
9. In what common drink is tannic acid found?
10. What is an apiary?

The Answers

1. Bath-sheba.
2. No. It is a mammal.
3. Bad air. (Italian *mala aria.*)
4. Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie, Ontario.
5. Goddess of the Rainbow in Greek mythology.
6. Footway along keel of a rigid airship.
7. A.D. 79.
8. Spatterdashes.
9. Tea.
10. A place where bees are kept.

(Continued from page 47)

"As I've come to know you better," the girl persisted, "I've come to like you—to understand you, better than I ever did anyone in my life!"

He stared at her, puzzled.

"What are you talking about, Norah? How can you possibly know me better than you did?"

"I know you because I found all your journals, from your sixth to your seventeenth year—" Norah said calmly.

"Good Lord!" Barry ejaculated, with a horrified glance.

"I thought you were dead," Norah pursued. "I thought that—as your wife—"

"Lots of them were just a few pages," he said, uncomfortably.

"Oh, yes, you'd skipped lots. But I read about the little boy that used to pretend he had lots of sisters and brothers. And I read about the tenth birthday party."

She looked at him fairly.

"It made me cry," she confessed. And now her brown hand went out, and she laid it on his. "I found out in those diaries," she went on, "what's the matter with you—why you act so—so silly sometimes, and are always laughing and—getting off—smart cracks!"

THE touch of her hand had changed him; his keen eyes were soft, his voice humble as he turned to her:

"Why do I act so, Norah?"

"Because you're shy, Barry. Because those beastly cousins and uncles of yours made you self-conscious—made you miserable, when you were a lonely little boy. You were smarter than they, and you knew it, and you developed this—this armor of—whatever it is—"

"Smart cracks," he supplied.

"Well, self-defense. And Barry," *Norah cleared her throat, but her voice* remained husky, "Barry, you like me very much, don't you?" she asked.

He smiled; blinked wet eyelashes.

"Do I?"

"Yes, you do."

"What makes—what makes you think so?"

"The dreadful—the *abominable* way you've been acting all day!" Norah said, and they both laughed shakily.

"I like you so much, my dear, that I couldn't make you unhappy," Barry told her, in the simplest tone she had ever heard him use. There was a pause.

"Some day I'll come back," he said, trembling.

"You'll not go away. The others will, but you and I will stay here—just ourselves. And you'll rest, Barry, and wander about here, and we'll bring our suppers up into the woods, or take them over to the lake shore. And when you can't sleep at night," Norah, said, tears in her smiling eyes, "your wife will be there—to keep you from being lonely."

"And frightened," he whispered, smiling; but his face was wet; "frightened for Fred Sassoon—thinking—"

"And some day," Norah said, "you'll do him—do Fred Sassoon, in a biography. Who else could, Barry? You knew him, you were with him until almost the end, you know what he thought and said. That'll be your tribute to him; the thing only you can do. Your name—you knew that?—was the last word he wrote."

"I know," he said.

"Could you do that, Barry?"

"I don't know—"

The sun was gone now; the fragrant May world was washed with clear shadowless light.

"It wouldn't be fair to you, Norah."

"Nothing else would be fair to me!"

"It would be heaven to be here with you."

"It *is* heaven!

"When I first came," she presently began again, as he was silent, "I felt—every fiber of me—that I belonged here. I remember coming out of that barn door there on one of the first days just at dusk, when it was going to snow, and *feeling like shouting—feeling like flying*, because it was Foxaway and I was here.

"Lately, just these last few months, you've been here, too. I've thought of you—dead, and never having had your happy times here, your picnics at the pool, or taking your mattress up to the nine-acre meadow."

"You found that, too?"

"I tell you I know you through and through. And now, today, you come back," Norah went on, "still a shy little boy wanting to be loved—not knowing quite how to manage it—contrary and stupid—"

He was on his knees beside her on the grass, his arms locked about her.

"Norah, I'll make you love me! I'll live to make you happy! You shall have everything you want—your mother here, Barbara—I'll love them—I love to have the old rooms full! We'll have fires, and Christmas feasts, and we'll read books together. But be kind to me now; don't send me away. I could have borne it a few hours ago, but I couldn't go now! No one has ever been so heavenly kind as you have been, just this hour!"

She was stroking his hair; thick, stubborn hair.

"I'll never let you go," she assured him, in her tender, young, motherly voice. "I've been trying to tell you—it isn't what I thought it was *going to* be—but I've been trying to tell you—"

"What?" he whispered. For Norah had stopped short as if she could never *go on.*

"That I love you, I suppose. It's—queer," Norah confessed simply. "It's more like a possession, or a fever, than *being happy—than having a case.* But it's—that."

"I worship you," he said in a shaking voice. "I worship you. My whole life changes tonight. Nothing else matters—nothing else so important has ever come to me. I never thought it would come! I never dreamed anyone so lovely—so infinitely—*dear*, would ever be. Norah, I'll live for you—there'll be nothing else—

"It means that everything—everything that's gone before is worth while—everything's been right—leading up to this—"

THERE was a silence. Their eyes clung together. Norah marked the two half-circles of his heavy brows with delicate fingertips.

"Feathers!" she said, smiling a mother's smile.

"Norah, must we ever go back to them, the others?"

"They'll be gone in a day or two."

"I can't—I can't end this hour."

"I've *got* to. Dessert is sponge cake and jam, and I make the sponge cakes! But afterward—there's a moon. Shall you and I walk up to the meadow above here, and see it rise? Or are you too tired?"

"I am winged!" he said.

"Then we'll slip away," she said. "But we must go down now."

She stood beside him a minute, and the smile Barry gave her she thought might be the same smile a lonely, little, affectionate diarist had given his invalid mother years ago.

"I'm happy, Barry!" the girl said.

"I can't believe I'm awake. I'm on an iceberg somewhere, going off into a coma."

"You're wide awake."

"And it's you and I for the rest of the chapter?" he said.

"Me and my husband!" she said.

They went down the slope and past the stile, and so to Foxaway farmhouse together.

THE END

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More Fun and Less Arnica

Continued from page 20

"Some objection has been raised to this new rule on the ground that it will eliminate from the game occasional spectacular plays. This is true. It will prevent a ball-carrier who slips on a muddy field and falls to the ground with no opponent near him from getting up and racing for a touchdown. If the controlling interest of the committee had been to retain in the game all of its spectacular features, it would undoubtedly have tried to qualify the new rule in some way so that it could never work a seeming hardship.

"The committee believed that any attempt to qualify what is otherwise a perfectly simple and entirely workable rule would seriously impair its effectiveness. The rule as adopted will eliminate a few thrilling plays, but it will prevent literally hundreds of injuries if honestly accepted by players and coaches as being in the interest of the game and if strictly enforced by officials."

Bring on the Substitutes

"How about the new substitution rule?" I inquired.

"There are really two new rules on substitution," replied Mr. Hall. "The first is designed to remove the temptation for a player to remain in the game when he ought to come out.

"It has always been recognized that a player who is tired, dazed or slightly injured is peculiarly susceptible to injury. In fact, it is under these conditions that the majority of serious injuries occur. And so the rules have for many years made it extremely easy to remove a player and to send in a substitute at any time. If a player was removed from the game, however, he could not return during the same half. Accordingly, there existed the temptation for a player to conceal or minimize a slight injury or temporary exhaustion because he realized that if he left the game in the first half he could not return till the second half, and if he went out in the second half he could not return at all.

"The new rules undertake to remove this temptation by allowing a player who leaves the game in any quarter to return in any subsequent quarter. There will no longer be any reason for a player's concealing or minimizing his injuries, or for a coach or a trainer to hesitate to take immediately from the game any player concerning whose fitness to remain there may be the slightest question.

"The second change in the substitution rule is designed to restrict the indiscriminate and untimely rushing of substitutes onto the field of play. Hereafter, substitutes can be sent in only when play is temporarily suspended for some other purpose and time is being taken out. Substitutions made at any other time, unless for the purpose of taking out an injured player, will cost the team making the substitution five yards of distance or the loss of one of the three 'time out' periods allowed each team in every half."

"I have heard the claim made," I said to Mr. Hall, "that the enforcement of the new rule concerning the use of hands on the head of an opponent by linemen of a team on the defense would place an additional burden on the officials and that there would be many hair-line and difficult decisions."

"On the contrary," said Mr. Hall, "I believe that the work of the officials in this connection has been greatly simplified. All the official has to do is to decide whether a player is using his hands in striking or punishing an opponent or whether he is using his hands in pushing and warding off an opponent. 'Striking,' when done with the back of the hand, side of the hand, the fist, or the heel of the hand or with the forearm, is not a difficult act to recognize.

"The only close cases that are likely to arise, as I see it, are when the player hits his opponent in the face with the palm of the hand. The official will then have to decide whether the player was using the palm of his hand to strike or to punish or whether he was legitimately using them to ward off or push his opponent out of the way. Here again is a case where we do not rely on one-hundred-per-cent enforcement of the rule by officials to put an end to the practice of the improper use of the hands.

"The practice will disappear because the rule is so clear that it does not invite attempts at evasion. All coaches will now be saying to their pupils: 'Now remember, this is a football game and not a boxing match. Use your hands accordingly.'

"There you have the seven major changes in the playing rules for 1932. One seeks to curb the abuses of the substitution privilege. Another is aimed at unnecessary and unsportsmanlike roughness. The other five are designed solely to make the game safer. The mere framing of these rules, of course, was only the first step. They will be effective in direct proportion to their whole-hearted acceptance by players, coaches and officials—and, perhaps most particularly, by the undergraduates, the alumni, the parents and friends of the players and others who make up the football public.

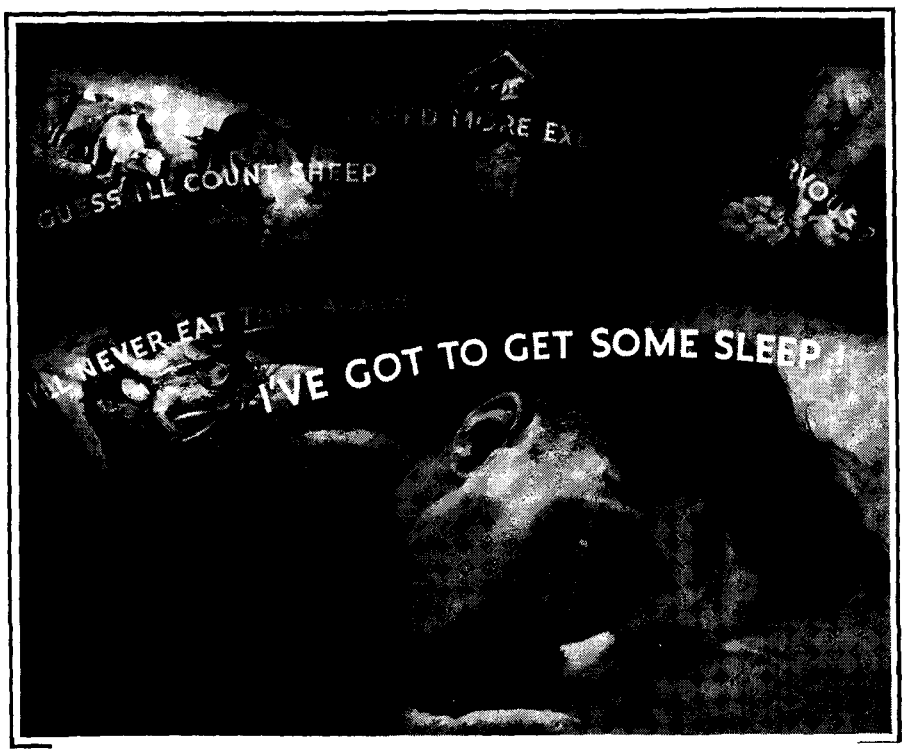
"The Rules Committee appeals to all true friends of the game to get behind these changes and insist on their being made effective. They are designed solely for the protection of the boys to whom the game belongs and for the preservation of the game at its best. Football is outstandingly the best of school and college sports. The lessons it teaches both players and onlookers are far-reaching and invaluable. Neither as an outlet for animal spirits nor as a character builder has it any superior. It calls for and develops physical stamina, clean living, respect for discipline, contempt for trivialities, control of temper, coöperation, sportsmanship, determination and courage.

Watch Them Work

"In all games or sports involving either speed or physical contact some possibility of accident and of physical injury is inevitably present. It is so in baseball, it is so in basketball, hockey and the rest. These games cannot be made safe in the sense that the ordinary hazards incident to both speed and impact can be entirely eliminated any more than automobiling can be made entirely safe by wise traffic regulations and mechanical devices. But I have no hesitation in saying that if all who call themselves friends of the game will get behind these rule changes and make them effective, both in letter and in spirit, football will be safer than ever before in its history."

All of which sounds good to us; we can scarcely wait for the season to open.

Ready, William and Mary?
Ready, Southern Methodists?
Whistle!



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MENU
BUSINESS MENS LUNCH
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OL' MAN BUSINESS

The Bright-Faced Future

SIGNS of the new era of active business are in the air. Doubt is being dispelled. Fresh hope and energy are arising.

Nobody has a time schedule for the turn of depression into prosperity, but all capable of perceiving facts know that revival is coming.

Many factors are accomplishing the change. The expansion of credit through the Federal Reserve System and the new national lending agencies is helping. The confidence inspired by the virtual wiping out of reparations at Lausanne has stimulated hope everywhere. Faith in our capacity and in our willingness to deal with complex difficulties is aroused. Subtly pessimism and apathy have been transformed into energetic hope.

Individuals and corporations will undoubtedly prosper greatly in the era ahead. Those sagacious and alert enough to identify their fortunes with the new commodities which generally appear at a time of reviving business will be conspicuous.

Think of the industries, fortunes, reputations and dynasties which have been built upon such things as the motor car, the airplane, the radio and all the countless electrical conveniences we use.

Invention and research are still enormously busy and exceedingly fruitful. New harvests are ready for the reaping. Along precisely what lines the next changes will proceed, no one can say definitely. What we do know is that the new commodities which survive must contribute in some important way to human needs and aspirations.

Perhaps the inventions of the next few years will center around the home. The standard of living for the multitude will surely rise for a long time to come, and whatever adds greater comfort and more beauty to the lives of millions will be welcomed.

Better homes, more conveniences in homes, the substitution of electric power for human drudgery, these are the broad trends.

Possibly we shall live in houses manufactured by mass-production methods. Inventions for such houses have already been made. Doubtless we shall try to cool our houses and escape debilitating heat as we now avoid cold. However it comes, we can be sure that those who offer commodities which enlarge our lives, as motor cars and the radio have, will stand high in the new era.

Not less certain is the fact that new ideas are going to be applied generally throughout business. We have not lived through the last three years without learning something vastly important to our future.

Perhaps the most far-reaching lesson we have mastered is the fact that uninterrupted popular buying power is quite as necessary as mass production to large-scale industry.

We have achieved miracles in reducing the costs of manufacture by machinery. We shall achieve the miracle of stabilizing earnings and incomes so that we can buy and use what we make with marvelous efficiency.

Here, for example, is Albert G. Milbank, an able lawyer and director of large and conservative corporations, pointing out the benefits to be derived from employment reserve funds. He has said:

"Had five per cent of the net profits of industry been set aside during the five-year period from 1925 to 1929 and had this sum been augmented by employee contributions equivalent to two per cent of the aggregate pay roll, it is estimated reserves would have been accumulated to the amount of at least five billion dollars, which would have been of inestimable value in meeting conditions from which the country is now suffering."

In an article in The Survey, Mr. Milbank outlines other methods we shall adopt to stabilize industry and employment and to avoid the alternations of feast and famine which have characterized industry.

We shall tend to make the public welfare the test of any business policy.

Business, moreover, will necessarily be humanized. Already many of the largest life insurance companies are owned by their policyholders. Ownership of large corporations is widely distributed and, in many, employees own very large blocks of stock. This, too, will extend.

Finally, we shall have to revise our trust laws so that coöperation for sound public purposes may be achieved. Already railroads, which a few years ago were forbidden to combine, have now been compelled by law to consolidate. What is good national policy for transportation will prove to be good policy in other fields.

If we are wise we shall accept and work for the changes which are destined to come. For having experienced the vicissitudes of the past years we are ready for a more stable prosperity built upon the widest possible consumption of the good things we have learned so abundantly to produce.

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